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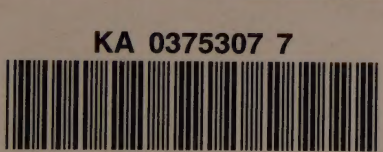

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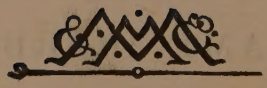
DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY

(JULY 1791 TO APRIL 1802)



Emery Walker Ph.Sc

Elizabeth Montagu
after Reynolds.

DIARY & LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY

(1778-1840)

AS EDITED BY HER NIECE

CHARLOTTE BARRETT

WITH PREFACE AND NOTES

BY

AUSTIN DOBSON

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. V

London

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CHELSEA COLLEGE.

ONCE more I have the blessing to address my beloved friends from the natal home!—with a satisfaction, a serenity of heart immeasurable. All smaller evils shall now give way to the one great good; and I shall not, I hope, be forgetful, when the world wags ill, that scarce any misfortune, scarce misery itself, can so wastefully

desolate the very soul of my existence as a banishment, even the most honourable, from those I love.

But I must haste to the present time, and briefly give the few facts that occurred before my Susanna came to greet my restoration, and the few that preceded my journey to the south-west afterwards, in July.

My dear father was waiting for me in my apartment at St. James's when their Majesties and their fair Royal daughters were gone. He brought me home, and welcomed me most sweetly. My heart was a little sad, in spite of its contentment. My joy in quitting my place extended not to quitting the King and Queen; and the final marks of their benign favour had deeply impressed me. My mother received me according to my wishes, and Sarah most cordially.

My dear James and Charles speedily came to see me; and one precious half-day I was indulged with my kind Mr. Lock and his Fredy. If I had been stouter and stronger in health, I should then have been almost flightily happy; but the weakness of the frame still kept the rest in order. My ever-kind Miss Cambridge was also amongst the foremost to hasten with congratulations on my return to my old ways, and to make me promise to visit Twickenham after my projected tour with Mrs. Ord.

I could myself undertake no visiting at this time; rest and quiet being quite essential to my recovery. But my father did the honours for me amongst those who had been most interested in my resignation. He called instantly upon Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer, and Mr. Burke; and he wrote to Mr. Walpole, Mr. Seward, Mrs. Crewe, Mr. Windham, and my Worcester uncle. Mr. Walpole wrote the most

charming of answers, in the gallantry of the old court, and with all its wit, concluding with a warm invitation to Strawberry Hill. Sir Joshua and Miss Palmer sent me every species of kind exultation. Mr. Burke was not in town. Mr. Seward wrote very heartily and cordially, and came also when my Susanna was here. Mrs. Crewe immediately pressed me to come and recruit at Crewe Hall in Cheshire, where she promised me repose, and good air and good society.

Mr. Windham to Dr. Burney

July 1791.

Dear Sir—I am shocked that circumstances of different sorts—among which one has been the hope of visiting you at Chelsea—should have delayed so long my acknowledgments for your very kind letter. I not only received with infinite satisfaction the intelligence which it contained, but I was gratified by being distinguished as one to whom such intelligence would be satisfactory. It was the common cause of every one interested in the concerns of genius and literature. I have been alarmed of late, however, by hearing that the evil has not ended with the occasion, but that Miss B.'s health is still far from being re-established. I hope the fact is not true in the extent in which I heard it stated. There are few of those who only admire Miss Burney's talents at a distance, and have so little the honour of her acquaintance, who feel more interested in her welfare; nor could I possibly be insensible to a concern in which you must be so deeply affected.

I should be very happy if, at any time when you are in this neighbourhood, you would give me the chance of seeing you, and of hearing, I hope, a

more favourable account than seemed to be the amount of what I heard lately. W. W.

. . . . . .

SIDMOUTH, DEVONSHIRE.

Monday, August 1.—I have now been a week out upon my travels, but have not had the means or the time, till this moment, to attempt their brief recital.

Mrs. Ord called for me about ten in the morning. I left my dearest father with the less regret, as his own journey to Mrs. Crewe was very soon to take place.

It was a terribly rainy morning, but I was eager not to postpone the excursion.

As we travelled on towards Staines, I could scarcely divest myself of the idea that I was but making again my usual journey to Windsor; and I could with difficulty forbear calling Mrs. Ord Miss Planta during the whole of that well-known road. I did not, indeed, take her maid, who was our third in the coach, for Mr. de Luc, or Mr. Turbulent; but the place she occupied made me think much more of those I so long had had for my *vis-à-vis* than of herself.

We went on no farther than to Bagshot: thirty miles was the extremity of our powers; but I bore them very tolerably, though variably.

We put up at the best inn, very early, and then inquired what we could see in the town and neighbourhood.

"Nothing!" was the concise answer of a staring housemaid. We determined, therefore, to prowl to the churchyard, and read the tombstone inscriptions: but when we asked the way, the same woman, staring still more wonderingly, exclaimed, "Church! There's no church nigh here!—There's

the Prince of Wales's, just past the turning. You may go and see that, if you will."

So on we walked towards this hunting villa:[1] but after toiling up a long unweeded avenue, we had no sooner opened the gate to the parks than a few score of dogs, which were lying in ambush, set up so prodigious a variety of magnificent barkings, springing forward at the same time, that, content with having caught a brief view of the seat, we left them to lord it over the domain they regarded as their own, and, with all due submission, pretty hastily shut the gate, without troubling them to give us another salute. We returned to the inn, and read B——'s *Lives of the Family of the Boyles.*[2]

Tuesday, August 2.—We proceeded to Farnham to breakfast, and thence walked to the Castle. The Bishop of Winchester, Mrs. North, and the whole family, are gone abroad. The Castle is a good old building, with as much of modern elegance and fashion intermixed in its alterations and fitting up as Mrs. North could possibly contrive to weave into its ancient grandeur. They date the Castle from King Stephen, in whose reign, as Norbury will tell us, the land was almost covered with such strong edifices, from his imprudent permission of building them, granted to appease the Barons, who were turned aside from the Empress Maud. I wished I could have climbed to the top of an old tower, much out of repair, but so high, that I fancied I could thence have espied the hills of Norbury. However, I was ready to fall already, from only ascending the slope to reach the Castle.

We arrived early at Winchester; but the town was so full, as the judges were expected the

[1] Bagshot Park is now the residence of the Duke of Connaught. It was once a hunting-seat of the Stuart kings.

[2] Eustace Budgell's *Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Family of the Boyles*, 1732.

next morning, that we could only get one bed-chamber, in which Mrs. Ord, her maid, and myself reposed.

Just after we had been obliged to content ourselves with this scanty accommodation, we saw a very handsome coach and four horses, followed by a chaise and outriders, stop at the gate, and heard the mistress of the house declare she could not receive the company; and the postillions, at the same time, protested the horses could go no farther. They inquired for fresh horses; there were none to be had in the whole city; and the party were all forced to remain, in their carriages, without horses, at the inn-gate, for the chance of what might pass on the road.

We asked who they were, and our pity was doubled in finding them foreigners.

We strolled about the upper part of the city, leaving the Cathedral for the next morning. We saw a large, uniform, handsome palace, which is called by the inhabitants "The King's House," and which was begun by Charles II. We did not, therefore, expect the elegant architecture of his father's days. One part, they told us, was particularly designed for Nell Gwynn. It was never finished, and neglect has taken place of time in rendering it a most ruined structure, though, as it bears no marks of antiquity, it has rather the appearance of owing its destruction to a fire than to the natural decay of age. It is so spacious, however, and stands so magnificently to overlook the city, that I wish it to be completed for an hospital or infirmary. I have written Mrs. Schwellenberg an account of its appearance and state, which I am sure will be read by Her Majesty.

When we returned to the inn, still the poor travellers were in the same situation: they looked so desolate, and could so indifferently make themselves

understood, that Mrs. Ord good-naturedly invited them to drink tea with us.

They most thankfully accepted the offer, and two ladies and two gentlemen ascended the stairs with us to our dining-room. The chaise had the female servants.

The elder lady was so truly French—so *vive* and so *triste* in turn—that she seemed formed from the written character of a Frenchwoman, such, at least, as we English write them. She was very forlorn in her air, and very sorrowful in her countenance; yet all action and gesture, and of an animation when speaking nearly fiery in its vivacity: neither pretty nor young, but neither ugly nor old; and her smile, which was rare, had a *finesse* very engaging; while her whole deportment announced a person of consequence, and all her discourse told that she was well-informed, well-educated, and well-bred.

The other lady, whom they called *Mademoiselle*, as the first *Madame*, was young, dark, but clear and bright in her eyes and complexion, though without good features, or a manner of equal interest with the lady she accompanied. Sensible she proved, however, and seemed happy in the general novelty around her. She spoke English pretty well, and was admired without mercy by the rest of the party, as a perfect mistress of the language. The Madame spoke it very ill indeed, but pleasingly.

Of the two gentlemen, one they called only Monsieur, and the other the Madame addressed as her brother. The Monsieur was handsome, rather tonnish, and of the high haughty ton, and seemed the devoted attendant or protector of the Madame, who sometimes spoke to him almost with asperity, from eagerness, and a tinge of wretchedness and impatience, which coloured all she said; and, at other times, softened off her vehemence with a

smile the most expressive, and which made its way to the mind immediately, by coming with sense and meaning, and not merely from good humour and good spirits, as the more frequent smiles of happier persons.

The brother seemed lively and obliging, and entirely at the devotion of his sister, who gave him her commands with an authority that would not have brooked dispute.

They told us they were just come from Southampton, which they had visited in their way from seeing the fleet at the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth, and they meant to go on now to Bath.

We soon found they were aristocrats, which did better for them with Mrs. Ord and me than it would have done with you republicans of Norbury and Mickleham; yet I wish you had all met the Madame, and heard her indignant unhappiness. They had been in England but two months. They all evidently belonged to Madame, who appeared to me a fugitive just before the flight of the French King, or in consequence of his having been taken.

She entered upon her wretched situation very soon, lamenting that he was, in fact, no King, and bewailing his want of courage for his trials. The Queen she never mentioned. She spoke once or twice of *son mari*, but did not say who or what he was, nor where.

"They say," she cried, "in France they have now liberty! Who has liberty, *le peuple*, or the mob? Not *les honnêtes gens*; for those whose principles are known to be aristocratic must fly, or endure every danger and indignity. *Ah! est-ce là la liberté?*"

The Monsieur said he had always been the friend of liberty, such as it was in England; but in France it was general tyranny. "In England,"

he cried, "he was a true democrat, though *bien aristocrate* in France."

"At least," said the poor Madame, "formerly, in all the sorrows of life, we had *nos terres* to which we could retire, and there forget them, and dance, and sing, and laugh, and fling them all aside, till forced back to Paris. But now our villas are no protection: we may be safe, but the first offence conceived by *le peuple* is certain destruction; and, without a moment's warning, we may be forced to fly our own roofs, and see them and all we are worth burnt before our eyes, in horrible triumph."

This was all said in French. But the anguish of her countenance filled me with compassion, though it was scarcely possible to restrain a smile when, the moment after, she said she might be very wrong, but she hoped I would forgive her if she owned she preferred Paris incomparably to London; and pitied me very unreservedly for never having seen that first of cities.

Her sole hope, she said, for the overthrow of that anarchy in which the unguarded laxity of the King had plunged the first country in the world, —*vous me pardonnerez, mademoiselle,*—was now from the German Princes, who, she flattered herself, would rise in their own defence.

She told me, the next moment, of *les spectacles* I should find at Southampton, and asked me what she might expect at Bath of public amusement and buildings.

I was travelling, I said, for my health, and should visit no theatres, ball-rooms, etc., and could recommend none.

She did not seem to comprehend me; yet, in the midst of naming these places, she sighed as deeply from the bottom of her heart as if she had been forswearing the world for ever in despair.

But it was necessary, she said, when unhappy, to go abroad the more, *pour se distraire.*

In parting, they desired much to renew acquaintance with us when we returned to London. Mrs. Ord gave her direction to the Monsieur, who, in return, wrote theirs—"The French ladies, No. 30 Gerrard Street, Soho."[1]

They stayed till our early hour of retiring made Mrs. Ord suffer them to go. I was uneasy to know what would become of them. I inquired of a waiter: he unfeelingly laughed, and said, "Oh! they do well enough; they've got a room." I asked if he could yet let them have beds to stay, or horses to proceed? "No," answered he, sneeringly; "but it don't matter; for, now they've got a room, they are as merry and capering as if they were going to dance."

Just after this, Mrs. Stephenson, Mrs. Ord's maid, came running in. "La! ma'am," she cried, "I've been so frighted, you can't think: the French folks sent for me on purpose to ask t'other lady's name, they said; and they had asked William before, so they knew it; but they said I must write it down, and where she lived; so I was forced to write 'Miss Burney, Chelsea,' and they fell a smiling so at one another."

'Twas impossible to help laughing; but we desired her, in return, to send for one of their maids and ask their names also.

She came back, and said she could not understand the maids, and so they had called one of the gentlemen, and he had written down "Madame la Comtesse de Menage, et Mlle. de Beaufort."

We found, afterwards, they had sat up till two in the morning, and then procured horses and journeyed towards Oxford.

[1] Burke, it may be noted, lived at No. 37 in this street; perhaps selected on that account by refugees.

Ah! is this liberty, where one side alone predominates thus fiercely? Liberty! the first, best, noblest gift for mankind, is mutual, reciprocal for all parties: in France it seems to me but a change of despotism. I rejoice with my whole heart to see those redressed who have been injured; but I feel horror, not joy, to see those oppressed who are guiltless. I have much, I own, to learn ere I can account for the predilection I see taken for a demolition of tyranny by tyranny. They say I have heard but one side: it appears to me they think there is but one side.

Wednesday, August 3.—We walked to the Cathedral, and saw it completely. Part of it remains from the original Saxon building, though neglected, except by travellers, as the rest of the church is ample for all uses, and alone kept in repair. The bones of eleven Saxon Kings are lodged in seven curious old chests, in which they were deposited after being dug up and disturbed in civil wars and ensuing confusions. The small number of chests is owing to the small proportion remaining of some of the skeletons, which occasioned their being united with others. The Saxon characters are in many inscriptions preserved, though in none entire. They were washing a plaster from the walls, to discern some curious old painting, very miserable, but very entertaining, of old legends, which some antiquaries are now endeavouring to discover.

William of Wykham, by whom the Cathedral was built in its present form, lies buried, with his effigy and whole monument in very fine alabaster, and probably very like, as it was done, they aver, before he died.

Its companion, equally superb, is Cardinal Beaufort, uncle of Harry VI. William Rufus, slain in the neighbouring forest, is buried in the old choir: his monument is of plain stone, without

any inscription or ornament, and only shaped like a coffin. Hardyknute had a much more splendid monument preserved for him; but Harry I. had other business to attend, I presume, than to decorate the tomb of one brother while despoiling of his kingdom another.

An extremely curious old chapel and monument remain of Archbishop Langton, of valuable Gothic workmanship. The altar, which is highly adorned with gold, was protected in Cromwell's time by the address and skill of the Winton inhabitants, who ran up a slight wall before it, and deceived the Reformists, *soi-disants*. I could hardly quit this poor dear old building, so much I was interested with its Saxon chiefs, its little queer niches, quaint images, damp cells, mouldering walls, and mildewed pillars. One chest contains the bones entire of Egbert, our first King. Edred, also, I distinguished.

The screen was given to this church by King Charles, and is the work of Inigo Jones. It is very simple in point of ornament, very complete in taste and elegance; nevertheless, a screen of Grecian architecture in a cathedral of Gothic workmanship was ill, I think, imagined.

. . . . . .

We travelled through a most delicious country in parts of the New Forest, to Southampton. As I have twice been there before, what I had to say I suppose said.

Thursday, August 4.—We proceeded to breakfast at Romsey.[1] What a contrast this journey to that I took two years ago in attendance upon Her Majesty! The roads now so empty, the towns so quiet; and then, what multitudes! what tumults of joy! and how graciously welcomed!

We went on to dine at Salisbury, a city which,

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 290.

with their Majesties, I could not see for people.[1] It seemed to have neither houses nor walls, but to be composed solely of faces. We strolled about the town, but the Cathedral was shut up to be repaired, much to our regret.

Friday, August 5.—We went to Stonehenge. Here I was prodigiously disappointed, at first, by the huge masses of stone so unaccountably piled at the summit of Salisbury Plain. However, we alighted, and the longer I surveyed and considered them, the more augmented my wonder and diminished my disappointment.

We then went on to Wilton. There I renewed my delight over the exquisite Vandykes, and with the statues, busts, and pictures, which again I sighingly quitted, with a longing wish I might ever pass under that roof time enough to see them more deliberately. We stopped in the Hans Holbein porch, and upon the Inigo Jones bridge, as long as we could stand, after standing and staring and straining our eyes till our guide was quite fatigued. 'Tis a noble collection; and how might it be enjoyed if, as an arch rustic old labouring man told us, fine folks lived as they ought to do!

Sunday, August 7.—We heard the service performed very well at Blandford Church, which is a very pretty edifice of late date, built, after the old one, with the whole town, had been totally consumed by fire, about a century ago.

After an early dinner we set off for Milton Abbey, the seat of Lord Milton. We arrived, through very bad roads, at a village built by his Lordship, very regularly, of white plaster, cut stone fashion and thatched, though every house was square and meant to resemble a gentleman's abode: a very miserable mistake in his good Lordship, of an intended fine effect; for the sight of

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 293.

the common people and of the poor, labouring or strolling in and about these dwellings, made them appear rather to be reduced from better days than flourishing in a primitive or natural state.

Milton Abbey Chapel, however, made amends for all deficiencies. It is a beautiful old building, erected in the reign of Athelstan, of whom there is a terrible carved image in the act of presenting the church to a kneeling monk, who takes it into his hand.

Lord Milton is now restoring this building, under the direction of Wyatt. It is a really sweet structure, in the lightest and most pleasing style of Gothic taste.

The Mansion-house, partly constructed from the old Abbey and partly new, is spacious and superb. There is a magnificent hall in excellent preservation, of evident Saxon workmanship, and extremely handsome, though not of the airy beauty of the chapel. There are, also, some good pictures of the Dutch school, and some of admirable architectural perspective; but the housekeeper could tell no names of painters.

The situation of this Abbey is truly delicious: it is in a vale of extreme fertility and richness, surrounded by hills of the most exquisite form, and mostly covered with hanging woods, but so varied in their growth and groups, that the eye is perpetually fresh caught with objects of admiration. 'Tis truly a lovely place.

Hence we proceeded to Dorchester,[1] which again diverted me much by its comic, irregular, odd old houses. But the town, after having seen it with the King and Queen, appeared quite depopulated.

Monday, August 8.—We proceeded to Bridport, a remarkably clean town, with the air so

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 294.

clear and pure, it seemed a new climate. Hence we set out, after dinner, for Lyme, and the road through which we travelled is the most beautiful to which my wandering destinies have yet sent me. It is diversified with all that can compose luxuriant scenery, and with just as much of the approach to sublime as is in the province of unterrific beauty. The hills are the highest, I fancy, in the south of this country—the boldest and noblest; the vales of the finest verdure, wooded and watered as if only to give ideas of finished landscapes; while the whole, from time to time, rises into still superior grandeur, by openings between the heights that terminate the view with the splendour of the British Channel.

There was no going on in the carriage through such enchanting scenes; we got out upon the hills, and walked till we could walk no longer.

The descent down to Lyme is uncommonly steep; and indeed is very striking, from the magnificence of the ocean that washes its borders. Chidiock and Charmouth, two villages between Bridport and Lyme, are the very prettiest I have ever seen.

During the whole of this post I was fairly taken away, not only from the world but from myself, and completely wrapped up and engrossed by the pleasures, wonders, and charms of animated nature, thus seen in fair perfection.

Lyme, however, brought me to myself; for the part by the sea, where we fixed our abode, was so dirty and fishy that I rejoiced when we left it.

Tuesday, August 9.—We travelled to Sidmouth. And here we have taken up our abode for a week. It was all devoted to rest and sea-air.

Sidmouth is built in a vale by the sea-coast, and the terrace for company is nearer to the ocean than any I have elsewhere seen, and therefore both more

pleasant and more commodious. The little bay is of a most peaceful kind, and the sea was as calm and gentle as the Thames. I longed to bathe, but I am in no state now to take liberties with myself, and, having no advice at hand, I ran no risk.

Nothing has given me so much pleasure since I came to this place as our landlady's account of her own and her town's loyalty. She is a baker, a poor widow woman, she told us, who lost her husband by his fright in thinking he saw a ghost, just after her mother was drowned. She carries on the business, with the help of her daughter, a girl about fifteen. We could get no other lodgings, so full was the town; and these are near the sea, though otherwise not desirable.

I inquired of her if she had seen the Royal Family when they visited Devonshire? "Yes, sure, ma'am!" she cried; "there was ne'er a soul left in all this place for going out to see 'em. My daughter and I rode a double horse, and we went to Sir George Young's, and got into the park, for we knew the housekeeper, and she gave my daughter a bit to taste of the King's dinner when they had all done, and she said she might talk on it when she was a old woman."

I asked another good woman, who came in for some flour, if she had been of the party. "No," she said, "she was ill, but she had had holiday enough upon the King's recovery, for there was such a holiday then as the like was not in all England."

"Yes, sure, ma'am," cried the poor baker-woman, "we all did our best then, for there was ne'er a town in all England like Sidmouth for rejoicing. Why, I baked a hundred and ten penny loaves for the poor, and so did every baker in town, and there's three; and the gentry subscribed for it. And the gentry roasted a bullock and cut it all

up, and we all ate it, in the midst of the rejoicing. And then we had such a fine sermon, it made us all cry; there was a more tears shed than ever was known, all for over-joy. And they had the King drawed, and dressed up all in gold and laurels, and they put un in a coach and eight horses, and carried un about; and all the grand gentlemen in the town, and all abouts, come in their own carriages to join. And they had the finest band of music in all England singing 'God save the King,' and every soul joined in the chorus, and all not so much because he was a King, but because they said a was such a worthy gentleman, and that the like of him was never known in this nation before; so we all subscribed for the illuminations for that reason,—some a shilling, some a guinea, and some a penny,—for no one begrudged it, as a was such a worthy person."

The other woman and the daughter then united in the recital, and gave it with such heartiness and simplicity, that at last I was forced to leave them a little abruptly, for I fairly lost all voice to answer them, from the lively sensations of pleasure which such proofs of the popularity of the good and dear King always give me. The two women both cried also, and that was far more wonderful.

This good Mrs. Dare has purchased images of all the Royal Family, in her great zeal, and I had them in my apartment—King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Sussex, Cumberland, and Cambridge; Princess Royal, and Princesses Augusta, Eliza, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. God bless them all!

Tuesday, August 16.—We quitted Sidmouth, and proceeded through the finest country possible to Exmouth, to see that celebrated spot of beauty.

The next morning we crossed the Ex and visited Powderham Castle. Its appearance, noble

and antique without, loses all that character from French finery and minute elegance and gay trappings within. The present owner, Lord Courtney,[1] has fitted it up in the true Gallic taste, and every room has the air of being ornamented for a gala. Some few good pictures, however, were worth all the rest, but the housekeeper knew nothing of their masters, though their merit seemed to me highly and greatly to deserve appropriation. A connoisseur would require no name, and I am as happy in amusing myself with turning nomenclator as if I had studied under Mr. Lock.

In the great room is a family picture by Sir Joshua. The late Lord and Lady, and all the present race, consisting, I think, of thirteen, are exhibited: but the picture has too much glare of beauty, and beauty of one style and character, to make it of great effect. Contrast seems so essential, that an ugly boy or girl would render the piece delightful! 'Tis pity one cannot maim one part of a family to show off the rest to advantage!

The housekeeper did not let us see half the castle; she only took us to those rooms which the present Lord has modernised and fitted up in the sumptuous French taste; the old part of the castle she doubtless thought would disgrace him; forgetting—or rather never knowing—that the old part alone was worth a traveller's curiosity, since the rest might be anticipated by a visit to any celebrated cabinet-maker.

Thence we proceeded to Star Cross to dine; and saw on the opposite coast the house of Sir Francis Drake,[2] which was built by his famous ancestor.

Here we saw a sight that reminded me of the

[1] William, third Viscount Courtenay, 1768-1835. The "late Lord and Lady" (see *infra*) were William, second Viscount (1742-88), fifteenth inheritor of Powderham Castle, and his wife, Frances, daughter of Thomas Clack, of Wallingford, Berks. They had a numerous family.

[2] Nutwell Court, Exeter.

drawings of Webber[1] from the South Sea Isles; women scarce clothed at all, with feet and legs entirely naked, straw bonnets of uncouth shapes tied on their heads, a sort of man's jacket on their bodies, and their short coats pinned up in the form of concise trousers, very succinct! and a basket on each arm, strolling along with wide mannish strides to the borders of the river, gathering cockles. They looked, indeed, miserable and savage.

Hence we went, through very beautiful roads, to Exeter. That great old city is too narrow, too populous, too dirty, and too ill-paved, to meet with my applause. We saw the cathedral, in which there is but little to be seen, though Athelstan was its patron, who was patron also of the exquisite chapel of Milton Abbey.

Next morning we breakfasted at Collumpton, and visited its church. Here we saw the remains of a once extremely rich Gothic structure, though never large. There is all the appearance of its having been the church of an abbey before the Reformation. It is situated in a deep but most fertile vale; its ornaments still retain so much of gilding, painting, and antique splendour, as could never have belonged to a mere country church. The wood carving, too, though in ruins, is most laboriously well done; the roof worked in blue and gold, lighter, but in the style of the Royal Chapel at St. James's. We were quite surprised to find such a structure in a town so little known or named. One aisle was added by a clothier of the town in the reign of Edward VI.; probably upon its first being used as a Protestant and public place of worship. This is still perfect, but very clumsy and inelegant compared with the ancient part. The man, to show he gloried in the honest profession whence he derived wealth for this

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 466.

good purpose, has his arms at one corner, with his name, J. Lane, in Gothic characters, and on the opposite corner his image, terribly worked in the wall, with a pair of shears in one hand, so large as to cut across the figure downwards, almost obscuring all but his feet. Till the cicerone explained this, I took the idea for a design of Death, placed where most conspicuously he might show himself, ready to cut in two the poor objects that entered the church.

A statue of Edward VI., very young, is in front without. He repaired the old church.

There was only a poor wretched ragged woman, a female clerk,[1] to show us this church. She pays a man for doing the duty, while she receives the salary, in right of her deceased husband!

Friday, August 19.—To vary the scenery we breakfasted at Bridgewater, in as much dirt and noise, from the judges filling the town, as at Taunton we had enjoyed neatness and quiet. We walked beside the river, which is navigable from the Bristol Channel; and a stream more muddy, and a quay more dirty and tarry and pitchy, I would not covet to visit again. It is here called the Perrot.

Thence, however, we proceeded to what made amends for all—the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. These are the most elegant remains of monkish grandeur I have ever chanced to see,—the forms, designs, ornaments,—all that is left is in the highest perfection of Gothic beauty. Five hundred souls, the people told us, were supported in this abbey and its cloisters.

[1] More probably a female sexton, which is not uncommon. There was such a "sextoness" in 1880 at Great St. Bartholomew's, West Smithfield; and the *Saturday Review* for August 18, 1900, is responsible for the following:—"April 30, 1759. Died Mary Hall, sexton of Bishophill, aged 105. 'She walked about and retained her senses till within three days of her death.'"

A chapel of Joseph of Arimathea has the outworks nearly entire, and I was quite bewitched with their antique beauty. But the entrance into the main front of the abbey is stupendous; its height is such that the eye aches to look up at it, though it is now curtailed, by no part of its arch remaining, except the first inclination towards that form, which shows it to have been the entrance. Not a bit of roof remains in any part. All the monuments that were not utterly decayed or destroyed have been removed to Wells. Mere walls alone are left here, except the monks' kitchen.

This is truly curious: it is a circular building, with a dome as high—higher I fancy—than the Pantheon's;[1] four immense fireplaces divide it into four parts at the bottom, and an oven still is visible. One statue is left in one niche, which the people about said was of the abbot's chief cook!

If this monastery was built by the famous old cruel hypocrite abbot, Dunstan, I shall grieve so much taste was bestowed on such a wretch. We had only labourers for our informants. But one boy was worth hearing: he told me there was a well of prodigious depth, which he showed me; and this well had long been dried up, and so covered over as to be forgotten, till his grandfather dreamed a dream that the water of this well would restore him from a bad state of health to good; so he dug, and the well was found, and he drank the water and was cured![2] And since then the poor came from all parts who were afflicted with diseases, and drank the water and were cured.

[1] *i.e.* in Oxford Street.

[2] This is the story of Matthew Chancellor, as told in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1751. Fielding believed in the "wonderful Effects of this salubrious Spring" (*Daily Advertiser*, August 31, 1751); but he himself derived no permanent benefit from the Glastonbury waters.

One woman was now at Glastonbury to try it, and already almost well!

What strange inventions and superstitions even the ruins of what had belonged to St. Dunstan can yet engender! The Glastonbury thorn we forgot to ask for.

Hence we proceeded to Wells. Here we waited, as usual, upon the cathedral, which received our compliments with but small return of civility. There was little to be seen without, except old monuments of old abbots removed from Glastonbury, so inferior in workmanship and design to the abbey once containing them, that I was rather displeased than gratified by the sight. They have also a famous clock, brought from the abbey at its general demolition. This exhibits a set of horses with riders, who curvet a dance round a bell by the pulling a string, with an agility comic enough, and fitted to serve for a puppet-show; which, in all probability, was its design, in order to recreate the poor monks at their hours of play.

There is also a figure of St. Dunstan, who regularly strikes the quarters of every hour by clock-work, and who holds in his hand a pair of tongs,—the same I suppose as those with which he was wont to pull the devil by the nose, in their nocturnal interviews.

The outside of this cathedral is the most perfect of any I have seen, for not a niche has lost its "unhappy divinity."

The old castle of Wells is now the palace for the bishop. It is moated still, and looks dreary, secluded, and in the bad old style.

At night, upon a deeply deliberate investigation in the medical way, it was suddenly resolved that we should proceed to Bath instead of Bristol, and that I should try there first the stream of King Bladud. So now, at this moment, here we are.

Queen Square, Bath.

Saturday, August 20.—Bath is extremely altered since I last visited it.[1] Its circumference is perhaps trebled; but its buildings are so unfinished, so spread, so everywhere beginning and nowhere ending, that it looks rather like a space of ground lately fixed upon for erecting a town, than a town itself, of so many years' duration.

It is beautiful and wonderful throughout. The hills are built up and down, and the vales so stocked with streets and houses, that, in some places, from the ground-floor on one side a street, you cross over to the attic of your opposite neighbour. The white stone, where clean, has a beautiful effect, and, even where worn, a grand one. But I must not write a literal Bath Guide, and a figurative one Anstey has all to himself. I will only tell you in brief, yet in truth, it looks a city of palaces, a town of hills, and a hill of towns.

Oh, how have I thought, in patrolling it, of my poor Mrs. Thrale! I went to look (and sigh at the sight) at the house on the North Parade where we dwelt,[2] and almost every old place brings to my mind some scene in which we were engaged;—in the Circus, the houses then Mrs. Montagu's and Mrs. Cholmley's; in Brock Street, Mrs. Vanbrugh's; in Church Street, Mrs. Lambart's; in the Crescent, Mr. Whalley's; in Alfred Street, Mrs. Bowdler's; at the Belvidere, Mrs. Byron, Miss Leigh, and Lord Mulgrave, etc. etc. etc.

Besides the constant sadness of all recollections that bring fresh to my thoughts a breach with a friend once so loved, how are most of the families altered and dispersed in these absent ten years! From Mrs. Montagu's, Miss Gregory, by a marriage

[1] In 1780.

[2] It was the South Parade. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 327.

disapproved, is removed for ever; from Mrs. Cholmley's, by the severer blow of death, Lady Mulgrave is separated; Mrs. Lambart, by the same blow, has lost the brother, Sir Philip Clerke, who brought us to her acquaintance; Mr. Bowdler and his excellent eldest daughter have yielded to the same stroke; Mrs. Byron has followed; Miss Leigh has been married and widowed; Lord Mulgrave has had the same hard lot; and, besides these, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Thrale's aunt, Lady Millar, and Mr. Thrale himself, are no more.

In another ten years, another writer, perhaps, may make a list to us of yet deeper interest. Well, we live but to die, and are led but to follow. 'Tis best, therefore, to think of these matters till they occur with slackened emotion.

August 31.—I have kept no regular memorandums; but I shall give you the history of the Bath fortnight of this month as it rises in my memory.

I found I had no acquaintance here, except Dr. Harrington,[1] who is ill, Mrs. Hartley, who is too lame for visiting, and the Vanbrughs; and though Mrs. Ord, from her frequent residence here, knows many of the settled inhabitants, she has kindly complied with my request of being dispensed from making new visits.

Soon after we came, while I was finishing some letters, and quite alone, Mrs. Ord's servant brought me word Lady Spencer[2] would ask me how I did, if I was well enough to receive her. Of course I begged she might come upstairs.

I have met her two or three times at my dearest Mrs. Delany's, where I met, also, with marked civilities from her. I knew she was here, with her

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 332.
[2] The Dowager Lady Spencer (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 374).

unhappy daughter, Lady Duncannon,[1] whom she assiduously nurses, aided by her more celebrated other daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire.[2]

She made a very flattering apology for coming, and then began to converse upon my beloved Mrs. Delany, and thence to subjects more general. She is a sensible and sagacious character, intelligent, polite, and agreeable; and she spends her life in such exercises of active charity and zeal, that she would be one of the most exemplary women of rank of the age, had she less of show in her exertions, and more of forbearance in publishing them. My dear oracle, however, once said, vainglory must not be despised or discouraged, when it operated but as a human engine for great or good deeds.

She spoke of Lady Duncannon's situation with much sorrow, and expatiated upon her resignation to her fate, her prepared state for death, and the excellence of her principles, with an eagerness and feeling that quite overwhelmed me with surprise and embarrassment.

Her other daughter[3] she did not mention; but her grand-daughter, Lady Georgiana Cavendish,[4] she spoke of with rapture. Miss Trimmer, also, the eldest daughter of the exceeding worthy Mrs. Trimmer, she named with a regard that seemed quite affectionate. She told me she had the care of the young Lady Cavendishes, but was in every respect treated as if one of themselves.

The name of Mrs. Trimmer led us to talk of the Sunday-schools and Schools of Industry. They are both in a very flourishing state at Bath, and Lady

[1] Henrietta Frances Spencer, *d.* 1821, second daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, married in 1780 to Frederick, third Earl of Bessborough, at this date Lord Duncannon.

[2] Georgiana Spencer, *d.* 1806, elder daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, married in 1774 to William, fifth Duke of Devonshire.

[3] *i.e.* the Duchess of Devonshire.

[4] Georgiana Dorothy, *d.* 1858, married in 1801 to George, sixth Earl of Carlisle.

Spencer has taken one school under her own immediate patronage.

The next day, of course, I waited on her; she was out. But the following day, which was Sunday, she sent me a message upstairs to say she would take me to see the Sunday-school, if I felt well enough to desire it.

She waited below for my answer, which, of course, I carried down in my proper person, ready hatted and cloaked.

It was a most interesting sight. Such a number of poor innocent children, all put into a way of right, most taken immediately from every way of wrong, lifting up their little hands, and joining in those prayers and supplications for mercy and grace, which, even if they understand not, must at least impress them with a general idea of religion, a dread of evil, and a love of good; it was, indeed, a sight to expand the best hopes of the heart.

I felt very much obliged to my noble conductress, with whom I had much talk upon the subject in our walk back. Her own little school, of course, engaged us the most. She told me that the next day six of her little girls were to be new clothed, by herself, in honour of the birthday of the Duke of Devonshire's second daughter, Lady Harriot Cavendish,[1] who was to come to her grandmamma's house to see the ceremony. To this sight she also invited me, and I accepted her kindness with pleasure.

The following day, therefore, Monday, I obeyed Lady Spencer's time, and at six o'clock was at her house in Gay Street. My good Mrs. Ord, to make my leaving her quite easy, engaged herself to go at the same hour to visit Mrs. Hartley.

Lady Spencer had Mrs. Mary Pointz and Miss

[1] Henrietta Elizabeth, *d.* 1862, married in 1809 to Granville, first Earl Granville.

Trimmer with her; and the six children, just prepared for Lady Harriot, in their new gowns, were dismissed from their examination, upon my arrival, and sent downstairs to wait the coming of her little Ladyship, who, having dined with her mamma, was later than her appointment.

Lady Spencer introduced me to Miss Trimmer, who is a pleasing, but not pretty young woman, and seems born with her excellent mother's amiableness and serenity of mind.

Lady Georgiana is just eight years old. She has a fine, animated, sweet, and handsome countenance, and the form and figure of a girl of ten or twelve years of age. Lady Harriot, who this day was six years old, is by no means so handsome, but has an open and pleasing countenance, and a look of the most happy disposition. Lady Spencer brought her to me immediately.

I inquired after the young Marquis of Hartington.[1] Lady Spencer told me they never trusted him from the Upper Walks, near his house, in Marlborough Buildings. He has a house of his own near the Duke's, and a carriage entirely to himself; but you will see the necessity of these appropriations, when I remind you he is now fourteen months old.

Lady Spencer had now a lottery — without blanks, you will suppose—of playthings and toys for the children. She distributed the prizes, and Lady Duncannon held the tickets.

During this entered Lord Spencer,[2] the son of Lady Spencer, who was here only for three days, to see his sister Duncannon. They had all dined with the little Lady Harriot. The Duke is now at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire.

[1] William Spencer, Marquess of Hartington, 1790-1858, afterwards sixth Duke of Devonshire.

[2] George John, second Earl Spencer, 1758-1834.

I thought of Lord Spencer's kindness to Charles, and I recollected he was a favourite of Mr. Windham. I saw him, therefore, with very different ideas to those raised by the sight of his poor sister Duncannon, to whom he made up with every mark of pitying affection; she, meanwhile, receiving him with the most expressive pleasure, though nearly silent. I could not help feeling touched, in defiance of all obstacles.

Presently followed two ladies. Lady Spencer, with a look and manner warmly announcing pleasure in what she was doing, then introduced me to the first of them, saying, "Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Burney."

She made me a very civil compliment upon hoping my health was recovering; and Lady Spencer then, slightly, and as if unavoidably, said, "Lady Elizabeth Forster."[1]

I have neglected to mention, in its place, that the six poor little girls had a repast in the garden, and Lady Georgiana earnestly begged leave to go down and see and speak with them. She applied to Lady Spencer. "Oh grandmamma," she cried, "pray let me go! Mamma says it all depends upon you." The Duchess expressed some fear lest there might be any illness or disorder amongst the poor things: Lady Spencer answered for them; and Lady Georgiana, with a sweet delight, flew down into the garden, all the rest accompanying, and Lady Spencer and the Duchess soon following.

It was a beautiful sight, taken in all its dependencies, from the windows. Lord Spencer presently joined them.

To return to the Duchess. I did not find so much beauty in her as I expected, notwithstanding

[1] Lady Elizabeth Foster, wife of John Thomas Foster (*d.* 1795), and daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol. In 1809, after the death of the Duchess of Devonshire in 1806, she married the Duke.

the variations of accounts; but I found far more of manner, politeness, and gentle quiet. She seems by nature to possess the highest animal spirits, but she appeared to me not happy. I thought she looked oppressed within, though there is a native cheerfulness about her which I fancy scarce ever deserts her.

There is in her face, especially when she speaks, a sweetness of good humour and obligingness, that seem to be the natural and instinctive qualities of her disposition; joined to an openness of countenance that announces her endowed, by nature, with a character intended wholly for honesty, fairness, and good purposes.

She now conversed with me wholly, and in so soberly sensible and quiet a manner, as I had imagined incompatible with her powers. Too much and too little credit have variously been given her. About me and my health she was more civil than I can well tell you; not from prudery —I have none, in these records, methinks!—but from its being mixed into all that passed. We talked over my late tour, Bath waters, and the King's illness. This, which was led to by accident, was here a tender subject, considering her heading the Regency squadron; however, I have only one line to pursue, and from that I can never vary. I spoke of my own deep distress from his sufferings without reserve, and of the distress of the Queen with the most avowed compassion and respect. She was extremely well-bred in all she said herself, and seemed willing to keep up the subject. I fancy no one has just in the same way treated it with Her Grace before; however, she took all in good part, though to have found me retired in discontent had perhaps been more congenial to her. But I have been sedulous to make them all know the contrary. Nevertheless, as I am eager

to be considered apart from all party, I was much pleased, after all this, to have her express herself very desirous to keep up our acquaintance, ask many questions as to the chance of my remaining in Bath, most politely hope to profit from it, and, finally, inquire my direction.

Poor Mrs. Ord is quite in dismay at this acquaintance, and will believe no good of them, and swallows all that is said of evil. In some points, however, I have found her so utterly misinformed, that I shall never make over into her custody and management my opinion of the world. She thinks the worst, and judges the most severely, of all mankind, of any person I have ever known; it is the standing imperfection of her character, and so ungenial, so nipping, so blighting, it sometimes damps all my pleasure in her society, since my living with her has shown the extent of her want of all charity towards her fellows.

I always wonder how people, good themselves as she is, can make up their minds to supposing themselves so singular.

Lady Elizabeth, however, has the character of being so alluring, that Mrs. Holroyd told me it was the opinion of Mr. Gibbon no man could withstand her, and that, if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his woolsack, in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience![1]

Not long after our settling at Bath, I found, upon returning from the Pump-room, cards left for me of the Bishop of Dromore (Dr. Percy), Mrs. and the Miss Percys. I had met them formerly once at Miss Reynolds's, and once visited them when Dr. Percy was Dean of Carlisle. The collector and editor of the beautiful reliques of

[1] Apparently she sketched, as Gibbon, in a letter to Miss Holroyd of Nov. 10, 1792, refers to her "very pretty drawing" of his now non-existent house at Lausanne (*Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, 1897, p. 201).

ancient English poetry, I could not but be happy to again see. I returned the visit: they were out; but the Bishop soon after came when I was at home. I had a pleasant little chat with him. He told me he had heard of my arrival at Bath by Lady Spencer. He renewed an acquaintance after this with Mrs. Ord, and we have all visited and been visited by them.

The Bishop is perfectly easy and unassuming, very communicative, and, though not very entertaining because too prolix, he is otherwise intelligent and of good commerce. Mrs. Percy is ill, and cannot make visits, though she sends her name and receives company at home. She is very uncultivated and ordinary in manners and conversation, but a good creature, and much delighted to talk over the Royal Family, to one of whom she was formerly a nurse. Miss Percy is a natural and very pleasing character.

Queen's Square, Bath.

September.—With what pleased and full sensations do I here begin a month I shall end with my beloved readers! Oh that such a time should be really approaching! when in peace, with ease, in natural spirits, and with a mind undisturbed, I may visit Mickleham, and revisit Norbury Park.

I shall attempt now no journal; but just give a few memorandums for my own dilating upon at our meeting.

About a week ago I was surprised with a visit from Mrs. and Miss Preston. The former was daughter of a most intimate friend of Mrs. Delany. I have met her at the house of that lady, who also brought her once to my apartment at the Queen's Lodge, that she might see the Royal Family from my windows. Anything that relates to Mrs. Delany is claim enough for me; otherwise she is

not pleasing, and she has too much pretension, under a forced veil of humility, to improve upon acquaintance. I was much more satisfied with her daughter, who is sister of young Mrs. Talbot, in your neighbourhood. She is very pretty, and seems lively and sensible. I do not wonder I was struck with her, for I have since heard from Mrs. Vanbrugh that Mr. Windham, when at Bath, was quite in love with her ; that is, such love as belongs to admiration, and as leads to flirtation, and ends in nothing at all.

. . . . . .

One evening I spent at an acquaintance of Mrs. Ord's when I grew too well for longer refusal ; and this was to visit Mrs. Horseman, a very old, very little, very civil, very ancient-familied, good, quaint old lady. She talked to me of nothing but the Court, having known Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Stainforth when they were at Bath.

. . . . . .

Three days before we left Bath, as I was coming with Mrs. Ord from the Pump-room, we encountered a chair from which a lady repeatedly kissed her hand and bowed to me. I was too near-sighted to distinguish who she was, till, coming close, and a little stopped by more people, she put her face to the glass, and said, "How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" and I recollected the Duchess of Devonshire.

About an hour after I had again the honour of a visit from her, and with Lady Dowager Spencer. I was luckily at home alone, Mrs. Ord having dedicated the rest of the morning to her own visits. I received them, therefore, with great pleasure. I now saw the Duchess far more easy and lively in her spirits, and, consequently, far more lovely in her person. Vivacity is so much her characteristic, that her style of beauty requires it indispensably ;

the beauty, indeed, dies away without it. I now saw how her fame for personal charms had been obtained; the expression of her smiles is so very sweet, and has an ingenuousness and openness so singular, that, taken in those moments, not the most rigid critic could deny the justice of her personal celebrity. She was quite gay, easy, and charming: indeed, that last epithet might have been coined for her.

The last person I saw at Bath was Lady Spencer, who, late in the evening, and in the midst of our packing, came and sat for a very pleasant half-hour.

This has certainly been a singular acquaintance for me—that the first visit I should make after leaving the Queen should be to meet the head of the opposition public, the Duchess of Devonshire!

Saturday, September 10.—We left Bath in a beautiful morning, in Mrs. Ord's coach and four, and arrived at very good dinner-time at Dunstan Park, where my sweet and most lovely Mrs. ——[1] received us with open arms.

The next day, Sunday, we spent at Sandleford, the place of Mrs. Montagu. She lives but a few miles from Dunstan Park, and sent over to invite us. We found no company but Mrs. Mathew,[2] who continues as much a favourite with me as ever, and her four noble little children, all born since my Royal abode. We had a delightful day here; and here we left Mrs. Ord. She was to spend two nights at Sandleford, and then to return to Bath. I took leave of her with the most affectionate gratitude for her extraordinary and most active friendship; and the remembrance of the almost only foible she has, a cynical spirit,[3]

[1] Mrs. Waddington, *née* Miss Marianne Port.
[2] Mrs. Mathew Montagu.
[3] This suggests that, in drawing the Mrs. Selwyn of *Evelina*, Miss Burney may have remembered her friend, Mrs. Ord.

was nearly buried in a better and fuller sense of her nobler qualities, as well as of her distinguishing kindness.

Mrs. Mathew most heartily invited me to spend a little time with her and her sposo in Kent, which, if it can be contrived, I shall do with pleasure.

Monday, September 12.—My dear M——,[1] as I still always call her when I speak or write to her, accompanied me near forty miles on my way to Mickleham.

Here I stop.—I came to my dearest Susan,—I was received by my dearest Fredy,—and, at length, just where I most wished, I finished.

N.B.—As our frequent interruptions prevented my reading you and my Fredy a paragraph from my father concerning Mr. Burke, which, for my sake, I know you will like, I will here copy it:—

"I dined with Sir Joshua last week, and met Mr. Burke, his brother, Mr. Malone,[2] the venerable Bishop of St. Pol de Léon, and a French Abbé or Chevalier. I found Mr. Burke in the room on my arrival, and after the first very cordial civilities were over, he asked me, with great eagerness, whether I thought he might go in his present dress to pay his respects to Miss Burney; and was taking up his hat, till I told him you were out of town. He imagined, I suppose, you were in St. Martin's Street, where he used to call upon you. In talking over your health, the recovery of your liberty and of society, he said, if Johnson had been alive, your history would have furnished him with an additional and interesting article to his *Vanity of Human Wishes*. He said he had never been more mistaken in his life. He thought the Queen had never behaved more amiably, or shown more good sense, than in appropriating you to her

[1] Marianne. [2] Edmund Malone, 1741-1812.

service; but what a service had it turned out!—a confinement to such a companion as Mrs. Schwellenberg!—Here exclamations of severity and kindness in turn lasted a considerable time."[1]

If ever I see Mr. Burke where he speaks to me upon this subject, I will openly state to him how impossible it was that the Queen should conceive the subserviency expected, so unjustly and unwarrantably, by Mrs. Schwellenberg; to whom I ought only to have belonged officially, and at official hours, unless the desire of further intercourse had been reciprocal. The Queen had imagined that a younger and more lively colleague would have made her faithful old servant happier; and that idea was merely amiable in Her Majesty, who could little suspect the misery inflicted on that poor new colleague.

From Dr. Burney to Miss Burney

Chelsea College, *October* 8, 1791.

My dear Fanny,

. . . . . .

And so prepare for your departure on Thursday: we shall expect you here to dinner by four.—The great grubbery will be in nice order for you, as well as the little; both have lately had many accessions of new books. The ink is good, good pens in plenty, and the most pleasant and smooth paper in the world!

> Come, Rosalind, oh come and see,
> What quires are in store for thee, etc.

I have scribbled nothing but letters lately, save a touch at Mr. J——n's pert and arrogant

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 367.

pamphlet. Poor Metastasio[1] lies stock still, and has ever since I lost my amanuensis, Bessy Young, now Hoole. I have idly got into miscellaneous reading—*The Correspondence of Voltaire*, Soame Jenyns's *Works*, Aikin's *Poems*, Mr. Beckford's *Jamaica*, two volumes.[2]—How I want Mr. Lock to read them! and how he wants him to see the drawings he had made there,—in Spain, Italy, etc., —that he has preserved from the wreck of his all during the hurricane at Jamaica! "But," says he, "Mr. L. will never think of coming to such a place as this!" (the Fleet Prison).

I intend to try to get Sir Joshua and Sir Joseph Banks, his old acquaintances, to visit him there with me. I was with the dear, worthy, and charming man, two hours on Wednesday, and love him and honour him more than ever. What a place—surrounded with fresh horrors!—for the habitation of such a man!

My most worthy and good nephew Charles, of Titchfield Street,[3] goes to him generally once a week, and dines, and plays to him on a miserable pianoforte for five or six hours at a time. What a long parenthesis!—

Major Rennell has been so kind as to give me a copy of the memoir belonging to his admirable map of Hindoostan, which is out of print. It teaches more about India than all the books besides that have ever been written.[4] I think you will voraciously devour this. It is Dr. Robertson's great resource in the disquisitions he has lately published on India.[5] I have likewise just got

[1] His *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Metastasio*, not published until 1796.

[2] *Account of Jamaica*, 1790, by William Beckford, *d.* 1799.

[3] Charles Rousseau Burney, Esther Burney's husband.

[4] James Rennell, 1742-1830, Surveyor-General of Bengal. His *Bengal Atlas* appeared in 1781; his *Memoir of a Map of Hindoostan; or, The Mogul Empire*, 1783-93.

[5] *An Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India*, etc., 1791.

Rochon's *Voyage à Madagascar, et aux Indes Orientales*,[1] which I like very much.

Say millions of kindnesses to dear Susey for us all; I have neither time nor space to say more myself than that

I am yours very affectionately,

C. B.

CHELSEA COLLEGE.

October. — Though another month is begun since I left my dearest of friends, I have had no journalising spirit; but I will give all heads of chapters, and try to do better.

My meeting with Miss Cambridge at Kingston I have told already; and I soon afterwards set my good aunts safely down at their new Richmond abode.[2] I found my beloved father in excellent health, spirits, and good humour; my mother tolerably, and Sarah well and affectionate. James was at dinner with them, and in perfect good plight, except when he ruminated upon his little godson's having three names; that I fancy he regards as rather aristocrat, for he made as grave a remonstrance against it as he endeavoured to do at the very moment they were pronounced in the midst of the christening.

I have lived altogether in the most quiet and retired manner possible. My health gains ground, gradually, but very perceptibly, and a weakness that makes me soon exhausted in whatever I undertake is all of illness now remaining.

I have never been so pleasantly situated at home since I lost the sister of my heart and my most affectionate Charlotte. My father is almost constantly within. Indeed, I now live with him

[1] Alexis Mary de Rochon, 1741-1817. His *Voyage to Madagascar and the East Indies* was translated in 1793.

[2] Dr. Burney's sisters.

wholly; he has himself appropriated me a place, a seat, a desk, a table, and every convenience and comfort, and he never seemed yet so earnest to keep me about him. We read together, write together, chat, compare notes, communicate projects, and diversify each other's employments. He is all goodness, gaiety, and affection; and his society and kindness are more precious to me than ever.

Fortunately, in this season of leisure and comfort, the spirit of composition proves active. The day is never long enough, and I could employ two pens almost incessantly, in merely scribbling what will not be repressed. This is a delight to my dear father inexpressibly great: and though I have gone no further than to let him know, from time to time, the species of matter that occupies me, he is perfectly contented, and patiently waits till something is quite finished, before he insists upon reading a word. This "suits my humour well," as my own industry is all gone when once its intent is produced.

For the rest, I have been going on with my third tragedy.[1] I have two written, but never yet have had opportunity to read them; which, of course, prevents their being corrected to the best of my power, and fitted for the perusal of less indulgent eyes; or rather of eyes less prejudiced.

Believe me, my dear friends, in the present composed and happy state of my mind, I could never have suggested these tales of woe; but, having only to connect, combine, contract, and finish, I will not leave them undone. Not, however, to sadden myself to the same point in which I began them, I read more than I write, and call for happier themes from others, to enliven my

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 478.

mind from the dolorous sketches I now draw of my own.

The library or study, in which we constantly sit, supplies such delightful variety of food, that I have nothing to wish. Thus, my beloved sisters and friends, you see me, at length, enjoying all that peace, ease, and chosen recreation and employment, for which so long I sighed in vain, and which, till very lately, I had reason to believe, even since attained, had been allowed me too late. I am more and more thankful every night, every morning, for the change in my destiny, and present blessings of my lot; and you, my beloved Susan and Fredy, for whose prayers I have so often applied in my sadness, suffering, and despondence, afford me now the same community of thanks and acknowledgments.

November.—I spent one evening with Mrs. Ord, and met our Esther, and heard sweet music from her sweet soul-touching finger. The respectable Mrs. Bateman was there also, and we had much Windsor chattery. Miss Merry, too, was of the party; she is sister of the *Liberty* Mr. Merry,[1] who wrote the ode for our revolution club, and various other things; and a tragedy called *Lorenzo*, in which Miss Brunton performed his heroine so highly to his satisfaction, that he made his addresses to her, and forthwith married her.

The sister and her aunt, with whom she lives, were much hurt by this alliance; and especially by his continuing his wife on the stage, and with their own name. She remonstrated against this indelicacy; but he answered her, she ought to be proud he had brought a woman of such virtue and

[1] Robert Merry, 1755-98, dilettante head of the Della Cruscans. He sympathised with the French Revolution. His *Lorenzo* was produced at Covent Garden in 1791, the year in which he married Miss Elizabeth Brunton. He died at Baltimore, U.S. Mrs. Merry's sister Louisa, also an actress, became Countess of Craven.

talents into the family. Her virtue, his marrying her proved; and her talents would all be thrown away by taking her off the stage.[1]

Miss Merry seems past thirty, plain, but sensible in her face, and very much the gentlewoman in her manners, with a figure remarkably good and well made. She sat next me, and talked to me a great deal. She extremely surprised me by entering speedily into French affairs, which I would not have touched upon for the world, her brother's principles being notorious. However, she eagerly gave me to understand her own were the reverse: she spoke of Mr. Burke's pamphlets with the highest praise; the first of them, she said, though eloquently written, could only soothe those who already felt with him; but the appeal to the New Whigs she considered as framed to make converts of whoever was unprejudiced. Perhaps she is one of the number herself. She inveighed against the cruelties of the let-loose mob of France, and told me some scenes that had lately passed in Avignon,[2] that were so terrible I excused myself from dwelling on the subject.

She is a sensible, cultivated, and well-read woman, and very well mannered.

Another evening, after visiting our Esther, my father took me to Sir Joshua Reynolds. I had long languished to see that kindly zealous friend, but his ill health had intimidated me from making the attempt; and now my dear father went upstairs alone, and inquired of Miss Palmer if her uncle was well enough to admit me. He returned for me immediately. I felt the utmost pleasure in again mounting his staircase.

Miss Palmer hastened forward and embraced me

[1] He nevertheless took her from the stage in 1792.
[2] The massacres of October in this year.

most cordially. I then shook hands with Sir Joshua. He had a bandage over one eye, and the other shaded with a green half-bonnet. He seemed serious even to sadness, though extremely kind. "I am very glad," he said, in a meek voice and dejected accent, "to see you again, and I wish I could see you better! but I have only one eye now,—and hardly that."

I was really quite touched. The expectation of total blindness depresses him inexpressibly; not, however, inconceivably. I hardly knew how to express, either my concern for his altered situation since our meeting, or my joy in again being with him: but my difficulty was short; Miss Palmer eagerly drew me to herself, and recommended to Sir Joshua to go on with his cards. He had no spirit to oppose; probably, indeed, no inclination.

Dr. Lawrence,[1] one of the counsel in the impeachment against Mr. Hastings, and Miss Lawrence, his sister, Mr. King, and Dr. Blagden,[2] were the company. Some days no one is admitted.

Mr. King is brother to our lost Captain.[3]

One other time we called again, in a morning. Sir Joshua and his niece were alone, and that invaluable man was even more dejected than before. How grievous to me it is to see him thus changed!

I called also one morning upon Mrs. Schwellenberg. She received me with much profession of regard, and with more than profession of esteem—since she evinced it by the confidential discourse into which she soon entered upon the Royal Family and herself. However, I easily read that she still has not forgiven my resignation, and still

[1] Dr. French Laurence, 1757-1809, contributor to the *Rolliad*. He assisted Burke in preparing the impeachment of Hastings. He was afterwards Burke's literary executor.

[2] Perhaps Dr. Charles Blagden, 1748-1820, secretary in 1784 to the Royal Society.

[3] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 466.

thinks I failed in loyalty of duty, by not staying, though to die, rather than retire, though to live.

This, however, is so much a part of her very limited knowledge, and very extensive prejudice, that I submit to it without either wonder or resentment.

She trusted me, nevertheless, just as usual, in speaking of the Court affairs. I entreated her permission to venture to trouble her with "laying my humblest duty at the Queen's feet"; for that is the phrase now allowed. She told me I had a "reelly right" to that, and promised to do it, with great good humour. When she settled in town for the winter, she desired to see me often; she said she should return to Windsor in two days. The family were all there, as usual. We had much talk of the Duke of York[1] and his marriage, etc.

I then called upon Mrs. Stainforth: none other of my friends were in town. She also received me with great civility, and hardly would let me quit her, opening her heart in the old way, upon her sufferings from the tyranny of Mrs. Schwellenberg.—'Tis dreadful that power thus often leads to every abuse!—I grow democratic at once on these occasions. Indeed, I feel always democratic where I think power abused, whether by the great or the little.

These are all my visits abroad, except calls upon Esther. At home we saw Dr. Gillies once; he was very communicative and informing, and I enjoyed his conversation. He is now occupied in writing a *History of the World to the Decline of the Roman Empire, from the Days of Alexander.*[2]

[1] The Duke of York, 1763-1827, was married, September 29, 1791, to Frederica-Charlotte-Ulrica-Catherina, Princess Royal of Prussia, *d.* 1820.

[2] The *History of the World from the Reign of Alexander to Augustus* appeared in 1807-10, 2 vols. 4to.

It is a stupendous undertaking. He allows himself five years: I shall give him joy if he completes it in ten.

Mrs. Bogle dined here another day. She seems altered much for the worse. Her playful wit seems turning into biting sarcasm, and her affectionate and pleasing manners are wholly changed. I was very sorry. Perhaps this may wear off when I see more of her.

I rejoiced extremely in again meeting with good old Mr. Hutton, whose health and spirits are much better than when I saw him last. He has fallen into the hands of two ladies of fortune and fashion, —Miss Biscoe and Miss ——,—who live, very much at their ease, together, and who call him father, and treat him with the tenderness of children. How singularly he merits this singular happy fortune! so good, so active, so noble, as he is in all exertions for the benefit of others, and so utterly inattentive to his own interest. He was heartily glad, he said, to see me at home again.

The younger Latrobe and his wife have dined here.[1] His wife seems a natural, cheerful, good character, rather unformed, though with very good and even sharp natural parts. She told me she supposed I had forgotten her. I had never seen her, I answered. "Oh yes," she said, "before I was married I met you at Mrs. Montagu's. I was Miss Sellon. I should have known you again, because I took such good note of you, as Mrs. Montagu said you were an authoress, before you came in, which made me look at you."

M. La Blancherie, whose note to me, long ago at Windsor, you may remember, now comes here perpetually, and nearly wears us out with his visits.[2] Of late, we have agreed, since we cannot

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 10.

[2] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 276.

get rid of him, to make him read. He has given us Corneille's *Rodogune*, which I found less exquisite than when I read it with my Susan; Voltaire's *Mort de César*, which I think far more *féroce* than Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, as Voltaire makes Cæsar previously acknowledge Brutus for his son, which renders the parricide a deed to shock even democratic ears!—and he has begun *Polyeucte*. This is surely the best thing we can do with the man.

I go on with various writings, at different times, and just as the humour strikes. I have promised my dear father a Christmas-box and a New Year's gift upon my return from Norbury Park; and therefore he now kindly leaves me to my own devices.

December.—I most gladly accepted an invitation to my good Mrs. Ord, to meet a circle of old friends.

The day proved extremely pleasant. We went to dinner, my father and I, and met Mrs. Montagu, in good spirits, and very unaffectedly agreeable. No one was there to awaken ostentation, no new acquaintance to require any surprise from her powers; she was therefore natural and easy, as well as informing and entertaining.

Mrs. Garrick embraced me again and again, to express a satisfaction in meeting me once more in this social way, that she would have thought it indecorous to express by words. I thanked her exactly in the same language; and, without a syllable being uttered, she said, "I rejoice you are no longer a courtier"; and I answered, "I love you dearly for preferring me in my old state!"

Major Rennell,[1] whose East India geographical

[1] See *ante*, p. 36.

erudition you must have heard of from Captain Phillips, was full of characteristic intelligence, simply and clearly delivered; and made us all wiser by his matter, if we remembered it, and gayer by his manner, whether we remembered it or not. I hope to meet him often. He is a gay little wizen old man, in appearance, from the eastern climate's dilapidations upon his youth and health; but I believe not old in years, any more than in spirits.

Dr. Russel,[1] whose odd comic humour my dear Susan is acquainted with, contributed, by its vein and freedom, to the general good humour and conviviality of the table.

The two Ords and two Burneys complete the dinner account: and much pleasant conversation passed.

In the evening we were joined by Lady Rothes, with whom I had my peace to make for a long-neglected letter upon my "restoration to society," as she termed it, and who was very lively and pleasant.

Sir Lucas Pepys (whom alone of the party I had ever met under the Royal auspices—during the King's illness how often! and during poor Lady Caroline Waldegrave's very recently) frankly told me he could not be surprised at my resignation, having seen my declining health, and remarked my insufficiency for my occupation.

Mr. Pepys, who came just that instant from Twickenham, which he advanced eagerly to tell me, talked of Mr. Cambridge, and his admirable wit and spirits, and Miss Cambridge, and her fervent friendship for me, and the charm and agreeability of the whole house, with an ardour so rapid, there scarce needed any reply.

[1] Dr. Patrick Russell, 1727-1805, physician to the English factory at Aleppo. He wrote upon the plague.

Lastly, let me mention Mr. Batt,[1] who gave me a most kindly congratulatory bow upon his entrance. I knew his opinion of my retreat, and understood it: but I was encircled till the concluding part of the evening by the Pepys and Lady Rothes, etc.; and then Mr. Batt seated himself by my elbow, and began, almost as bad as Mr. Windham—nay, worse than Mr. Windham has ventured to speak to me.

"How I rejoice," he cried, "to see you at length out of thraldom!"

"Thraldom?" quoth I, "that's rather a strong word! I assure you 'tis the first time I have heard it pronounced."

"Oh, but," cried he, laughing, "I may be allowed to say so, because you know my principles. You know me to be loyal—you could not stand it from an opposition-man—but saints may do much!"

He is a professed personal friend of Mr. Pitt.

I then began some exculpation of my late fatigues, assuring him they were the effect of a situation not understood, and not of any hardness of heart.

"Very probably," cried he; "but I am glad you have ended them: I applaud—I honour the step you have taken. Those who suffer, yet still continue in fetters, I never pity;—there is a want of integrity, as well as spirit, in such submission."

"Those they serve," cried I, "are not the persons to blame; they are commonly uninformed there is anything to endure, and believe all is repaid by the smiles so universally solicited."

"I know it," cried he; "and it is that general base subservience that makes me struck with your opposite conduct."

"My conduct," quoth I, "was very simple;

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 426.

though I believe it did not the less surprise; but it all consisted in not pretending, when I found myself sinking, to be swimming."

He said many other equally good-natured things, and finished them with "But what a pleasure it is to me to see you here in this manner, dressed no more than other people! I have not seen you these five years past but looking dizened out for the drawing-room, or something as bad!"

This is all the account I can possibly spare of this day, which was a lively and agreeable one completely.

A day or two after Mr. Smelt called, and sent in his card upon being denied. He came to ask me to Kew, to spend a few days with Mrs. Cholmley.[1] My father was at home, and readily complied.

I found poor Mrs. Cholmley rather better than I expected; solitude, and patience, and religion, have now quietised both father and daughter into tolerable contentment. They live wholly together, and determine by death alone to be separated. Miss Phipps,[2] the last dying legacy of Mr. Cholmley's charming daughter, Lady Mulgrave, is under their care: she is a very fine handsome little girl, about three years old, and extremely entertaining.

I was much gratified in making this visit, because I saw this excellent father and daughter revived from their late disconsolate state, and though no longer able to contribute to cheering life, very willing to receive what comfort and alleviation the cheerfulness of others can bestow. I wish I could see them more frequently.

Our visit to Mrs. Montagu turned out very

[1] His daughter, Anne Elizabeth Cholmley, who eventually married Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Murray, Bart., and died in 1848.

[2] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 499.

unmarked. I met my good Mrs. and Miss Ord, and a little chat with them was all my entertainment; for though Mrs. Boscawen and Dr. Russel[1] were also there, the circle was formalised, and never broken into. The Pepys and Dr. Blagden were of the party, but no one ventured to break the ring.

I was pleased in seeing Miss Fanny Williams, as she is called, the young person who was left an infant at the door of Lady Amherst, and who is reputed to be the daughter of every woman of rank whose character, at that date, was susceptible of suspicion. She looks a modest and pretty young creature, and Lady Amherst brings her up with great kindness and propriety.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis

My beloved Charlotta,

. . . . . .

I think you quite right for giving up all mere card visits that you are able to decline, for the best of all reasons of concurrence—that I should do the same myself. 'Tis a miserable waste of existence to do what judgment and reason never approve, when even inclination and pleasure are at the same time averse; and I am sure by morning calls, and open, though moderated, confessions of disaffection to the employment, you may avoid both that and offence at once; and offence is the only terror that could spur me into an occupation so distasteful to me.

We are now in almost daily expectation of seeing good Mr. Sleepe; but I feel no haste, as I think he must be happier under your roof than, perhaps, under any other. We have again seen his daughter Hetty, who is quite well, and as

[1] See *ante*, p. 45.

discreet and sensible as any young woman need be wished to be, even by a father.

I really stared a little at the pretty broad hint you gave to Lady V., which I own I think scarce worth while, as it may make you enemies, yet answer no purpose. It will be better to shame them by publishing the contrary conduct of their superior, which may more influence them. A lady who was at the late Cumberland House ball told me the Duchess of York[1] never sat down till she had done every duty of attention to every couple she danced with. Yet she is very delicate, and soon fatigued; and she is a princess born and married.

I called upon poor Mlle. Jacobi yesterday, at Brompton.[2] I found her in a small room, with a Madame Warmai, a German, who speaks English, and issues all orders and directions; and Mlle. Wincklemann, whom she calls *La Betti*, and who attends her as her maid, though she is her niece. She has had a dreadful illness; she has sprained her ankle; and her vexation, joined to painful exertion, threw her into a nervous fever. She has now conquered the fever, though her leg is still on bolsters, and she cannot put her foot to the ground. What a misfortune for a Royal attendant!

She told me much of Mr. D., who attends her. She says she asked him, one day, what she could do?

"Sit still," he smilingly answered.

"But not always," she cried; "tell me what I am to do by and by?"

"Oh," cried he, still smiling, "I never think of the future."

[1] See *ante*, p. 42.

[2] Macaulay's account of this visit is misleading. Miss Burney (he says) visited "her old dungeon, and found her successor already far on the way to the grave, and kept to strict duty, from morning till midnight, with a sprained ankle and a nervous fever" (*Essays*, F. C. Montague's edition, 1903, iii. 296). See, however, *post*, p. 73.

How consoling! She added, that he once found her eating some leveret, and said he "rejoiced to see her now so well"; and from that time he had never felt her pulse nor looked at her tongue. Tired out with her lingering complaints, little advance, and no comfort, she at last reproached him with this, and bluntly said, "Sir, you never can tell how I do; you never feel my pulse!"

He smiled still more, and, putting out his arm, held it close to her hand, and said, "Feel mine!"

Quite affronted, she answered, "Never! so long as I breathe—never I feel that pulse!"

Do you not know him again?

Mrs. Chapone to Miss Burney

Are you in town, my dear Miss Burney, and do you remember an old soul that used to love your company? If you will give it me next Thursday evening, you will meet Pepys, Boscawen, etc.; so you may put on your blue stockings. If you have got any boots to walk about in the mornings, I shall like you as well in them.

I hope all the family are well. I need not say that Dr. Burney's company would be an additional pleasure on Thursday.

I am, dear Madam,

Your affectionate servant,

H. Chapone.[1]

No. 17 Carlisle Street, Dean Street,
December 27.

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 359, and vol. ii. p. 228.

PART XLVI

1792

A day at St. James's Palace—Reception by the Queen and Princesses—The Royal Family at the Theatre—Interviews with the King and Queen—Court attendance—Mr. Jacob Bryant—A day at the trial of Warren Hastings—His defence by Mr. Law—A conversation with Mr. Windham—Mr. Beckford—Lally Tollendal—Death of Sir Joshua Reynolds—His funeral—Visit to the Queen—Mrs. Montagu—Hastings's trial—Mr. Windham—Mr. Plomer—Lord Stormont—Mrs. Schwellenberg—The Princess Royal—The Queen—Opinions of Burke, Fox, and Windham on the French Revolution—Interview with the King—Lord Cornwallis—Major Rennell—Lord Inchiquin—Madame de Genlis's strange establishment at Bury—Tom Paine—A public breakfast at Mrs. Montagu's—Sir George Howard—Mr. Seward—Lord Falmouth—Old acquaintance—Mrs. Hastings—Lord Mulgrave—Michael Angelo Taylor—Mr. Boswell—The ill effects of his *Life of Johnson*—His mimicry of Dr. Johnson—Mrs. Garrick—A dinner at Mrs. Ord's—Doings of the National Assembly—Interview with the Royal Family—Appeal of Warren Hastings—Visit to Mrs. Crewe—The Burke Family—Edmund Burke—His Table-talk on the French Revolution—Fox's opinion of Burke—Burke's opinion of Fox—Mrs. Delany—Burke's description of her—A wild Irish girl—Lord Loughborough—Mr. Erskine—His egotism—Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*—Caen Wood—Lord Mansfield—Portrait of Pope by himself—Mr. Pelham—Singular adventure at the Shakespeare Gallery—Mrs. Wells the actress—Arthur Young to Miss Burney—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Porson.

January.—I had a very civil note from Mrs. Schwellenberg, telling me that Miss Goldsworthy was ill, which made Miss Gomme necessary to the

Princesses, and therefore, as Mlle. Jacobi was still lame, Her Majesty wished for my attendance on Wednesday noon.

I received this little summons with very sincere pleasure, and sent a warm acknowledgment for its honour. I was engaged for the evening to Mr. Walpole, now Lord Orford,[1] by my father, who promised to call for me at the Queen's house.

At noon I went thither, and saw, by the carriages, their Majesties were just arrived from Windsor. In my way upstairs I encountered the Princess Sophia. I really felt a pleasure at her sight, so great that I believe I saluted her; I hardly know; but she came forward, with her hands held out, so good humoured and so sweetly, I was not much on my guard. How do I wish I had gone that moment to my Royal Mistress, while my mind was fully and honestly occupied with the most warm satisfaction in being called again into her presence!

The Princess Sophia desired me to send her Miss Gomme, whom she said I should find in my own room. Thither I went, and we embraced very cordially; but she a little made me stare by saying "Do you sleep in your old bed?" "No," I answered, "I go home after dinner"; and she said no more, but told me she must have two hours' conference alone with me, from the multiplicity of things she had to discuss with me.

We parted then, and I proceeded to Mrs. Schwellenberg. There I was most courteously received, and told I was to go at night to the play.

I replied I was extremely sorry, but I was engaged.

She looked deeply displeased, and I was forced to offer to send an excuse. Nothing, however,

[1] He had become fourth Earl of Orford upon the death, December 5, 1791, of his nephew George.

was settled; she went to the Queen, whither I was most eager to follow, but I depended upon her arrangement, and could not go uncalled.

I returned to my own room, as they all still call it, and Miss Gomme and Miss Planta both came to me. We had a long discourse upon matters and things.

By and by Miss Gomme was called out to Princesses Mary and Amelia; she told them who was in the old apartment, and they instantly entered it. Princess Mary took my hand, and said repeatedly, "My dear Miss Burney, how glad I am to see you again!" and the lovely little Princess Amelia kissed me twice, with the sweetest air of affection. This was a very charming meeting to me, and I expressed my real delight in being thus allowed to come amongst them again, in the strongest and truest terms.

I had been but a short time alone, when Westerhaults came to ask me if I had ordered my father's carriage to bring me from the play.

I told him I was engaged, but would give up that engagement, and endeavour to secure being fetched home after the play.

Mrs. Schwellenberg then desired to see me.

"What you mean by going home?" cried she, somewhat deridingly: "know you not you might sleep here?"

I was really thunderstruck; so weak still, and so unequal as I feel to undertake night and morning attendance, which I now saw expected. I was obliged, however, to comply; and I wrote a note to Sarah, and another note to be given to my father, when he called to take me to Lord Orford. But I desired we might go in chairs, and not trouble him for the carriage.

This arrangement, and my dread of an old attendance I was so little refitted for renewing, had

so much disturbed me before I was summoned to the Queen, that I appeared before her without any of the glee and spirits with which I had originally obeyed her commands. I am still grieved at this circumstance, as it must have made me seem cold and insensible to herself, when I was merely chagrined at the peremptory mismanagement of her agent. Mr. de Luc was with her. She was gracious, but by no means lively or cordial. She was offended, probably,—and there was no reason to wonder, and yet no means to clear away the cause. This gave me much vexation, and the more I felt it the less I must have appeared to merit her condescension.

Nevertheless, after she was dressed she honoured me with a summons to the White Closet, where I presently felt as much at home as if I had never quitted the Royal residence. She inquired into my proceedings, and I began a little history of my south-west tour; which she listened to till word was brought the King was come from the Levee: dinner was then ordered, and I was dismissed.

At our dinner, the party, in the old style, was Mr. de Luc, Miss Planta, Mrs. Stainforth, and Miss Gomme; Mrs. Schwellenberg was not well enough to leave her own apartment, except to attend the Queen.

We were gay enough, I own; my spirits were not very low in finding myself a guest at that table, where I was so totally unfit to be at home, and whence, nevertheless, I should have been very much and deeply concerned to have found myself excluded, since the displeasure of the Queen could alone have procured such a banishment. Besides, to visit, I like the whole establishment, however inadequate I found them for supplying the place of all I quitted to live with them. Oh, who could succeed there?

During the dessert the Princess Elizabeth came into the room. I was very glad, by this means, to see all this lovely female tribe.

As soon as she was gone I made off to prepare for the play, with fan, cloak, and gloves. At the door of my new old room who should I encounter but Mr. Stanhope? He was all rapture, in his old way, at the meeting, and concluded me, I believe, reinstated. I got off as fast as possible, and had just shut myself in, and him out, when I heard the voice of the King, who passed my door to go to the dining-room.

I was quite chagrined to have left it so unseasonably, as my whole heart yearned to see him. He stayed but a minute, and I heard him stop close to my door, and speak with Mr. de Luc. The loudness of his voice assuring me he was saying nothing he meant to be unheard, I could not resist softly opening my door. I fancy he expected this, for he came up to me immediately, and with a look of goodness almost amounting to pleasure—I believe I may say quite—he inquired after my health, and its restoration, and said he was very glad to see me again. Then turning gaily to Mr. de Luc, "And you, Mr. de Luc," he cried, "are not you, too, very glad to see Miss Beurni again?"

I told him, very truly, the pleasure with which I had re-entered his roof.—He made me stand near a lamp, to examine me, and pronounced upon my amended looks with great benevolence: and, when he was walking away, said aloud to Mr. de Luc, who attended him, "I dare say she was very willing to come!"

I heard afterwards from Miss Gomme that the King came to the eating-room purposely to see me, as he told the Princesses. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel for such condescending goodness;

and how invariably I experienced it during my whole residence under his roof.

Our party in the box for the Queen's attendants consisted of Lady Catherine Stanhope,[1] Miss Planta, Major Price, Greville Upton, and Mr. Frank Upton.[2]

The King and Queen and six Princesses sat opposite. It was to me a lovely and most charming sight. The Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York and his bride, with the Duke of Clarence, sat immediately under us. I saw the Duchess now and then, and saw that she has a very sensible and marked countenance, but no beauty. She was extremely well received by the people, and smiled at in the most pleasing manner by her opposite new relations.

The play was *Cymon*, with alterations, etc.[3]

At night I once more attended the Queen, and it seemed as strange to me as if I had never done it before.

The next day, Thursday, the Queen gave up the drawing-room, on account of a hurt on her foot. I had the honour of another very long conference in the White Closet, in which I finished the account of my late travels, and during which, though she was very gracious, she was far less communicative than heretofore, saying little herself, and making me talk almost all.

When I attended the Queen again to-night, the strangeness was so entirely worn away, that it seemed to me as if I had never left my office! And so again on Friday morning.

At noon the Royal Family set off for Windsor.

The Queen graciously sent for me before she

[1] Catherine, eldest daughter of John Brydges, Marquess of Carnarvon, and wife of Edwyn Francis Stanhope, *d.* 1807, the Queen's Equerry (see *ante*, p. 55, and vol. iv. p. 470). [2] Sons of Lady Templetown.

[3] A Dramatic Romance by Garrick, based upon Dryden, first acted at Drury Lane in 1767 as an opera in five acts.

went, to bid me good-bye, and condescended to thank me for my little services. I would have offered repetition with all my heart, but I felt my frame unequal to such business. Indeed I was half dead with only two days' and nights' exertion. 'Tis amazing how I ever went through all that is passed.

February.—I shall begin this month at the 13th, the day I left my dearest friends.

I found our small family at home in much the same state I had left it; my dear father, however, rather worse than better, and lower and more depressed about himself than ever. To see him dejected is, of all sights, to me the most melancholy, his native cheerfulness having a character of such temperate sweetness, that there is no dispensing with any of it, as its utmost vigour never a moment overpowers.

Among the tickets I found of visitors during my absence, I was much pleased to see the name of Mr. Bryant. Good and kind old man! how much I should like to see him again!

And I found also, waiting my return, a note from Mrs. Schwellenberg, with an offer of a ticket for Mr. Hastings's trial, the next day,[1] if I wished to go to it.

I did wish it exceedingly, no public subject having ever so deeply interested me; but I could not recollect any party I could join, and therefore I proposed to Captain Phillips to call on his Court friend, and lay before her my difficulty. He readily declared he would do more, for he would frankly ask her for a ticket for himself, and stay another day, merely to accompany me. You know well the kind pleasure and zeal with which he is always ready to discover and propose expedients in distress.

[1] February 14, 1792. See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 463.

His visit prospered, and we went to Westminster Hall together.

All the managers attended at the opening, but the attendance of all others was cruelly slack. To hear the attack, the people came in crowds; to hear the defence, they scarcely came in *tête-à-têtes*! 'Tis barbarous there should be so much more pleasure given by the recital of guilt than by the vindication of innocence!

Mr. Law[1] spoke the whole time; he made a general harangue in answer to the opening general harangue of Mr. Burke, and he spoke many things that brought forward conviction in favour of Mr. Hastings; but he was terrified exceedingly, and his timidity induced him to so frequently beg quarter from his antagonists, both for any blunders and any deficiencies, that I felt angry with even modest egotism, when I considered that it was rather his place to come forward with the shield and armour of truth, undaunted, and to have defied, rather than deprecated, the force of talents when without such support.

None of the managers quitted their box, and I am uncertain whether or not any of them saw me. Mr. Windham, in particular, I feel satisfied either saw me not, or was so circumstanced, as manager, that he could not come to speak with me; for else, this my first appearance from that parental roof under which he has so largely contributed to replace me would have been the last time for his dropping my acquaintance. Mr. Sheridan I have no longer any ambition to be noticed by; and Mr. Burke, at this place, I am afraid I have already displeased, so unavoidably cold and frigid did I feel myself when he came here to me formerly. Anywhere else, I should bound

[1] Edward Law, later first Baron Ellenborough, 1750-1818, leading counsel for Hastings.

forward to meet him, with respect, and affection, and gratitude.

In the evening I went to the Queen's house. I found Mrs. Schwellenberg, who instantly admitted me, at cards with Mr. de Luc. Her reception was perfectly kind; and when I would have given up the tickets, she told me they were the Queen's, who desired, if I wished it, I would keep them for the season.

This was a pleasant hearing upon every account, and I came away in high satisfaction.

A few days after, I went again to the trial, and took another Captain for my esquire—my good and ever-affectionate James. The Hall was still more empty, both of Lords and Commons, and of ladies too, than the first day of this session. I am quite shocked at the little desire there appears to hear Mr. Hastings's defence.

When the managers entered, James presently said, "Here's Mr. Windham coming to speak to you." And he broke from the procession, as it was descending to its cell, to give me that pleasure.

His inquiries about my health were not, as he said, *mere* common inquiries; but, without any other answer to them than a bow, I interrupted their course by quickly saying, "You have been excursioning and travelling all the world o'er since I saw you last."

He paid me in my own coin with only a bow, hastily going back to myself: "But your tour," he cried, "to the West, after all that——"

I saw what was following, and, again abruptly stopping him, "But here you are returned," I cried, "to all your old labours and toils again."

"No, no," cried he, half laughing, "not labours and toils always; they are growing into pleasures now."

"That's being very good, very liberal, indeed,"

quoth I, supposing him to mean hearing the defence made the pleasure; but he stared at me with so little concurrence, that, soon understanding he only meant bringing their charges home to the confusion of the culprit, I stared again a little while, and then said, "You sometimes accuse me of being ambiguous; I think you seem so yourself, now!"

"To nobody but you," cried he, with a rather reproachful accent.

"Oh, now," cried I, "you are not ambiguous, and I am all the less pleased."

"People," cried James, *bonnement*, "don't like to be convinced."

"Mr. Hastings," said Mr. Windham, "does not convince, he does not bring conviction home."

"Not to you," quoth I, returning his accent pretty fully.

"Why, true," answered he very candidly; "there may be something in that."

"How is it all to be?" cried James. "Is the defence to go on long, and are they to have any evidence; or how?"

"We don't know this part of the business," said Mr. Windham, smiling a little at such an upright, downright question; "it is Mr. Hastings's affair now to settle it: however, I understand he means to answer charge after charge as they were brought against him, first by speeches, then by evidence: however, this is all conjecture."

We then spoke of Mr. Law, Mr. Hastings's first counsel, and I expressed some dissatisfaction that such attackers should not have had abler and more equal opponents.

"But do you not think Mr. Law spoke well?" cried he; "clear, forcible?"

"Not forcible," cried I. I would not say not clear.

"He was frightened," said Mr. Windham, "he

might not do himself justice. I have heard him elsewhere, and been very well satisfied with him; but he looked pale and alarmed, and his voice trembled."

"I was very well content with his materials," quoth I, "which I thought much better than the use he made of them; and, once or twice, he made an opening that, with a very little skill, might most adroitly and admirably have raised a laugh against you all."

He looked a little askew, I must own, but he could not help smiling: and shall I now lose my privileged sincerity when I made it the basis of speaking with him on this subject? Certainly not.

I gave him an instance in point, which was the reverse given by Mr. Law to the picture drawn by Mr. Burke of Tamerlane, in which he said those virtues and noble qualities bestowed upon him by the honourable manager were nowhere to be found but on the British stage.

Now this, seriously, with a very little ingenuity, might have placed Mr. Burke at the head of a company of comedians. This last notion I did not speak, however; but enough was understood, and Mr. Windham looked straight away from me, without answering; nevertheless, his profile, which he left me, showed much more disposition to laugh than to be incensed.

Therefore I proceeded; pointing out another lost opportunity that, well saved, might have proved happily ridiculous against them; and this was Mr. Law's description of the real state of India, even from its first discovery by Alexander, opposed to Mr. Burke's flourishing representation of its golden age, its lambs and tigers associating, etc., etc.

Still he looked askew; but I believe he is truth

itself, for he offered no defence, though, of course, he would not enter into the attack. And surely at this critical period I must not spare pointing out all he will submit to hear, on the side of a man of whose innocence I am so fully persuaded.

"I must own, however," continued I, finding him still attentive, though silent, "Mr. Law provoked me in one point—his apologies for his own demerits. Why should he contribute his humble mite to your triumphs? and how little was it his place to extol your superior talents! as if you were not self-sufficient enough already, without his aid!"

Unless you had heard the speech of Mr. Law, you can hardly imagine with what timid flattery he mixed every exertion he ventured to make in behalf of his client; and I could not forbear this little observation, because I had taken notice with what haughty derision the managers had perceived the fears of their importance, which were felt even by the very counsel of their prisoner. Mr. Windham, too, who himself never looks either insolent or deriding, must be sure what I meant for his associates could not include himself. He did not, however, perfectly welcome the remark; he still only gave me his profile, and said not a word,—so I went on. Mr. Hastings little thinks what a pleader I am become in his cause, against one of his most powerful adversaries.

"There was still another thing," quoth I, "in which I felt vexed with Mr. Law: how could he be so weak as to beg quarter from you, and to humbly hope that, if any mistake, any blunder, any improvident word escaped him, you would have the indulgence to spare your ridicule? Oh yes, to be sure! when I took notice at the moment of his supplication, and before any error committed,

that every muscle of every face amongst you was at work from the bare suggestion."

He could not even pretend to look grave now, but, turning frankly towards me, said, "Why, Mr. Fox most justly observed upon that petition, that, if any man makes a blunder, a mistake, 'tis very well to apologise: but it was singular to hear a man gravely preparing for his blunders and mistakes, and wanting to make terms for them beforehand."

"I like him for this," cried James again *bonnement*, "that he seems so much interested for his client."

"Will you give me leave to inquire," quoth I, "one thing? You know my old knack of asking strange questions."

He only bowed — archly enough, I assure you.

"Did I fancy, or was it fact, that you were a flapper to Mr. Burke, when Mr. Law charged him with disingenuity, in not having recanted the accusation concerning Devy Sing? He appeared to me in much perturbation, and I thought by his see-saw he was going to interrupt the speech: did you prevent him?"

"No, no," he answered, "I did not: I did not think him in any danger."

He rubbed his cheek, though, as he spoke, as if he did not much like that circumstance. Oh that Mr. Burke—so great, so noble a creature—can in this point thus have been warped!

I ran off to another scene, and inquired how he had been amused abroad, and, in particular, at the National Assembly?

"Indeed," he answered, "it was extremely curious for a short time; but there is little variety in it, and therefore it will not do long."

I was in a humour to be just as sincere here, as

about the trial; so you democrats must expect no better.

"I understand," quoth I, "there is a great dearth of abilities in this new Assembly; how then should there be any variety?"

"No, I cannot say that: they do not want abilities; but they have no opportunity to make their way."

"Oh!" quoth I, shaking my wise head, "abilities, real abilities, make their own way."

"Why, that's true; but, in that Assembly, the noise, the tumult——"

"Abilities," again quoth I, "have power to quell noise and tumult."

"Certainly, in general; but not in France. These new legislative members are so solicitous to speak, so anxious to be heard, that they prefer uttering any tautology to listening to others; and when once they have begun, they go on with what speed they may, and without selection, rather than stop. They see so many ready to seize their first pause, they know they have so little chance of a second hearing, that I never entered the Assembly without being reminded of the famous old story of the man who patiently bore hearing a tedious harangue, by saying the whole time to himself, 'Well, well, 'tis his turn now; but let him beware how he sneezes.'"

James now again asked some question of their intentions with regard to the progress of the trial. He answered, "We have nothing to do with its present state. We leave Mr. Hastings now to himself, and his own set. Let him keep to his cause, and he may say what he will. We do not mean to interfere, nor avail ourselves of our privileges."

Mr. Hastings was just entered; I looked down at him, and saw his half motion to kneel; I could

not bear it, and, turning suddenly to my neighbour, "Oh, Mr. Windham," I cried, "after all, 'tis, indeed, a barbarous business!"

This was rather further than I meant to go, for I said it with serious earnestness; but it was surprised from me by the emotion always excited at sight of that unmerited humiliation.

He looked full at me upon this solemn attack, and with a look of chagrin amounting to displeasure, saying, "It is a barbarous business *we* have had to go through."

I did not attempt to answer this, for, except through the medium of sport and raillery, I have certainly no claim upon his patience. But, in another moment, in a tone very flattering, he said, "I do not understand, nor can any way imagine, how you can have been thus perverted!"

"No, no!" quoth I, "it is you who are perverted!"

Here Mr. Law began his second oration, and Mr. Windham ran down to his cell.

I fancy this was not exactly the conversation he expected upon my first enlargement. However, though it would very seriously grieve me to hurt or offend him, I cannot refuse my own veracity, nor Mr. Hastings's injuries, the utterance of what I think truth.

Mr. Law was far more animated and less frightened, and acquitted himself so as to merit almost as much *éloge* as, in my opinion, he had merited censure at the opening. It was all in answer to Mr. Burke's general exordium and attack.

I had the satisfaction some days after to see again the good, and much-injured, and most unfortunate Mr. Beckford.[1] He is at length released from unjust confinement, but he has an air of

[1] See *ante*, p. 36.

dejection, a look, a voice, a manner, that all speak the term of his sufferings to have been too long for his spirits to recruit. How hard a case! I wish to read his account of Jamaica; I hear it much commended. He is now writing a History of France.[1] I understand both to have been com piled in his prison! How praiseworthy to have made such an exertion of his abilities, which sorrow and resentment must else have soured and corroded for life!

At Mrs. Ord's, one morning, I had the happiness to meet Mr. Smelt; he looks again very ill. He supports, he told me, a fevered being, that will soon dissolve, to his ultimate joy. No man could ever more completely devote his whole mind to the object of his affection; his happiness was all centred in her life, and is wholly buried with her ashes!

I met, that same morning, Miss Fanshaw:[2] she had spent the preceding evening, she said, very singularly; she had heard the famous M. Lally Tolendahl[3] read a French tragedy upon an English subject, written by himself! The subject was the death of Strafford.[4] He read it to a large but chosen company, at Lady Herries's.[5] I should much like to have heard it.

. . . . . .

Upon the day of Sir Joshua Reynolds's death[6] I was in my bed, with two blisters, and I did not hear of it till two days after. I shall enter nothing upon this subject here; our current letters men-

[1] His *History of France* appeared in 1794 in four vols. 8vo.

[2] Catharine Maria Fanshawe, 1765-1834, author of the riddle on the letter H. Her poems were collected in 1876.

[3] See *post*, under April 2, 1793.

[4] *Le Comte de Strafford.* Tragedy in five acts and in verse. Londres, 1795. Miss M. J. Holroyd also heard it read at Mrs. Trevor's (*Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, 1897, p. 76).

[5] Lady Herries was the wife of a banker in St. James's Street.

[6] Sir Joshua Reynolds died on February 23, 1792.

Emery Walker, Ph. sc

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.
by himself.

tioned the particulars, and I am not desirous to retrace them. His loss is as universally felt as his merit is universally acknowledged, and, joined to all public motives, I had myself private ones of regret that cannot subside. He was always peculiarly kind to me, and he had worked at my deliverance from a life he conceived too laborious for me, as if I had been his own daughter; yet, from the time of my coming forth, I only twice saw him. I had not recovered strength for visiting before he was past receiving me. I grieve inexpressibly never to have been able to pay him the small tribute of thanks for his most kind exertions in my cause. I little thought the second time I saw him would be my last opportunity, and my intention was to wait some favourable opening.

Miss Palmer is left heiress, and her unabating attendance upon her inestimable uncle in his sick-room makes everybody content with her great acquisition. I am sure she loved and admired him with all the warmth of her warm heart. I wrote her a few lines of condolence, and she has sent me a very kind answer. She went immediately to the Burkes,[1] with whom she will chiefly, I fancy, associate.

March.—Sad for the loss of Sir Joshua, and all of us ill ourselves, we began this month. Upon its third day was his funeral. My dear father could not attend; but Charles was invited and went. All the Royal Academy, professors and students, and all the Literary Club, attended as family mourners. Mr. Burke, Mr. Malone, and Mr. Metcalf, are executors. Miss Palmer has spared nothing, either in thought or expense, that could render the last honours splendid and grateful. It

[1] Burke was her guardian; and it was at Beaconsfield that she was married (see *post*, p. 77).

was a very melancholy day to us; though it had the alleviation and softening of a letter from our dear Charlotte, promising to arrive the next day.

April.—This wayward month opened upon me with none of its smiles: sickness and depression pervaded our household.

I shall now pass from the 8th, when the combined forces of Mrs. Ord's rhetoric and Charles's activity removed me from sickness and sinking to the salubrious hills of Norbury, and the balsamic medicine of social tenderness, to my return to my dear father, April 18, when I found him but little better, and far from such a state as could have made me happy in absence. Gradually, however, he has been recruiting, though I have no hope of his entire restoration before the dog-days.

I paid my duty at the Queen's house, in inquiring after Her Majesty, where I was extremely well received by Mrs. Schwellenberg, and saw Miss Planta and Mr. de Luc.

My next visiting opportunity carried me to Mrs. Montagu: she let me in, and showed me her new room,[1] which was a double gratification to me, from the elegant paintings by our ingenious Edward. You will have heard this fine room described by Mr. Lock; my Susanna, and you, my Fredy, I hope have seen it. 'Tis a very beautiful house indeed, and now completely finished.

There was a lady with Mrs. Montagu whose name I never gathered, but who frequently addressed herself to me, in talking of my dearest Fredy, and making inquiries about her health. So I liked her very well, though else she was but a commonish, non-nothingish sort of a good-humoured and sensiblish woman!

Then I went to Lady Mary Duncan, who was

[1] Probably the Feather Room (see *post*, p. 79).

grotesquely comic, and remarkably vulgar, and zealously kind, and ludicrously sarcastic, as usual.

. . . . . .

Have you read Miss Knight's *Dinarbas, or Continuation of Rasselas*? If you can forgive the presumption of the idea, I think you must be pleased with the execution. She has now just published a new work, *Marcus Flaminius, or the Life of the Romans.*[1] She has much surprised me by sending me a very elegantly bound copy, by Mr. Hoole, who has been her editor. I think it a work of great merit, though wanting in variety, and not very attractive from much interesting the feelings. But to Italian travellers, who are classic readers, I imagine it must be extremely welcome, in reviving images of all they have seen, well combined and contrasted with former times of which they have read. The sentiments interspersed are so good I wish for more; and the principles that are meant to be recommended are both pure and lofty. It is not a work which you will read quickly through, or with ardour, but it is one, I think, of which you will not miss a word.

April 23.—I thought myself equal to again going to the trial, which recommenced after six or seven weeks' cessation, on account of the Judges going the circuit. Sarah went with me: I am now so known in the Chamberlain's box that the door-keepers and attendants make way for me without looking at my ticket. And to be sure, the Managers on one side, and Mr. Hastings's friends and counsel on the other, must pretty well have my face by heart. I have the faces of all them, most certainly, in full mental possession; and the figures of many whose names I know not are so familiar now to my eyes, that should I chance

[1] *Dinarbas* was published in 1770; *Marcus Flaminius*, in 1790-92 (see *post*, under July 1792).

hereafter to meet them, I shall be apt to take them for old acquaintances.

There was again a full appearance of Managers to accompany Mr. Burke in his entry; and again Mr. Windham quitted the procession, as it descended to the box, and filed off to speak with me.

He made the most earnest inquiries after the health of my dearest father, as well as after my own. He has all the semblance of real regard and friendship for us, and I am given to believe he wears no semblance that has not a real and sympathetic substance couched beneath. His manner instantly revived in my mind my intent not to risk, with him, the loss of making those poor acknowledgments for his kindness, that I so much regret omitting to Sir Joshua Reynolds. In return to his inquiries about my renovating health, I answered that I had again been very ill since I saw him last, and added, "Indeed, I believe I did not come away too soon."

"And now," cried I, "I cannot resist giving myself the pleasure of making my acknowledgments for what I owe to you upon this subject. I have been, indeed, very much obliged, by various things that have come round to me, both to you and to Sir Joshua——Oh what a loss is that!"

"What a wretched loss!" cried he: and we then united our warmest suffrages in his favour, with our deepest regret for our deprivation.

Here I observed poor Mr. Hastings was brought in. I saw he was fixing him. "And can you," I cried, fixing *him*, "can you have so much compassion for one captive, and still have none for another?"

"Have you, then, still," cried he, "the same sentiments?"

"Have you," cried I, "heard all thus far of the defence, and are you still unmoved?"

"Unmoved?" cried he, emphatically; "shall I be moved by a lion? You see him there in a cage, and pity him; look back to when you might have seen him with a lamb in his claws!"

I could only look dismayed for a moment. "But, at least," I said, "I hope what I hear is not true, though I now grow afraid to ask?"

"If it is anything about me," he answered, "it is certainly not true."

"I am extremely glad, indeed," cried I, "for it has been buzzed about in the world that you were to draw up the final charge. This I thought most cruel of all; that you, who have held back all this time——"

"Yes! pretty completely," interrupted he, laughing.

"No, not completely," I continued; "but yet you have made no direct formal speech, nor have come forward in any positive and formidable manner; therefore, as we have now heard all the others, and—almost enough——"

I was obliged to stop a moment, to see how this adventurous plainness was taken; and he really, though my manner showed me only rallying, looked I don't know how, at such unexampled disrespect towards his brother-orators. But I soon went quietly on: "To come forth now, after all that has passed, with the *éclat* of novelty, and,—for the most cruel part of all,—that which cannot be answered."

"You think," cried he, "'tis bringing a fresh courser into the field of battle, just as every other is completely jaded?"

"I think," cried I, "that I am very generous to wish against what I should so much wish for, but for other considerations."

"Oh, what a flattering way," cried he, "of stating it! however, I can bear to allow you a

little waste of compliments, which you know so well how to make; but I cannot bear to have you waste your compassion."

Mr. Plomer[1] now rose to speak, and he only added, "Oh! I must go down to help the show": and away he ran.

Mr. Plomer spoke in a clear and manly manner, and brought forward truths and facts in favour of Mr. Hastings, the most satisfactory. What amends can that persecuted man ever receive?

May.—The first of this month I went again to Westminster Hall, with our cousin Elizabeth. Evidence was brought forward by the counsel for Mr. Hastings, and Lord Stormont[2] was called upon as a witness. This produced some curious debating among the Lords, and with the Chancellor. They spoke only for the ears of one another, as it was merely to settle some ceremonial, whether he was to be summoned to the common place where the witnesses stood, or had the claim of a peer to speak in his place, robed. This latter prevailed: and then we expected his speech; but no, a new debate ensued, which, as we gathered from the rumour about us, was that his Lordship should have the Prayer Book, for his oath, belonging to the House of Peers. Here, also, his dignity was triumphant, though it cost the whole assembly a full quarter of an hour; while another Prayer Book was officially at hand, in the general post for plebeian witnesses.

Well! aristocrat as I am, compared with you, I laughed heartily at all this mummery; and yet it was possibly wise, at this period of pulling down

[1] Thomas (afterwards Sir Thomas) Plomer or Plumer, 1753-1824, one of the three counsel retained to defend Hastings. He eventually became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

[2] David Murray, seventh Viscount Stormont, 1727-96. He became second Earl of Mansfield in 1793. He had been Envoy-Extraordinary at Paris in 1772-78.

all law and order, all privilege and subordination, however frivolous was its appearance.

His testimony was highly favourable to Mr. Hastings, with regard to authenticating the intelligence he had received of an opening war with France, upon which hung much justification of the measures Mr. Hastings had pursued for raising supplies.

All the rest of the day was upon the same business, and bringing forward the same clearing.

Thence I went to the Queen's house, where I have a most cordial general invitation from Mrs. Schwellenberg to go by all opportunities; and there is none so good as after the trial, that late hour exactly according with her dinner-time.

She is just as she was in respect to health; but in all other respects, oh how amended! all civility, all obligingness, all courtesy! and so desirous to have me visit her, that she presses me to come incessantly.

Mr. de Luc and Miss Mawer were of the party.

During coffee, the Princess Royal came into the room. She condescended to profess herself quite glad to see me; and she had not left the room five minutes before, again returning, she said, "Mrs. Schwellenberg, I am come to plague you, for I am come to take away Miss Burney."

I give you leave to guess whether this plagued me.

. . . . . .

May 2.—The following week I again went to Westminster Hall. Mlle. Jacobi had made a point of accompanying me, that she might see the show, as James called it to General Burgoyne,[1] and I had great pleasure in taking her, for she is a most ingenuous and good creature, though—alas!—by no means the same undaunted, gay, open character as she appeared at first. Sickness, confinement,

[1] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 447.

absence from her friends, submission to her coadjutrix, and laborious watching, have much altered her.

The trial of this day was all written evidence in favour of Mr. Hastings, and violent quarrelling as to its admissibility on the part of Mr. Burke. Mr. Windham took his place, during some part of the controversy, and spoke ably and clearly as to the given point in dispute, but with the most palpable tremor and internal struggle. I wonder, so "tremblingly" as he is "alive all o'er,"[1] how he ever made the first effort to become a public speaker; but having conquered that opening horror, I wonder yet more, with such ability, readiness, knowledge, facility, and command of language, he has not totally vanquished the difficulties of public exhibition. I can only suppose that by nature he is extremely diffident, and by inclination equally ambitious; and if so, the conflict may last through life.

I attended Mlle. Jacobi to the Queen's house, where I dined; and great indeed was my pleasure, during coffee, to see the Princess Elizabeth, who, in the most pleasing manner and the highest spirits, came to summon me to the Queen.

I found Her Majesty again with all her sweet daughters but the youngest. She was gracious and disposed to converse.

We had a great deal of talk upon public concerns, and she told me a friend of mine had spoken very well the day before, and so had Mr. Burke. She meant Mr. Windham. It was against the new societies,[2] and in favour of the Proclamation. Mr. Burke, of course, would here come forth in defence of his own predictions and opinions; but Mr. Windham, who had rather abided hitherto with

[1] Pope's *Essay on Man*, 1732, i. 197.
[2] The "London Corresponding Societies," etc.

Charles Fox, in thinking Mr. Burke too extreme, well as he loves him personally, was a new convert highly acceptable. He does not, however, go all lengths with Mr. Burke; he is only averse to an unconstitutional mode of reform, and to sanctioning club powers, so as to enable them, as in France, to overawe the state and senate.

Soon after, to my infinite joy, the King entered. Oh, he spoke to me so kindly!—he congratulated me on the better looks which his own presence and goodness gave me, repeatedly declaring he had never seen me in such health. He asked me after my father, and listened with interest when I mentioned his depression, and told him that all he had done of late to soothe his retirement and pain had been making canons to solemn words, and with such difficulties of composition as, in better health and spirits, would have rather proved oppressive and perplexing than a relief to his feelings.

"I, too," said the King, after a very serious pause, "have myself sometimes found, when ill or disturbed, that some grave and even difficult employment for my thoughts has tended more to compose me than any of the supposed usual relaxations."

He also condescended to ask after little Norbury, taking off the eager little fellow while he spoke, and his earnest manner of delivery. He then inquired about my friends Mr. and Mrs. Lock, and their expectations of the return of Mr. William.

He inquired how I lived, whom I saw, what sort of neighbours I had in the college, and many other particulars, that seemed to desire to know how I went on, and whether I was comfortable. His looks, I am sure, said so, and most kindly.

They kept me till they went to the Japan Room, where they meet the officers and ladies who attend

them in public. They were going to the Ancient Music.[1]

This dear King, nobly unsuspicious where left to himself, and where he has met no doubleness, spoke also very freely of some political matters before me—of the new association in particular. It gratified me highly.

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One day again, in the following week, I went to Mr. Hastings's defence: Sarah was with me. Just before us sat Mrs. Kennedy, of Windsor, with whom I renewed a meeting acquaintance, but evaded a visiting one.

Soon after a grave man's voice behind me said, "Is not that Miss Burney?" I twirled round and saw the Bishop of Dromore, and Mrs. Percy and her two daughters. We immediately renewed our Bath acquaintance.

The defence to-day was by Mr. Markham, son of the Archbishop of York, who has repeatedly been summoned, and who bears most honourable testimony to the character, the conduct, and the abilities of Mr. Hastings.[2]

Soon after I spent a day with Mrs. Ord, by invitation, for meeting the Percy family. She had also assembled Major Rennell, the Dickensons, Lady Herries, and Mr. Selwin.

Mr. Selwin[3] I had not seen for many years. Streatham and Mrs. Thrale, our constant themes, were uppermost, first and last, in all we said and all we thought. His most amiable behaviour in

[1] In Tottenham Street (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 216).

[2] The Archbishop himself used intemperate language in the defence of Hastings, which language was, in 1793, brought under notice of Parliament.

[3] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 299. It may here be added that he claimed to be of the same family as the famous wit, who (in June 1781) describes him as "a worthy man, but a more splenetic one I never knew, with an extreme good understanding" (E. S. Roscoe's *George Selwyn*, 1899, p. 148).

poor Mr. Thrale's unhappy state of health I shall never forget. I met him with a glad cordiality from its remembrance, and it was very apparently mutual. He still visits, occasionally, at Streatham; but he says the place, the inhabitants, the visitors, the way of life, are all so totally changed, it would make me most melancholy again to tread those boards.

All the public talk was upon the East India letters from Lord Cornwallis, and Major Rennell was there our oracle. He has a plain, unadorned way of giving information, that is both pleasant and masterly.

Mrs. Dickenson told me that Miss Palmer is certainly engaged to Lord Inchiquin.[1] He is sixty-nine; but they say he is remarkably pleasing in his manners, and soft and amiable in his disposition. I am sure she has merited my wishes for her happiness, by her deep interest, upon all occasions, in mine, and I am sure she has them.

Mrs. Bunbury was with her sister, and looking as beautiful as she would let herself look; for she uses so much art, that, in my eyes, she loses more by such assistance than she could do, with features so fine as hers, by the fading of those years she means to conceal.

The Colonel[2] came in while we stayed, and we had much old talk upon past services in common.

I got home to dinner to meet Mrs. and Miss Mary Young,[3] who are in town for a few weeks. Miss Mary is sensible, and quick, and agreeable.

They give a very unpleasant account of Madame de Genlis, or de Sillery, or Brulard, as she is now called. They say she has established herself at

[1] Mary Palmer, 1750-1820, married in this year Murrough O'Bryen, fifth Earl of Inchiquin, and first Marquess of Thomond. She was his second wife.

[2] Colonel Gwyn.

[3] Wife and daughter of Arthur Young the agriculturist.

Bury, in their neighbourhood, with Mlle. la Princesse d'Orléans and Pamela,[1] and a *Circe*,[2] another young girl under her care. They have taken a house, the master of which always dines with them, though Mrs. Young says he is such a low man he should not dine with her daughter. They form twenty with themselves and household. They keep a botanist, a chemist, and a natural historian always with them. These are supposed to have been common servants of the Duke of Orleans in former days, as they always walk behind the ladies when abroad; but, to make amends in the new equalising style, they all dine together at home. They visit at no house but Sir Thomas Gage's, where they carry their harps, and frequently have music. They have been to a Bury ball, and danced all night; Mlle. d'Orléans with anybody, known or unknown to Madame Brulard.

What a woful change from that elegant, amiable, high-bred Madame de Genlis I knew six years ago! the apparent pattern of female perfection in manners, conversation, and delicacy.

There are innumerable democrats assembled in Suffolk; among them the famous Tom Paine,[3] who herds with all the farmers that will receive him, and there propagates his pernicious doctrines.

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The next time I went to Westminster I took Miss Mary Young. It was again upon the same evidence of Mr. Markham, which proves very important indeed in Mr. Hastings's favour.

Friday, May 25.—This morning I went to a very fine public breakfast, given by Mrs. Montagu. The instant I came into the gallery I had the melancholy satisfaction of being seen by Sir George

[1] Afterwards Lady Edward FitzGerald.

[2] Henriette de Sercey, her niece.

[3] Thomas Paine, 1737-1809. In this year he published the second part of his *Rights of Man*, and fled in consequence to France.

Mrs. Montagu's House in Portman Square, 1851

Howard. There is no affectation mixed with his sorrow for poor Lady Effingham.[1] I had not met him since her loss. He had tears in his eyes immediately; but he spoke with cheerfulness, and asked after my dear father very kindly.

Mrs. Montagu I saw next, and she was extremely courteous. They were all very sorry to miss my father, who, indeed, has everywhere been missed this winter and spring.

When I came into the Feather Room I was accosted by Mr. Seward, and he entered into a gay conversation upon all sorts of subjects, which detained me, agreeably enough, in a very pleasant station by one of the windows. He had a gentleman with him, whom I half recollected, and whom he soon introduced by the name of "my friend Mrs. Boscawen's son." It was Lord Falmouth,[2] with whom I had dined at Commissioner La Forey's, at Plymouth Dock. He was as entertaining here as he had been there.

I then made for the dining-room, which was filled for a breakfast, upon this occasion, and very splendidly, though, to me, who have so long been familiar to sights and decorations, no show of this sort is new or striking.

A sight that gave me far more pleasure was Mrs. Ord and her daughter, and I immediately joined them for the rest of the morning.

The table was not a matter of indifference to the guests at large; and it was so completely occupied by company seated round it, that it was long before one vacant chair could be seized, and this fell to the lot of Miss Ord.

The crowd of company was such that we could only slowly make way in any part. There could

[1] Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Effingham, died at Chelsea College, of which her husband was Governor, in 1791 (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 393).

[2] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 318.

not be fewer than four or five hundred people. It was like a full Ranelagh by daylight.

We now met Mrs. Porteus; and who should be with her but the poor pretty S. S.,[1] whom so long I had not seen, and who has now lately been finally given up by her long-sought and very injurious lover, Dr. Vyse.

She is sadly faded, and looked disturbed and unhappy; but still beautiful, though no longer blooming; and still affectionate, though absent and evidently absorbed. We had a little chat together about the Thrales. In mentioning our former intimacy with them, "Ah, those," she cried, "were happy times!" and her eyes glistened. Poor thing! hers has been a lamentable story!—Imprudence and vanity have rarely been mixed with so much sweetness, and good-humour, and candour, and followed with more reproach and ill success. We agreed to renew acquaintance next winter; at present she will be little more in town.

We went then round the rooms, which were well worth examination and admiration: and we met friends and acquaintance every other step. Amongst them, Major Rennell, whom I always like to meet; Miss Coussmaker;[2] Lady Rothes, who has been to Chelsea, but whom I have not yet been able to wait upon; Dr. Russel, who was in high spirits, and laughed heartily at seeing the prodigious meal most of the company made of cold chicken, ham, fish, etc., and said he should like to see Mrs. Montagu make the experiment of inviting all the same party to dinner at three o'clock. "Oh!" they would cry, "three o'clock! What does she mean?—who can dine at three o'clock?—one has no appetite—one can't swallow a morsel—

[1] Sophy Streatfield (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 102; and vol. ii. p. 176). She eventually died unmarried in 1835.

[2] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 33.

it's altogether impossible!"—Yet, let her invite the same people, and give them a dinner, while she calls it a breakfast, and see but how prettily they can find appetites.

While we were examining the noble pillars in the new room, I heard an exclamation of "*Est-ce possible? suis-je si heureuse?—Est-ce ma chère Mlle. Beurni que je vois?*"

Need I say this was Madame de la Fite? or Mrs. Fitt, as, since the French Revolution, of which she is a favourer, she is called by some of the household to which I belonged.

I spoke so as to moderate this rapture into something less calling for attention, which her voice and manner were engaging not unwillingly. I had not seen her since my retreat, and, if she had been less pompous, I should have been glad of the meeting. She kept my hand close grasped between both her own (though her fan nipped one of my fingers till I was ready to make faces), with a most resolute *empressement*, to the great inconvenience of those who wanted to pass, for we were at one of the entrances into the great new room; and how long she might have continued this fond detention I know not, if a lady, whose appearance vied for show and parade with Madame de la Fite's manner and words, had not called out aloud, "I am extremely happy indeed to see Miss Burney!"

This was Mrs. Hastings;[1] and to answer her I was let loose.

I have always been very sorry that Mrs. Hastings, who is a pleasing, lively, and well-bred woman, with attractive manners and attentions to those she wishes to oblige, should have an indiscretion so peculiarly unsuited to her situation, as to aim always at being the most conspicuous figure wherever she appears. Her dress now was like

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 408.

that of an Indian princess, according to our ideas of such ladies, and so much the most splendid, from its ornaments, and style, and fashion, though chiefly of muslin, that everybody else looked under-dressed in her presence. It is for Mr. Hastings I am sorry when I see this inconsiderate vanity, in a woman who would so much better manifest her sensibility of his present hard disgrace, by a modest and quiet appearance and demeanour.

I had a very good beau in Major Rennell, who took charge of any catering and regale. Dr. Russel also made up to our little coterie; and Lord Mulgrave surprised, and also frightened me, by his changed appearance and more than ever hollow voice, when he suddenly came to speak to me. I had not seen him since an assembly at Mrs. Ord's, when he was there with his sweet bride. He looks quite ghastly. He is in an atrophy, and fast, I doubt, quitting this world.

Wednesday, May 30.—To-day I went to Westminster Hall again, to hear the evidence of Mr. Markham,[1] which is so pleasantly in favour of Mr. Hastings, that all the friends of that persecuted man are gratified by all he deposes. Miss Ord accompanied me.

When the impetuous and ungovernable Mr. Burke was interrupting the Chancellor, in order to browbeat Mr. Hastings's evidence, Mr. Windham involuntarily exclaimed, "Hist!" just as if he had been at his elbow, and playing the kind part of a flapper. I could not help laughing, and half joining him: he echoed back my laugh, and with a good-humour that took in all its meaning and acknowledged its sympathy with regard to Mr. Burke; nevertheless, he spoke not a word.

Afterwards, however, he spoke when I had far

[1] See *ante*, p. 76.

rather he had been silent, for he went to the assistance of Mr. Burke.

Michael Angelo Taylor spoke also; but I observed with pleasure a distinction the Chancellor made to Mr. Windham; for, when he answered their arguments, he singled him out as the person who had said what alone he meant upon that question to notice, by saying, "The honourable manager who spoke second."

But I am sure—I think so, at least—Mr. Windham as little approves the violence of Mr. Burke in this trial as I do myself. I see him evidently and frequently suffer great pain and mortification when he is so obstreperous.

June 1.—This day had been long engaged for breakfasting with Mrs. Dickenson and dining with Mrs. Ord.

The breakfast guests were Mr. Langton, Mr. Foote, Mr. Dickenson, jun., a cousin, and a very agreeable and pleasing man; Lady Herries, Miss Dickenson, another cousin, and Mr. Boswell.

This last was the object of the morning. I felt a strong sensation of that displeasure which his loquacious communications of every weakness and infirmity of the first and greatest good man of these times have awakened in me, at his first sight; and, though his address to me was courteous in the extreme, and he made a point of sitting next me, I felt an indignant disposition to a nearly forbidding reserve and silence. How many starts of passion and prejudice has he blackened into record, that else might have sunk, for ever forgotten, under the preponderance of weightier virtues and excellences!

Angry, however, as I have long been with him, he soon insensibly conquered, though he did not soften me: there is so little of ill design or ill nature in him, he is so open and forgiving for all that is

said in return, that he soon forced me to consider him in a less serious light, and change my resentment against his treachery into something like commiseration of his levity; and before we parted we became good friends. There is no resisting great good-humour, be what will in the opposite scale.

He entertained us all as if hired for that purpose, telling stories of Dr. Johnson, and acting them with incessant buffoonery. I told him frankly that, if he turned him into ridicule by caricature, I should fly the premises: he assured me he would not, and indeed his imitations, though comic to excess, were so far from caricature that he omitted a thousand gesticulations which I distinctly remember.

Mr. Langton told some stories himself in imitation of Dr. Johnson; but they became him less than Mr. Boswell, and only reminded me of what Dr. Johnson himself once said to me—"Every man has, some time in his life, an ambition to be a wag." If Mr. Langton had repeated anything from his truly great friend quietly, it would far better have accorded with his own serious and respectable character.

After this I went to Mrs. Ord for the day. I found there the charming Mrs. Garrick, whom I always cordially delight to see; but she was not well, and could not stay.

In the evening we had a large and pleasant party: Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscawen, Lady Hesketh,[1] Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins Brown,[2] Mrs. E. Hervey, Dr. Russel, Lady Herries, Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson, Mr. Bardon, and Mr. Batt.[3]

[1] Harriet, Lady Hesketh, 1733-1807, Cowper's cousin and friend, widow of Sir Thomas Hesketh, *d.* 1778.

[2] Isaac Hawkins Browne, the younger, 1745-1818, author of essays on serious subjects.

[3] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 426.

I had much very interesting and informing conversation with Mr. Batt, who is among my high favourites. He is just returned from France, and he gave me such an account of the situation and disposition of things, and of the proceedings of the National Assembly, as, from his authority, I should certainly write for the benefit of such democrats as only hear and seek the presiding powers' account of themselves; if I had not a sinking within upon the subject, from the excess of horror with which my informer made me look forward to probable consequences.

June 4.—The birthday of our truly good King.

As His Majesty had himself given me, when I saw him after the Queen's birthday, an implied reproach for not presenting myself at the palace that day, I determined not to incur a similar censure on this, especially as I hold my admission on such a national festival as a real happiness, as well as honour, when it is to see themselves.

How different was my attire from every other such occasion the five preceding years! It was a mere simple dressed undress, without feathers, flowers, hoop, or furbelows.

When I alighted at the porter's lodge,[1] I was stopped from crossing the courtyard, by seeing the King, with his three sons, the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Duke of Clarence, who were standing there after alighting from their horses, to gratify the people who encircled the iron rails. It was a pleasant and goodly sight, and I rejoiced in such a detention.

I had a terrible difficulty to find a friend who would make known to Her Majesty that I was come to pay my devoirs.

At length, while watching in the passages to and fro, I heard a step upon the Princesses' stairs,

[1] At Buckingham House.

and, venturing forward, I encountered the Princess Elizabeth. I paid my respectful congratulations on the day, which she most pleasantly received, and I intimated my great desire to see Her Majesty. I am sure the amiable Princess communicated my petition, for Mr. de Luc came out in a few minutes and ushered me into the Royal presence.

The Queen was in her State Dressing-room, her head attired for the Drawing-room superbly; but her Court-dress, as usual, remaining to be put on at St. James's. She had already received all her early complimenters, and was prepared to go to St. James's: the Princess Royal was seated by her side, and all the other Princesses, except the Princess Amelia, were in the room, with the Duchess of York. Mr. de Luc, Mrs. Schwellenberg, Madame de la Fite, and Miss Goldsworthy were in the background.

The Queen smiled upon me most graciously, and every Princess came up separately to speak with me. I thanked Her Majesty warmly for admitting me upon such an occasion. "Oh!" cried she, "I resolved to see you the moment I knew you were here."

She then inquired when I went into Norfolk, and conversed upon my summer plans, etc., with more of her original sweetness of manner than I have seen since my resignation. What pleasure this gave me! and what pleasure did I feel in being kept by her till the farther door opened, and the King entered, accompanied by the Dukes of York and Clarence!

I motioned to retreat, but, calling out, "What, Miss Burney!" the King came up to me, and inquired how I did; and began talking to me so pleasantly, so gaily, so kindly, even, that I had the satisfaction of remaining and of gathering courage to utter my good wishes and warm fervent prayers

for this day. He deigned to hear me very benignly; or make believe he did, for I did not make my harangue very audibly; but he must be sure of its purport.

He said I was grown "quite fat" since he had seen me, and appealed to the Duke of York: he protested my arm was half as big again as heretofore, and then he measured it with his spread thumbs and forefingers; and the whole of his manner showed his perfect approbation of the step I had taken, of presenting myself in the Royal presence on this auspicious day.

The Queen soon after walked up to me, and asked if I should like to see the ball at night. I certainly should much like to have seen them "in all their glory," after seeing them thus in all their kindness, as well as to have been present at the first public appearance at Court of the Princess Sophia: but I had no means to get from and to Chelsea so late at night, and was, therefore, forced to excuse myself, and decline her gracious proposition of giving me tickets.

Princess Mary came to shake hands with me, and Princess Augusta spoke to me for some time with extreme sweetness; in short, I was gratified in every possible way by the united goodness and condescension of all the family.

Two days after, I went again to Westminster Hall with Miss Ord. Her good mother has a ticket for the Duke of Newcastle's box, in which she was seated. This day's business consisted of examining witnesses: it was meant for the last meeting during this session; but when it was over, Mr. Hastings arose and addressed the Lords in a most noble and pathetic speech, praying them to continue their attendance till his defence was heard throughout, or, at least, not to deny him the finishing his answer to the first charge.

He spoke, I believe, to the hearts of everybody, except his prosecutors: the whole assembly seemed evidently affected by what he urged, upon the unexampled delay of justice in his trial: silence was never more profound than that which his voice instantly commanded. Poor unhappy, injured gentleman! How, how can such men practise cruelty so glaring as is manifested in the whole conduct of this trial!

From hence, as usual, I went to dine at the Queen's house: Mrs. Schwellenberg took me to the Queen after coffee.

She was writing to Lady Cremorne: she talked with me while she finished her letter, and then read it to me, exactly as in old times. She writes with admirable facility, and peculiar elegance of expression, as well as of handwriting.

She asked me, somewhat curiously, If I had seen any of my old friends? I found she meant oppositionists. I told her, only at the trial. She kept me in converse till the dear King came into the room: he had a grandson of Lord Howe's with him, a little boy in petticoats, with whom he was playing, and who he thought remembered me. I had seen him frequently at Weymouth, and the innocent little fellow insisted upon making me his bows and reverences, when told to make them to the Queen.

The King asked me what had been doing at Westminster Hall? I repeated poor Mr. Hastings's remonstrance, particularly a part of it in which he had mentioned that he had already "appealed to His Majesty, whose justice he could not doubt." The King looked a little queer, but I was glad of the opportunity of putting in a word for poor Mr. Hastings.

The Queen afterwards gave me a message for my dear Mr. Lock, to desire him to wait upon the

Princess Royal at Kew the following week, to give her his opinion of a work she had in hand; and she spoke with equally just and kind praise of submitting to his taste.

I went on regularly to the trial till it finished for this year. Mr. Dallas[1] closed his answer to the first charge, with great spirit and effect, and seemed to make numerous proselytes for Mr. Hastings.

Thursday, June 18.—After many invitations and regulations, it was settled I was to accompany my father on a visit of three days to Mrs. Crewe[2] at Hampstead.

The villa at Hampstead is small, but commodious. We were received by Mrs. Crewe with much kindness. The room was rather dark, and she had a veil to her bonnet, half down, and with this aid she looked still in a full blaze of beauty. I was wholly astonished. Her bloom, perfectly natural, is as high as that of Augusta Lock when in her best looks, and the form of her face is so exquisitely perfect that my eye never met it without fresh admiration. She is certainly, in my eyes, the most completely a beauty of any woman I ever saw. I know not, even now, any female in her first youth who could bear the comparison. She uglifies everything near her.

Her son was with her. He is just of age, and looks like her elder brother! he is a heavy, old-looking young man.[3] He is going to China with Lord Macartney.[4]

My former friend, young Burke, was also there. I was glad to renew acquaintance with him; though I could see some little strangeness in him:

[1] Robert Dallas, afterwards Sir Robert, 1756-1824, counsel for Hastings.

[2] Frances Anne, Fulke Greville's only daughter (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 137). She had married Mr. Crewe (afterwards first Lord Crewe) in 1776.

[3] John, second Lord Crewe, *d.* 1835. He became a general officer in the army.

[4] George, Lord Macartney, 1737-1806. In 1792-94 he was Ambassador-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Pekin (see *post*, p. 101).

this, however, completely wore off before the day was over.

Soon after entered Mrs. Burke, Miss F——, a niece, and Mr. Richard Burke, the comic, humorous, bold, queer brother of *the* Mr. Burke, who, they said, was soon coming, with Mr. Elliot. The Burke family were invited by Mrs. Crewe to meet us.

Mrs. Burke was just what I have always seen her, soft, gentle, reasonable, and obliging; and we met, I think, upon as good terms as if so many years had not parted us.

At length Mr. Burke appeared, accompanied by Mr. Elliot.

He shook hands with my father as soon as he had paid his devoirs to Mrs. Crewe, but he returned my courtesy with so distant a bow, that I concluded myself quite lost with him, from my evident solicitude in poor Mr. Hastings's cause. I could not wish that less obvious, thinking as I think of it; but I felt infinitely grieved to lose the favour of a man whom, in all other articles, I so much venerate, and whom, indeed, I esteem and admire as the very first man of true genius now living in this country.

Mrs. Crewe introduced me to Mr. Elliot: I am sure we were already personally known to each other, for I have seen him perpetually in the Managers' box, whence, as often, he must have seen me in the Great Chamberlain's. He is a tall, thin young man, plain in face, dress, and manner, but sensible, and possibly much besides; he was reserved, however, and little else appeared.

The moment I was named, to my great joy I found Mr. Burke had not recollected me. He is more near-sighted, considerably, than myself. "Miss Burney!" he now exclaimed, coming forward, and quite kindly taking my hand, "I did

not see you"; and then he spoke very sweet words of the meeting, and of my looking far better than "while I was a courtier," and of how he rejoiced to see that I so little suited that station. "You look," cried he, "quite renewed, revived, disengaged; you seemed, when I conversed with you last, at the trial, quite altered; I never saw such a change for the better as quitting a Court has brought about!"

Ah! thought I, this is simply a mistake, from reasoning according to your own feelings. I only seemed altered for the worse at the trial, because I there looked coldly and distantly, from distaste and disaffection to your proceedings; and I here look changed for the better, only because I here meet you without the chill of disapprobation, and with the glow of my first admiration of you and your talents!

Mrs. Crewe gave him her place, and he sat by me, and entered into a most animated conversation upon Lord Macartney and his Chinese expedition, and the two Chinese youths who were to accompany it. These last he described minutely, and spoke of the extent of the undertaking in high, and perhaps fanciful, terms, but with allusions and anecdotes intermixed, so full of general information and brilliant ideas, that I soon felt the whole of my first enthusiasm return, and with it a sensation of pleasure that made the day delicious to me.

After this my father joined us, and politics took the lead. He spoke then with an eagerness and a vehemence that instantly banished the graces, though it redoubled the energies, of his discourse. "The French Revolution," he said, "which began by authorising and legalising injustice, and which by rapid steps had proceeded to every species of despotism except owning a despot, was now menacing all the universe and all mankind with

the most violent concussion of principle and order." My father heartily joined, and I tacitly assented to his doctrines, though I feared not with his fears.

One speech I must repeat, for it is explanatory of his conduct, and nobly explanatory. When he had expatiated upon the present dangers, even to English liberty and property, from the contagion of havoc and novelty, he earnestly exclaimed, "This it is that has made ME an abettor and supporter of Kings! Kings are necessary, and, if we would preserve peace and prosperity, we must preserve THEM. We must all put our shoulders to the work! Ay, and stoutly, too!"

This subject lasted till dinner.

At dinner Mr. Burke sat next Mrs. Crewe, and I had the happiness to be seated next Mr. Burke; and my other neighbour was his amiable son.

The dinner, and the dessert when the servants were removed, were delightful. How I wish my dear Susanna and Fredy could meet this wonderful man when he is easy, happy, and with people he cordially likes! But politics, even on his own side, must always be excluded; his irritability is so terrible on that theme that it gives immediately to his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself from murderers.

I can give you only a few little detached traits of what passed, as detail would be endless.

Charles Fox being mentioned, Mrs. Crewe told us that he had lately said, upon being shown some passage in Mr. Burke's book which he had warmly opposed, but which had, in the event, made its own justification, very candidly, "Well! Burke is right—but Burke is often right, only he is right too soon."

"Had Fox seen some things in that book," answered Mr. Burke, "as soon, he would at this

moment, in all probability, be first minister of this country."

"What!" cried Mrs. Crewe, "with Pitt?—No!—no!—Pitt won't go out, and Charles Fox will never make a coalition with Pitt."

"And why not?" said Mr. Burke, drily; "why not this coalition as well as other coalitions?"

Nobody tried to answer this.

"Charles Fox, however," said Mr. Burke afterwards, "can never internally like the French Revolution. He is entangled; but, in himself, if he should find no other objection to it, he has at least too much taste for such a revolution."

Mr. Elliot related that he had lately been in a company of some of the first and most distinguished men of the French nation, now fugitives here, and had asked them some questions about the new French ministry; they had answered that they knew them not even by name till now! "Think," cried he, "what a ministry that must be! Suppose a new administration formed here of Englishmen of whom we had never before heard the names! what statesmen they must be! how prepared and fitted for government! To *begin* by being at the helm!"[1]

Mr. Richard Burke related, very comically, various censures cast upon his brother, accusing him of being the friend of despots, and the abettor of slavery, because he had been shocked at the imprisonment of the King of France, and was anxious to preserve our own limited monarchy in the same state in which it so long had flourished.

Mr. Burke looked half alarmed at his brother's opening, but, when he had finished, he very good-humouredly poured out a glass of wine, and,

[1] One wonders that no one here recalled Burke's famous description of Lord Chatham's "mosaic" administration.

turning to me, said, "Come then—here's slavery for ever!"

This was well understood, and echoed round the table with hearty laughter.

"This would do for you completely, Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Crewe, "if it could get into a newspaper! Mr. Burke, they would say, has now spoken out; the truth has come to light unguardedly, and his real defection from the cause of true liberty is acknowledged. I should like to draw up the paragraph!"

"And add," said Mr. Burke, "the toast was addressed to Miss Burney, in order to pay court to the Queen!"

This sport went on till, upon Mr. Elliot's again mentioning France and the rising Jacobins, Mr. Richard Burke loudly gave a new toast—"Come!" cried he, "here's confusion to confusion!"

Mr. Windham, who was gone into Norfolk for the summer, was frequently mentioned, and always with praise. Mr. Burke, upon Mr. Elliot's saying something of his being very thin, warmly exclaimed, "He is just as he should be! If I were Windham this minute, I should not wish to be thinner, nor fatter, nor taller, nor shorter, nor any way, nor in anything, altered."

Some time after, speaking of former days, you may believe I was struck enough to hear Mr. Burke say to Mrs. Crewe, "I wish you had known Mrs. Delany! She was a pattern of a perfect fine lady, a real fine lady, of other days! Her manners were faultless; her deportment was all elegance, her speech was all sweetness, and her air and address all dignity. I always looked up to her as the model of an accomplished woman of former times."

Do you think I heard such a testimony to my beloved departed friend unmoved?

Afterwards, still to Mrs. Crewe, he proceeded to say she had been married to Mr. Wycherley, the author.[1] There I ventured to interrupt him, and tell him I fancied that must be some great mistake, as I had been well acquainted with her history from her own mouth. He seemed to have heard it from some good authority; but I could by no means accede my belief, as her real life and memoirs had been so long in my hands, written by herself to a certain period, and, for some way, continued by me. This, however, I did not mention.

When we left the dining-parlour to the gentlemen, Miss F—— seized my arm, without the smallest previous speech, and, with a prodigious Irish brogue, said, "Miss Burney, I am so glad you can't think to have this favourable opportunity of making an intimacy with you! I have longed to know you ever since I became rational!"

I was glad, too, that nobody heard her! She made me walk off with her in the garden, whither we had adjourned for a stroll, at a full gallop, leaning upon my arm, and putting her face close to mine, and sputtering at every word from excessive eagerness.

"I have the honour to know some of your relations in Ireland," she continued; "that is, if they an't yours, which they are very sorry for, they are your sister's, which is almost the same thing. Mr. Shirley first lent me *Cecilia*; and he was so delighted to hear my remarks! Mrs. Shirley's a most beautiful creature; she's grown so large and so big! and all her daughters are beautiful; so is all the family. I never saw Captain Phillips, but I daresay he's beautiful."

She is quite a wild Irish girl.

[1] Miss Ann Cooper, the second wife of Fanny's grandfather, James Macburney, *was* said to have rejected Wycherley.

Presently she talked of Miss Palmer. "Oh, she loves you!" she cried; "she says she saw you last Sunday, and she never was so happy in her life. She said you looked sadly."

This Miss F—— is a handsome girl, and seems very good-humoured. I imagine her but just imported, and I doubt not but the soft-mannered, and well-bred, and quiet Mrs. Burke will soon subdue this exuberance of loquacity.

I gathered afterwards from Mrs. Crewe, that my curious new acquaintance made innumerable inquiries concerning my employment and office under the Queen. I find many people much disturbed to know whether I had the place of the Duchess of Ancaster,[1] on one side, or of a chamber-maid, on the other. Truth is apt to lie *between* conjectures.[2]

The party returned with two very singular additions to its number—Lord Loughborough,[3] and Mr. and Mrs. Erskine.[4] They have villas at Hampstead, and were met in the walk; Mr. Erskine else would not, probably, have desired to meet Mr. Burke, who openly in the House of Commons asked him if he knew what friendship meant, when he pretended to call him, Mr. Burke, his friend?

There was an evident disunion of the cordiality of the party from this time. My father, Mr. Richard Burke, his nephew, and Mr. Elliot entered into some general discourse; Mr. Burke took up a volume of Boileau, and read aloud, though to himself, and with a pleasure that soon made him seem to forget all intruders; Lord Loughborough joined Mrs. Burke; and Mr. Erskine, seating

[1] Mistress of the Robes.
[2] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 369.
[3] Alexander Wedderburn, first Baron Loughborough, 1733-1805. At this date he was Chief-Justice of Common Pleas.
[4] Thomas Erskine, afterwards first Baron Erskine, 1750-1823.

himself next to Mrs. Crewe, engrossed her entirely, yet talked loud enough for all to hear who were not engaged themselves.

For me, I sat next Mrs. Erskine, who seems much a woman of the world, for she spoke with me just as freely, and readily, and easily as if we had been old friends.

Mr. Erskine enumerated all his avocations to Mrs. Crewe, and, amongst others, mentioned, very calmly, having to plead against Mr. Crewe upon a manor business in Cheshire. Mrs. Crewe hastily and alarmed interrupted him, to inquire what he meant, and what might ensue to Mr. Crewe? "Oh, nothing but the loss of the lordship upon that spot," he coolly answered; "but I don't know that it will be given against him: I only know I shall have three hundred pounds for it."

Mrs. Crewe looked thoughtful; and Mr. Erskine then began to speak of the new Association for Reform, by the friends of the people, headed by Messrs. Grey and Sheridan, and sustained by Mr. Fox, and openly opposed by Mr. Windham, as well as Mr. Burke. He said much of the use they had made of his name, though he had never yet been to the society; and I began to understand that he meant to disavow it; but presently he added, "I don't know whether I shall ever attend —I have so much to do—so little time: however, the people must be supported."

"Pray, will you tell me," said Mrs. Crewe, drily, "what you mean by the people? I never knew."

He looked surprised, but evaded any answer, and soon after took his leave, with his wife, who seems by no means to admire him as much as he admires himself, if I may judge by short odd speeches which dropped from her. The eminence of Mr. Erskine seems all for public life; in private, his excessive egotisms undo him.

Lord Loughborough instantly took his seat next to Mrs. Crewe; and presently related a speech which Mr. Erskine has lately made at some public meeting, and which he opened to this effect:—"As to me, gentlemen, I have some title to give my opinions freely. Would you know what my title is derived from? I challenge any man to inquire! If he ask my birth,—its genealogy may dispute with kings! If my wealth, it is all for which I have time to hold out my hand! If my talents,—No! of those, gentlemen, I leave you to judge for yourselves!"

But I have now time for no more upon this day, except that Mr. and Mrs. Burke, in making their exit, gave my father and me the most cordial invitation to Beaconsfield in the course of the summer or autumn. And, indeed, I should delight to accept it.

Mrs. Crewe, my father, and myself spent the evening together, a little in talking politics, when she gave me the pleasure to hear her say Mr. Windham was looked up to by all parties, for his principles as much as for his abilities. We read Rogers's sweet poem on Memory,[1] and some other things, and retired in very serene good-humour, I believe, with one another.

Friday, June 22.—Mrs. Crewe took my father and myself to see the Hampstead lions. We went to Caen Wood, to see the house and pictures. Poor Lord Mansfield[2] has not been downstairs, the housekeeper told us, for the last four years; yet she asserts he is by no means superannuated, and frequently sees his very intimate friends, and seldom refuses to be consulted by any lawyers. He was particularly connected with my revered

[1] The *Pleasures of Memory* had just been published.

[2] William Murray, first Earl of Mansfield, 1705-93. At this time he was eighty-seven.

Mrs. Delany, and I felt melancholy upon entering his house to recollect how often that beloved lady had planned carrying thither Miss P—— and myself, and how often we had been invited by Miss Murrays, my Lord's nieces. I asked after those ladies, and left them my respects. I heard they were upstairs with Lord Mansfield, whom they never left.

Many things in this house were interesting, because historical; but I fancy the pictures, at least, not to have much other recommendation. A portrait of Pope,[1] by himself, I thought extremely curious. It is very much in the style of most of Jervas's own paintings. They told us that, after the burning of Lord Mansfield's house in town, at the time of Lord G. Gordon's riots, thousands came to inquire if this original portrait was preserved. Luckily it was at Caen Wood.

We spent a good deal of time in the library, and saw first editions of almost all Queen Anne's Classics; and lists of subscribers to Pope's *Iliad*, and many such matters, all enlivening to some corner or other of the memory.

We then drove through Lord Southampton's park, and some other beautiful grounds in the neighbourhood.

We spent the rest of the day quite free from interruption, and sociably, rationally, and pleasantly. Mrs. Crewe obligingly promised us the loan, for reading, of a novel begun by her mother, Mrs. Greville, and left in her hands unfinished.

The next day Mrs. Crewe brought us to her house in town, where we made regulations for seeing sights some day in the next week, and then finished our very agreeable visit.

[1] The portrait, according to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, art. "Jervas," *is* by Jervas. A portrait of Pope by Charles Jervas was engraved by J. H. Robinson, and also by James Caldwall.

Mrs. Crewe sent us the little novel the next day. It is merely a fragment, but has much spirit, knowledge of human nature, and gaiety of idea in most of its parts. As a whole we cannot judge it, but I think it would not have gone on improving, as the latter part begins already to seem spun; yet this latter contains a story highly pathetic, and which no one could well read without tears. There is much merit and much entertainment, and here and there are masterly strokes: but Mrs. Greville, like Mrs. Thrale, seems to me rather adapted for shining in episodes and detached pieces than in any regular and long work. And I believe this owing to writing on as things arise, without any arranged plan to pursue and bring to bear.

June 27.—My father took me again to Mrs. Crewe in Grosvenor Street.[1] I had infinite pleasure in giving warm praise to the little novel, and discriminating the parts and passages which seem most worthy admiration. I saw the really fond daughter in her look of listening; and when we were broken in upon by the entrance of Mr. Pelham,[2] she just named him and me to one another, and then said, "You must excuse me, Mr. Pelham,—but I am upon a subject I cannot drop.—You think, then—such a character,—such a passage"—etc. etc. And then she finished with "Oh dear! what would one give, you would go on with it!"

She spoke this with an eagerness which seldom breaks out, but which heightened her beauty indescribably

Mr. Pelham smiled his approbation of the idea, and internally smiled also, I doubt not, at sight of my phiz, for certainly I did at his! He is another

[1] At No. 18.

[2] Thomas Pelham, 1756-1826, afterwards second Earl of Chichester. He was at this date in the opposition (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 411).

of the managers! And we have seen one another so very often without speech, introduction, or even knowledge of each other's names, that the meeting, like that I had with Mr. Elliot, had something in it almost comic,—our faces were so familiar, and our voices so strange to each other.

We now set out for Long Acre, to see Lord Macartney's chariots for the Emperor of China. Mrs. Crewe is particularly interested in all that belongs to this embassy, both because her son will accompany it, and because Lord Macartney is her intimate friend, as well as near relation. I leave to the newspapers your description of these superb carriages.

We next proceeded to the Shakspeare Gallery,[1] which I had never seen. And here we met with an adventure that finished our morning's excursions.

There was a lady in the first room, dressed rather singularly, quite alone, and extremely handsome, who was parading about with a nosegay in her hand, which she frequently held to her nose, in a manner that was evidently calculated to attract notice. We therefore passed on to the inner room, to avoid her. Here we had but just all taken our stand opposite different pictures, when she also entered, and, coming pretty close to my father, sniffed at her flowers with a sort of extatic eagerness, and then let them fall. My father picked them up, and gravely presented them to her. She curtsied to the ground in receiving them, and presently crossed over the room, and, brushing past Mrs. Crewe, seated herself immediately by her elbow. Mrs. Crewe, not admiring this familiarity, moved away, giving her at the same time a look of dignified distance that was almost petrifying.

[1] No. 52 Pall Mall, afterwards the British Institution. It had been built by Alderman Boydell.

It did not prove so to this lady, who presently followed her to the next picture, and, sitting as close as she could to where Mrs. Crewe stood, began singing various quick passages, without words or connection.

I saw Mrs. Crewe much alarmed, and advanced to stand by her, meaning to whisper her that we had better leave the room; and this idea was not checked by seeing that the flowers were artificial.

By the looks we interchanged we soon mutually said, "This is a madwoman." We feared irritating her by a sudden flight, but gently retreated, and soon got quietly into the large room; when she bounced up with a great noise, and, throwing the veil of her bonnet violently back, as if fighting it, she looked after us, pointing at Mrs. Crewe.

Seriously frightened, Mrs. Crewe seized my father's arm, and hurried up two or three steps into a small apartment. Here Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to an elderly gentleman, asked if he could inform the people below that a madwoman was terrifying the company; and while he was receiving her commission with the most profound respect, and with an evident air of admiring astonishment at her beauty, we heard a rustling, and, looking round, saw the same figure hastily striding after us, and in an instant at our elbows.

Mrs. Crewe turned quite pale; it was palpable she was the object pursued, and she most civilly and meekly articulated, "I beg your pardon, ma'am," as she hastily passed her, and hurried down the steps.

We were going to run for our lives, when Miss Townshend[1] whispered Mrs. Crewe it was only Mrs. Wells the actress,[2] and said she was certainly

[1] Lady Sydney's daughter (see *ante*, vol. iv. p. 301).

[2] Mrs. Mary Wells, *née* Davies (see *ante*, vol. iv. p. 302). She was known as "Cowslip" from her part in O'Keeffe's *Agreeable Surprise* (see *ante*, vol. iv. p. 88).

only performing vagaries to try effect, which she was quite famous for doing.

It would have been food for a painter to have seen Mrs. Crewe during this explanation. All her terror instantly gave way to indignation; and scarcely any pencil could equal the high vivid glow of her cheeks. To find herself made the object of game to the burlesque humour of a bold player, was an indignity she could not brook, and her mind was immediately at work how to assist herself against such unprovoked and unauthorised effrontery.

The elderly gentleman who, with great eagerness, had followed Mrs. Crewe, accompanied by a young man who was of his party, requested more particularly her commands; but before Mrs. Crewe's astonishment and resentment found words, Mrs. Wells, singing, and throwing herself into extravagant attitudes, again rushed down the steps, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. Crewe.

This, however, no longer served her purpose. Mrs. Crewe fixed her in return, and with a firm, composed, commanding air and look that, though it did not make this strange creature retreat, somewhat disconcerted her for a few minutes.

She then presently affected a violent coughing —such a one as almost shook the room; though such a forced and unnatural noise as rather resembled howling than a cold.

This over, and perceiving Mrs. Crewe still steadily keeping her ground, she had the courage to come up to us, and, with a flippant air, said to the elderly gentleman, "Pray, sir, will you tell me what it is o'clock?"

He looked vexed to be called a moment from looking at Mrs. Crewe, and, with a forbidding gravity, answered her—"About two."

"No offence, I hope, sir?" cried she, seeing him turn eagerly from her.

He bowed without looking at her, and she strutted away, still, however, keeping in sight, and playing various tricks, her eyes perpetually turned towards Mrs. Crewe, who as regularly met them, with an expression such as might have turned a softer culprit to stone.

Our cabal was again renewed, and Mrs. Crewe again told this gentleman to make known to the proprietors of the gallery that this person was a nuisance to the company, when, suddenly re-approaching us, she called out, "Sir! sir!" to the younger of our new protectors.

He coloured, and looked much alarmed, but only bowed.

"Pray, sir," cried she, "what's o'clock!"

He looked at his watch, and answered.

"You don't take it ill, I hope, sir?" she cried.

He only bowed.

"I do no harm, sir," said she; "I never bite!"

The poor young man looked aghast, and bowed lower; but Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to the elder, said aloud, "I beg you, sir, to go to Mr. Boydell; you may name me to him—Mrs. Crewe."

Mrs. Wells at this walked away, yet still in sight.

"You may tell him what has happened, sir, in all our names. You may tell him Miss Burney—"

"Oh no!" cried I, in a horrid fright, "I beseech I may not be named! And, indeed, ma'am, it may be better to let it all alone. It will do no good; and it may all get into the newspapers."

"And if it does," cried Mrs. Crewe, "what is it to us? We have done nothing; we have given no offence, and made no disturbance. This person has frightened us all wilfully, and utterly without provocation; and now she can frighten us no longer, she would brave us. Let her tell her own story, and how will it harm us?"

"Still," cried I, "I must always fear being brought into any newspaper cabals. Let the fact be ever so much against her, she will think the circumstances all to her honour if a paragraph comes out beginning 'Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Wells.'"

Mrs. Crewe liked this sound as little as I should have liked it in placing my own name where I put hers. She hesitated a little what to do, and we all walked downstairs, where instantly this bold woman followed us, paraded up and down the long shop with a dramatic air while our group was in conference, and then, sitting down at the clerk's desk, and calling in a footman, she desired him to wait while she wrote a note.

She scribbled a few lines, and read aloud her direction, "To Mr. Topham"; and giving the note to the man, said, "Tell your master that is something to make him laugh. Bid him not send to the press till I see him."

Now as Mr. Topham[1] is the editor of *The World*, and notoriously her protector, as her having his footman acknowledged, this looked rather serious, and Mrs. Crewe began to partake of my alarm. She therefore, to my infinite satisfaction, told her new friend that she desired he would name no names, but merely mention that some ladies had been frightened.

I was very glad indeed to gain this point, and the good gentleman seemed enchanted with any change that occasioned a longer discourse.

We then got into Mrs. Crewe's carriage, and not till then would this facetious Mrs. Wells quit the shop. And she walked in sight, dodging us, and playing antics of a tragic sort of gesture, till we drove out of her power to keep up with us. What a strange creature!

[1] Edward Topham, 1751-1820, a journalist and playwright, who established the *World* daily paper in 1787.

Mr. Arthur Young to Miss Burney

Bradfield Farm, *June* 18, 1792.

What a plaguy business 'tis to take up one's pen to write to a person who is constantly moving in a vortex of pleasure, brilliancy, and wit,—whose movements and connections are, as it were, in another world! One knows not how to manage the matter with such folks, till you find by a little approximation and friction of tempers and things that they are mortal, and no more than good sort of people in the main, only garnished with something we do not possess ourselves. Now, then, the consequence—

Only three pages to write, and one lost in introduction! To the matter at last.

It seemeth that you make a journey to Norfolk. Now do ye see, if you do not give a call on the farmer, and examine his ram (an old acquaintance), his bull, his lambs, calves, and crops, he will say but one thing of you—that you are fit for a court, but not for a farm; and there is more happiness to be found among my rooks than in the midst of all the princes and princesses of Golconda. I would give an hundred pound to see you married to a farmer that never saw London, with plenty of poultry ranging in a few green fields, and flowers and shrubs disposed where they should be, around a cottage, and not around a breakfast-room in Portman Square,[1] fading in eyes that know not to admire them. In honest truth now, let me request your company here. It will give us all infinite pleasure. You are habituated to admiration, but you shall have here what is much better—the friendship of those who loved you long before the world admired you. Come, and make old friends happy.

A. Young.

[1] At Mrs. Montagu's.

Mr. Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney

Cypenham, *June* 28, 1792.

My dear Madam—Any intimation from you will have a great weight with me, as well as from your brother, whose extensive learning I well know, and for whom I have all due regard. Mr. Porson's case[1] has been agitated among some persons in these parts who are acquainted with his literary merit, and wish well to him on that account; and it shall be my endeavour to promote his interest whenever I see any opportunity. When Sir George Baker made his collection for the benefit of Mr. P., I always threw in my mite, and always wished to have him more effectually benefited. You may therefore depend upon my acceding to the general subscription of £10, and, if I have any chance interest, employing it in his favour.

I am going to publish at large the little treatise[2] which you were so very good as to accept. This has been determined upon in consequence of many solicitations and of letters from persons of rank; who, however, I little thought would have been interested about religion. As there are some few variations in the new impression, I shall beg of you to let me have the present copy returned, and another more correct shall be sent for your kind acceptance, and one also for the acceptance of your brother. I print seven hundred and fifty copies, and the whole profit of the impression I purpose to present to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—some few copies excepted, which I

[1] Richard Porson, 1759-1808, the Greek scholar. He lost his fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1792, owing to his refusal to take orders; and an annuity of £100 was purchased for him by his admirers (see *post*, p. 109).

[2] Bryant published in 1792 a *Treatise on the Authenticity of the Scriptures, and the Truth of the Christian Religion*, which he had prepared by desire of the Dowager Lady Pembroke.

shall give away to my select friends. As the whole is designed for a charity, I should be glad to have those select friends, and all my friends, promote the sale as far as their influence can prevail.

The times are alarming, but I hope God will please to preserve His Church, and maintain for us our excellent constitution. One great article of assurance is the general love of the King; for there are those who abound with wickedness and slander, yet the general turn of the nation is to affection and loyalty. May Heaven long preserve those excellent personages whom you love and I love, and for whose happiness I shall ever be solicitous. I am,

My dear Madam,
Your most affectionate friend and servant,
JACOB BRYANT.

I began, or rather returned, a new visiting acquaintance in Lady Hesketh,[1] whom I have long and often met at other houses. She is a well-informed, well-bred, sensible woman; somewhat too precise and stiff, but otherwise agreeable.

Charles, our new doctor,[2] has set on foot a subscription which gives me great pleasure. It is for his very learned friend Mr. Porson, a man of the first-rate erudition, he tells me, in Europe. His promising talents drew him in childhood from obscurity, and he received a learned education by a liberal contribution of learned men, under the patronage of Sir George Baker. Since this, sundry circumstances, too long for paper, have occasioned his being suddenly left at large without a guinea! This subscription is intended to amount to about

[1] See *ante*, p. 84.
[2] Charles Burney received the degree of LL.D. from Aberdeen and Glasgow in 1792.

£1400,[1] which is to be laid out in an annuity for his life. It is not designed as his whole support, for his talents will be still his fortune; but to enable him to exercise them liberally, and not to write for daily bread. Mr. Raines,[2] master of the Charter House, Charles's late competitor, and two others whom I forget, are joint agents and collectors with Charles in this very laudable business. It has been undertaken, and is still conducted, unknown to Mr. Porson.

The four agents each subscribed £50, for they are all close and intimate and attached friends to Mr. Porson. Mr. Windham has given Charles £25 towards it from himself, and the same sum from Lord Spencer. I have myself had the pleasure to procure £10 from my good Mr. Bryant. The subscription is now nearly completed. They have been as successful as active, and applied only to the rich and learned—that is, those who can spare the money, and appreciate its destination.

[1] It amounted to about £2000.
[2] Matthew Raine, 1760-1811, had been appointed Head Master of Charterhouse, June 7, 1791.

PART XLVII

1792

Diary continued—Mrs. Matthew Montagu—Miss Knight's *Dinarbas*—Recall of the English Ambassador from France—Correspondence—Miss Burney to Mrs. ——— —Miss Palmer and Lord Inchiquin—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney—Arrival of French emigrant noblesse—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—The Reign of Terror—A meeting with old friends—The Duc de Liancourt—Early incident of the French Revolution—Anecdotes of the Duc de Liancourt—His perils and escape from France—The Duc de la Rochefoucault—Madame de Genlis—Her singular establishment at Bury St. Edmund's—The Duke of Orleans—A day with the Duc de Liancourt—His character of French literary ladies—The Duke of Beaufort—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney, describing the French colony at Mickleham—The Duc de Montmorency—Marquise de la Châtre—Count de Narbonne—Chevalier d'Arblay—His anecdotes of Lafayette—M. de Jaucourt and the National Assembly—Madame de Staël—Her conduct during the Reign of Terror—M. Girardin d'Ermenonville—Merlin—Condorcet—M. Sicard—A day with the Emigrés—A romance of real life—Treatment of Lafayette in prison—Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips—MM. Malouet and de Chauvelin—Holkham—Mrs. Coke—Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney—Movement of the Emigrés—M. Talleyrand—Progress of the Revolution—M. de la Châtre—His adventures and escapes—The Royalist army—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—Precarious state of England—Conduct of Fox and Grey—Reformers fifty years ago—Trial of Louis XVI.—Duelling among the Emigrés.

July.—I have kept no memorandums of this month, which I spent chiefly with our dear Etty, in Titchfield Street. Its history, though both pleasant and

Juniper Hall from the Road

interesting, is not for paper, and therefore I now glide past it.

One whole day I spent in it with Mrs. Matthew Montagu,[1] alone, except for her fine five babies, the eldest not quite five years of age! It was a domestic and pleasant day, and confirmed my good opinion and regard for this amiable and very cultivated woman. My old friend, her husband, was gone to the north, to forward addresses to our dear King, upon his proclamation.

Dr. Shepherd explained to me the motive of my receiving from Miss Knight her *Marcus Flaminius*: it was in consequence of her hearing that I had recommended the perusal of her *Dinarbas* to the Princesses.[2] *Dinarbas* is dedicated to the Queen, who had put it into my hands before she had read it, for some account of its merits. I am sure their Royal Highnesses could read nothing more chastely fitted for them.

. . . . . .

Our ambassador is recalled from France; Russia has declared war against that wretched kingdom. But it may defy all outward enemies to prove in any degree destructive in comparison with its lawless and barbarous inmates. We shall soon have no authentic accounts from Paris, as no English are expected to remain after the Ambassador, and no French will dare to write, in such times of pillage, what may carry them "*à la lanterne.*"

Miss Burney to Mrs. ——[3]

Chelsea College, *July 5*, 1792.

I must rejoice to see such long letters from my

[1] Wife of Matthew Montagu, M.P., Mrs. Montagu's nephew (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 180).

[2] See *ante*, p. 69. Miss Ellis Cornelia Knight, 1757-1837, was afterwards companion to Queen Charlotte, and sometime lady companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. Her *Autobiography* was published in 1861, 2 vols.

[3] Waddington.

On the Truth of the Christian Religion;[1] and if I should have the misfortune, a third time, not to meet with you, still this mark of my true esteem shall be left, and will meet, I hope, with a favourable reception.

I am purchasing a house in town—which news, however private and limited, had not escaped the knowledge of some whose wonderful comprehension and memory scarcely anything within their verge, however minute, escapes.[2] I was, with great condescension and much easy wit, rallied, as having certainly views of hymeneal connections; or, in the more common phraseology of the world, as being determined to—alter my condition. That I entertain some prospect of an alteration is certain; but it is such a change as must be expected by a person at my very advanced term of life.

I told you that the pretty dog Hector, which I presented to a most lovely little Princess, is dead,[3] and I am commanded to procure another, as the misfortune is said to have been attended with many tears and a great regret. A lady of quality has offered me a female for this purpose, whose name is Flirt. Will it not be a degradation, after such an heroic title, to offer an animal of so mean and vulgar an appellation, far inferior to Miss, and barely equivalent to Coquet and Gipsy? I have no book, either ancient or modern, to which I can apply for information. You may possibly ease my doubts by saying, Change the name, if a change be requisite, and for Flirt read Flora, and then all will be well.

This inquiry may perhaps be of as much importance as many that have been agitated, such as these —whether the sea be free to all, or shut? whether men originally are equal or unequal? whether war

[1] See *ante*, p. 107.

[2] The King and Queen.

[3] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 415.

be natural or unnatural? add to these, the disputes about the rights of men, to which I subjoin —the rights of fools. The last of these has not been sufficiently considered, and a very large body of respectable persons, including idiots, naturals, simpletons, changelings, etc., have been passed over with too little notice. You will perhaps think me prejudiced in favour of a society to which I may possibly be in some degree allied, and bring this rhapsody in full proof of your opinion.

I am, my dear Madam,
Your most sincere and affectionate humble servant,
JACOB BRYANT.

Monday, September 24.—We set out for Halstead, in Essex,—our Etty, her lovely Marianne, and I; and there we were most affectionately welcomed by Mrs. Hawkins,[1] and by *il caro sposo.* Sophia skipped with joy, and Cecilia was all smiles, grace, and enchantment.

Our time was almost all corroded by the general alarm for the political safety of all manner of people; the successes of the fiends of France filled us with incessant horror, and the necessity of guarding against the contagion of plunder and equality, amongst the poor and the wicked, or the duped and the dupers, occupied us perpetually.

MRS. PHILLIPS TO MISS BURNEY

MICKLEHAM, *September* 1792.

We shall shortly, I believe, have a little colony of unfortunate (or rather, fortunate, since here they are safe) French noblesse in our neighbour-

[1] Anne (or Hannah) Burney, daughter of Richard Burney of Worcester, and consequently Fanny's cousin. Her husband, Mr. Hawkins, was apparently a clergyman (see *post*, p. 118).

hood. Sunday evening Ravely informed Mr. Lock that two or three families had joined to take Jenkinson's house, Juniper Hall,[1] and that another family had taken a small house at Westhumble,[2] which the people very reluctantly let, upon the Christian-like supposition that, being nothing but French papishes, they would never pay. Our dear Mr. Lock, while this was agitating, sent word to the landlord that he would be answerable for the rent; however, before this message arrived, the family were admitted. The man said they had pleaded very hard indeed, and said, if he did but know the distress they had been in, he would not hesitate.

This house is taken by Madame de Broglie, daughter of the Mareschal, who is in the army with the French Princes; or, rather, wife to his son, Victor Broglie,[3] till very lately General of one of the French armies, and at present disgraced, and fled nobody knows where. This poor lady came over in an open boat, with a son younger than my Norbury, and was fourteen hours at sea. She has other ladies with her, and gentlemen, and two little girls, who had been sent to England some weeks ago; they are all to lodge in a sort of cottage, containing only a kitchen and parlour on the ground floor.

I long to offer them my house, and have been

[1] Juniper Hall (so called from the abundant junipers in the neighbourhood) still exists, though much altered, to the left of the road going from Mickleham to Burford Bridge. Originally a roadside ale-house—the "Royal Oak"—it was fitted up as a residence by Sir Cecil Bishopp, Bt., at whose death in 1779 it passed to the David Jenkinson above mentioned, —"an affluent lottery office keeper" (Brayley's *Surrey*, 1850, vol. iv.). It is shown on the accompanying map.

[2] There is a sketch of this house at West Humble in Miss Constance Hill's *Juniper Hall*, 1904, p. 38. "It stands (she says) in a corner of ground formed by the junction of Westhumble Lane and the Dorking Road."

[3] Prince Charles-Louis-Victor de Broglie, afterwards guillotined by the Revolutionary Tribunal, June 27, 1794. His father, the Maréchal, died in 1804.

Mickleham and its Environs, 1816

much gratified by finding Mr. Lock immediately determined to visit them; his taking this step will secure them the civilities, at least, of the other neighbours.

At Jenkinson's are—la Marquise de la Châtre, whose husband is with the emigrants;[1] her son; M. de Narbonne, lately Ministre de la Guerre;[2] M. de Montmorency;[3] Charles or Theodore Lameth;[4] Jaucourt;[5] and one or two more, whose names I have forgotten, are either arrived to-day, or expected. I feel infinitely interested for all these persecuted persons. Pray tell me whatever you hear of M. de Liancourt,[6] etc. Heaven bless you!

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney

Halstead, *October* 2, '92.

My dearest Padre—I have just got your direction, in a letter from my mother, and an account that you seem to be in health and spirits; so now I think it high time to let you know a little about some of your daughters, lest you should forget you have any such incumbrances.

In the first place, two of them, Esther and F. B., had a safe and commodious journey hither, in the midst of pattering showers and cloudy skies, making up as well as they could for the deficiencies of the elements by the dulcet recreation of the concord of sweet sounds; not from tabrets and

[1] See *post*, p. 156.

[2] Louis-Marie-Jacques-Amalric, Comte de Narbonne-Lara, 1755-1813. He had been Minister of War to Louis XVI. from December 1791 to March 1792.

[3] Mathieu-Jean-Félicité, Duc de Montmorency-Laval, 1766-1826 (see *post*, p. 136).

[4] Alexandre-Théodore-Victor, Baron de Lameth, 1760-1829, was in England at this date.

[5] Arnail-François, Marquis de Jaucourt, 1757-1852.

[6] François-Alexandre-Frédéric La Rochefoucauld, Duc de Liancourt, 1747-1827.

harps, but from the harmony of hearts with tongues.

In the second place, a third of them, Charlotte F., writes word her *caro sposo* has continued very tolerably well this last fortnight, and that she still desires to receive my visit according to the first appointment.

In the third place, a fourth of them, Sarah, is living upon French politics and with French fugitives, at Bradfield, where she seems perfectly satisfied with foreign forage.

In the fourth place, Susanna, another of them, sends cheering histories of herself and her tribe, though she concludes them with a sighing ejaculation of "I wish I did not know there was such a country as France!"

So much for your daughters.

Mr. Hawkins's house is pleasantly situated, and all that belongs to its mistress is nearly perfect. Even its master is more to my *gusto* than I have ever known him before, for he is engaged in writing notes for answers to Paine, Mackintosh, Rouse, Priestley, Price, and a score more of Mr. Burke's incendiary antagonists. I wish to spirit him on to collect them into a pamphlet and give them to the public, but he is doubtful if it would not involve him in some heavy expense. I rather think the contrary, for he has really written well, and with an animation that his style of conversation had not made me expect. It is impossible to be under the roof of an English clergyman and to witness his powers of making leisure useful, elegant, and happy, without continual internal reference to the miserable contrast of the unhappy clergy of France.

To-day's papers teem with the promise of great and decisive victories to the arms of the Duke of Brunswick. I tremble for the dastardly revenge

menaced to the most injured King of France and his family. I dare hardly wish the advance and success of the combined armies, in the terror of such consequences. Yet the fate and future tranquillity of all Europe seem inevitably involved in the prosperity or the failure of this expedition. The depression or encouragement it must give to political adventurers, who, at all times, can stimulate the rabble to what they please, will surely spread far, deep, and wide, according to the event of French experiment upon the minds, manners, and powers of men; and the feasibility of expunging all past experience, for the purpose of treating the world as if it were created yesterday, and every man, woman, and child were let loose to act from their immediate suggestion, without reference to what is past, or sympathy in anything that is present, or precaution for whatever is to come. It seems, in truth, no longer the cause of nations alone, but of individuals; not a dispute for a form of government, but for a condition of safety.

. . . . . .

Ever and ever most dutifully and affectionately, your F. B.

Friday, October 5.—I left Halstead, and set off, alone, for Bradfield Hall, which was but one stage of nineteen miles distant.

Sarah, who was staying with her aunt, Mrs. Young,[1] expected me, and came running out before the chaise stopped at the door, and Mr. Young[2] following, with both hands full of French newspapers. He welcomed me with all his old spirit and impetuosity, exclaiming his house never

[1] Mrs. Arthur Young, *née* Patty Allen, was the second Mrs. Burney's sister, and consequently aunt to Fanny's half-sister Sarah Harriet.

[2] Arthur Young, the agriculturist, 1741-1820. He was an old friend of the Burneys, with whom (see preceding note) he was connected by marriage (*Early Diary*, 1889, i. 92 *et seq.*). He lived at Bradfield Hall.

had been so honoured since its foundation, nor ever could be again, unless I revisited it in my way back, even though all England came in the meantime!

Do you not know him well, my Susan, by this opening rhodomontade?

"But where," cried he, "is Hetty? Oh, that Hetty! Why did you not bring her with you? That wonderful creature! I have half a mind to mount horse, and gallop to Halstead to claim her! What is there there to merit her? What kind of animals have you left her with? Anything capable of understanding her?"

During this we mounted upstairs, into the dining-room. Here all looked cold and comfortless, and no Mrs. Young appeared. I inquired for her, and heard that her youngest daughter, Miss Patty, had just had a fall from her horse, which had bruised her face, and occasioned much alarm.

The rest of the day we spoke only of French politics. Mr. Young is a severe penitent of his democratic principles, and has lost even all pity for the *Constituant Révolutionnaires*, who had "taken him in" by their doctrines, but cured him by their practice, and who "ought better to have known what they were about before they presumed to enter into action."

Even the Duc de Liancourt, who was then in a small house at Bury, merited, he said, all the personal misfortunes that had befallen him. "I have real obligations to him," he added, "and therefore I am anxious to show him any respect, and do him any service, in his present reverse of fortune; but he has brought it all on himself, and, what is worse, on his country."

He wrote him, however, a note to invite him to dinner the next day. The Duke wrote an answer, that he lamented excessively being engaged

to meet Lord Euston,[1] and dine with the Bury aldermen.

I must now tell you the history of this poor Duke's arriving in England, for it involves a revival of loyalty—an effort to make some amends to his unhappy sovereign for the misery into which he had largely contributed to plunge him—which, with me, has made his peace for ever.

But first I should tell, he was the man who almost compelled the every-way-deluded Louis to sanction the National Assembly by his presence when first it resisted his orders. The Queen and all her party were strongly against the measure, and prophesied it would be the ruin of his authority; but the Duke, highly ambitious of fame, as Mr. Young describes him, and willing to sacrifice everything to the new systems then pervading all France, suddenly rushed into his closet, upon the privilege of being one of the five or seven Pairs de France who have that licence, and, with a strong and forcible eloquence, declared nothing but his concession would save the nation from a civil war; while his entering, unarmed, into the National Assembly would make him regarded for ever as the father and saviour of his people, and secure him the powerful sovereignty of the grateful hearts of all his subjects.

He succeeded, and the rest is public.

Certainly he can never recollect this incident, with whatever good or even noble sentiments he had been wrought up to it, without the severest pain. What might have been the event of an opposite conduct, no one can tell; but it is difficult to figure to the most terrible imagination anything so dreadful, anything indeed not better

[1] George Henry Fitzroy, Lord Euston, afterwards fourth Duke of Grafton, 1760-1844. He represented Cambridge University from 1784 to 1811.

than what happened. Mr. Young is persuaded that, but for this manœuvre of the Duke, and some similar acts of his first associates, none of these evils would have come to pass: M. de Calonne's conciliatory articles would have been agreed to by the King and the people, and the government gradually have been amended, and blood and villainy have looked another way.

This incident, which I have here mentioned, has set all the Coblentz party utterly and for ever against the Duke. He had been some time in extreme anguish for the unhappy King, whose ill-treatment on the 20th of June 1792[1] reached him while commandant at Rouen. He then first began to see that the Monarch or the Jacobins must inevitably fall, and he could scarce support the prospect of ultimate danger threatening the former. I have since been told, by a gentleman then at Rouen, that he was never surprised in his room, at that period, but he was found *mordant* his fist, and in action of desperation. Ah!—well he might!

When the news reached him of the bloody 10th of August,[2] a plan which for some time he had been forming, of gaining over his regiment to the service of the King, was rendered abortive. Yet all his officers except one had promised to join in any enterprise for their insulted master. He had hoped to get the King to Rouen under his protection, as I gather, though this matter has never wholly transpired. But the King could not be persuaded to trust any one. How should he?—especially a Révolutionnaire?

No time now was to be lost, and, in his first impetuosity of rage and despair, he instantly summoned his officers and his troops; and, in

[1] This was when the mob forced the Tuileries, made the King wear a red Cap of Liberty, and show himself at a window to the crowd.
[2] Attack on the Tuileries and massacre of the Swiss Guards.

the midst of them all, upon the parade or place of assembling, he took off his hat, and called out aloud "Vive le Roi!"

His officers echoed the sound, all but one!—yet not a soldier joined. Again he waved his hat, and louder and louder called out, "Vive le Roi!" And then every soldier repeated it after him.

Enchanted with hope, he felt one exulting moment, when this single dissentient officer called out aloud, as soon as the loyal cry was over, "As an officer of the Nation I forbid this!—Vive la Nation!"

The Duke instantly had the man arrested, and retired to his apartment to compose his excess of agitation, and consider how to turn this promise of loyalty to the service of his now imprisoned King;[1] but, in a short time, an officer strongly attached to him entered the room hastily, and cried, "*Sauvez-vous, M. de Liancourt!*—be speedy—the Jacobin party of Rouen have heard of your indiscretion, and a price is this moment set upon your head!"

The Duke knew too well with whom he had to act, for a moment's hesitation. To serve the King was now impossible, as he had but to appear in order to be massacred. He could only save his own life by flight.

In what manner he effected his escape out of Rouen he has never mentioned. I believe he was assisted by those who, remaining behind, could only be named to be torn in pieces for their humanity. The same French gentleman whom I have just mentioned, M. Jamard, a French priest, tells me no human being knows when or how he got away, and none suspected him to be gone for two days. He went first to Abbeville; there, for

[1] In the Temple, to which he had been sent on Monday, August 13, 1792 (Cléry's *Journal*, 1798, p. 18).

two days, he appeared everywhere, walking about in his regimentals, and assuming an air of having nothing to apprehend. This succeeded, as his indiscretion had not yet spread at Abbeville; but, meanwhile, a youth whom he had brought up from a child, and on whose fond regard and respect he could rely, was employed in seeking him the means of passing over to England. This was infinitely difficult, as he was to leave France without any passport.

How he quitted Abbeville I know not; but he was in another town, near the coast, three days, still waiting for a safe conveyance; and here, finding his danger increased greatly by delay, he went to some common house, without dress or equipage or servants that could betray him, and spent his whole time in bed, under pretence of indisposition, to avoid being seen.

At length his faithful young groom succeeded; and he got, at midnight, into a small boat, with only two men. He had been taken for the King of France by one, who had refused to convey him; and some friend, who assisted his escape, was forced to get him off, at last, by holding a pistol to the head of his conductor, and protesting he would shoot him through and through, if he made further demur, or spoke aloud. It was dark, and midnight.

Both he and his groom planted themselves in the bottom of the boat, and were covered with fagots, lest any pursuit should ensue: and thus wretchedly they were suffocated till they thought themselves at a safe distance from France. The poor youth then, first looking up, exclaimed, "*Ah! nous sommes perdus!* they are carrying us back to our own country!" The Duke started up; he had the same opinion, but thought opposition vain; he charged him to keep silent and quiet; and

after about another league, they found this, at least, a false alarm, owing merely to a thick fog or mist.

At length they landed—at Hastings, I think. The boatman had his money, and they walked on to the nearest public-house. The Duke, to seem English, called for "*Pot Portere.*" It was brought him, and he drank it off in two draughts, his drought being extreme; and he called for another instantly. That also, without any suspicion or recollection of consequences, was as hastily swallowed; and what ensued he knows not. He was intoxicated, and fell into a profound sleep.

His groom helped the people of the house to carry him upstairs and put him to bed.

How long he slept he knows not, but he woke in the middle of the night without the smallest consciousness of where he was, or what had happened. France alone was in his head—France and its horrors, which nothing—not even English porter and intoxication and sleep—could drive away.

He looked round the room with amaze at first, and soon after with consternation. It was so unfurnished, so miserable, so lighted with only one small bit of a candle, that it occurred to him he was in a *maison de force*—thither conveyed in his sleep.

The stillness of everything confirmed this dreadful idea. He arose, slipped on his clothes, and listened at the door. He heard no sound. He was scarce yet, I suppose, quite awake, for he took the candle, and determined to make an attempt to escape.

Downstairs he crept, neither hearing nor making any noise; and he found himself in a kitchen: he looked round, and the brightness of a shelf of pewter plates struck his eye; under them were pots

and kettles shining and polished. "*Ah!*" cried he to himself, "*je suis en Angleterre!*" The recollection came all at once at sight of a cleanliness which, in these articles, he says, is never met with in France.

He did not escape too soon, for his first cousin, the good Duc de la Rochefoucault,[1] another of the first Révolutionnaires, was massacred the next month. The character he has given of this murdered relation is the most affecting, in praise and virtues, that can possibly be heard. Sarah has heard him till she could not keep the tears from her eyes. They had been *élèves* together, and loved each other as the tenderest brothers.

You will all be as sorry as I was myself to hear that every ill story of la Comtesse de Genlis was confirmed by the Duke. She was resident at Bury, when he arrived, with Mlle. Égalité, Pamela, Henrietta Circe,[2] and several others, who appeared in various ways, as artists, gentlemen, domestics, and equals, on various occasions. The history of their way of life is extraordinary, and not very comprehensible; probably owing to the many necessary difficulties which the new system of equality produces.

The Duke accuses Madame Brulard of being a principal instrument of French misery. The Duke d'Orléans, he says, is indisputably the primary cause of the long and dreadful anarchy of his country, and Madame Brulard had an influence which as indisputably carried him on, since it did not stop him. The Duke adores the Duchess of Orleans, whom he describes as one of the most amiable and exemplary of women; and he declares she has not a friend who forbears detesting Madame Brulard, who

[1] Louis-Alexandre, Duc de la Rochefoucauld-d'Enville, 1743-1792. He was massacred by the mob at Gisors (Eure) on September 14, in the latter year (see Carlyle's *French Revolution*, vol. iii. bk. i. ch. 6).

[2] See *ante*, p. 78.

is a woman of the first abilities, but of inexhaustible intrigue and ambition. The Duc d'Orléans he has had some personal pique with, I believe, as he made no scruple to say that if he met him in London he should instantly cane him. He calls him a villain and a coward.

A lady of Bury, a sister of Sir Thomas Gage,[1] had been very much caught by Madame Brulard, who had almost lived at the house of Sir Thomas. Upon the arrival of the Duke he was invited to Sir Thomas Gage's immediately; and Miss G——, calling upon Madame Brulard, mentioned him, and asked if she knew him?—No, she answered; but she had seen him. This was innocently repeated to the Duke, who then, in a transport of rage, broke out with "*Elle m'a vu!* and is that all?—Does she forget that she has spoke to me? that she has heard me too?" And then he related what I have written, and added, that when all was wearing the menacing aspect of anarchy, before it broke out, and before he was ordered to his regiment at Rouen, he had desired an audience of Madame Brulard, for the first time, having been always a friend of Madame d'Orléans, and consequently *her* enemy. She was unwilling to see him, but he would not be refused. He then told her that France was upon the point of ruin, and that the Duc d'Orléans, who had been its destruction, and "the disgrace of the Revolution," could alone now prevent the impending havoc. He charged her therefore, forcibly and peremptorily, to take in charge a change of measures, and left her with an exhortation which he then flattered himself would have some chance of averting the coming dangers. But quickly after she quitted France voluntarily, and settled in England. "And can she have forgot all this?" cried he.

[1] See *ante*, p. 78.

I know not if this was repeated to Madame de Brulard; but certain it is she quitted Bury with the utmost expedition.[1] She did not even wait to pay her debts, and left the poor Henrietta Circe behind, as a sort of hostage, to prevent alarm. The creditors, however, finding her actually gone, entered the house, and poor Henrietta was terrified into hysterics. Probably she knew not but they were Jacobins, or would act upon Jacobin principles.

Madame Brulard then sent for her, and remitted money, and proclaimed her intention of returning to Suffolk no more.

The Duke is now actually in her house. There was no other vacant that suited him so well.

I am much interested in Susan's account of poor Madame de Broglie. How terribly, I fear, all is proceeding in France! I tremble at such apparent triumph to such atrocious cruelty; and though I doubt not these wretches will destroy one another while combating for superiority, they will not set about that crying retribution, for which justice seems to sicken, till they have first utterly annihilated all manner of people, better, softer, or more human than themselves.

The Duke accepted the invitation for to-day, and came early, on horseback. He had just been able to get over some two or three of his horses from France. He has since, I hear, been forced to sell them.

Mrs. Young was not able to appear; Mr. Young came to my room door to beg I would waste no time; Sarah and I, therefore, proceeded to the drawing-room.

The Duke was playing with a favourite dog—

[1] She left Bury in October 1792, *en route* for France; but stayed at Sheridan's (Lacy House) at Isleworth until the end of November, when her host accompanied her party to Dover (*Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis*, 1825, iv. 114, 118).

the thing probably the most dear to him in England; for it was just brought him over by his faithful groom, whom he had sent back upon business to his son.

He is very tall, and, were his figure less, would be too fat, but all is in proportion. His face, which is very handsome, though not critically so, has rather a haughty expression when left to itself, but becomes soft and spirited in turn, according to whom he speaks, and has great play and variety. His deportment is quite noble, and in a style to announce conscious rank even to the most sedulous equaliser. His carriage is peculiarly upright, and his person uncommonly well made. His manners are such as only admit of comparison with what we have read, not what we have seen; for he has all the air of a man who would wish to lord over men, but to cast himself at the feet of women.

He was in mourning for his barbarously murdered cousin the Duc de la Rochefoucault.[1] His first address was of the highest style. I shall not attempt to recollect his words, but they were most elegantly expressive of his satisfaction in a meeting he had long, he said, desired.

With Sarah he then shook hands. She had been his interpretess here on his arrival, and he seems to have conceived a real kindness for her; an honour of which she is extremely sensible, and with reason.

A little general talk ensued, and he made a point of curing Sarah of being afraid of his dog. He made no secret of thinking it affectation, and never rested till he had conquered it completely. I saw here, in the midst of all that at first so powerfully struck me, of dignity, importance, and high-breeding, a true French *polisson*; for he called the dog round her, made it jump on her

[1] See *ante*, p. 126.

shoulder, and amused himself as, in England, only a schoolboy or a professed fox-hunter would have dreamt of doing.

This, however, recovered me to a little ease, which his compliment had rather overset. Mr. Young hung back, nearly quite silent. Sarah was quiet when reconciled to the dog, or, rather, subdued by the Duke; and then, when I thought it completely out of his head, he tranquilly drew a chair next mine, and began a sort of separate conversation, which he suffered nothing to interrupt till we were summoned to dinner.

His subject was *Cecilia*; and he seemed not to have the smallest idea I could object to discussing it, any more than if it had been the work of another person.

I answered all his demands and interrogatories with a degree of openness I have never answered any other upon this topic; but the least hope of beguiling the misery of an *émigré* tames me.

Mr. Young listened with amaze, and all his ears, to the many particulars and elucidations which the Duke drew from me; he repeatedly called out he had heard nothing of them before, and rejoiced he was at least present when they were communicated.

This proved, at length, an explanation to the Duke himself, that, the moment he understood, made him draw back, saying, "Peut-être que je suis indiscret?" However, he soon returned to the charge; and when Mr. Young made any more exclamations, he heeded them not: he smiled, indeed, when Sarah also affirmed he had procured accounts she had never heard before; but he has all the air of a man not new to any mark of more than common favour.

At length we were called to dinner, during which he spoke of general things.

The French of Mr. Young, at table, was very comic; he never hesitates for a word, but puts English wherever he is at a loss, with a mock French pronunciation. *Monsieur Duc*, as he calls him, laughed once or twice, but clapped him on the back, called him *un brave homme*, and gave him instruction as well as encouragement in all his blunders.

When the servants were gone, the Duke asked me if anybody might write a letter to the King? I fancy he had some personal idea of this kind. I told him yes, but through the hands of a Lord of the Bedchamber, or some state officer, or a Minister. He seemed pensive, but said no more.

He inquired, however, if I had not read to the Queen; and seemed to wish to understand my office; but here he was far more circumspect than about *Cecilia*. He has lived so much in a Court, that he knew exactly how far he might inquire with the most scrupulous punctilio.

I found, however, he had imbibed the Jacobin notion that our beloved King was still disordered; for, after some talk upon his illness, and very grave and proper expressions concerning the affliction and terror it produced in the kingdom, he looked at me very fixedly, and, with an arching brow, said, "Mais, Mademoiselle—après tout—le Roi—est-il bien guéri?"

I gave him such assurances as he could not doubt from their simplicity, which resulted from their truth.

Mr. Young would hardly let Sarah and me retreat; however, we promised to meet soon to coffee.

I went away full of concern for his injuries, and fuller of amazement at the spirit with which he bore them.

When at last we met in the drawing-room, I

found the Duke all altered. Mr. Young had been forced away by business, and was but just returned, and he had therefore been left a few minutes by himself; the effect was visible, and extremely touching. Recollections and sorrow had retaken possession of his mind; and his spirit, his vivacity, his power of rallying, were all at an end. He was strolling about the room with an air the most gloomy, and a face that looked enveloped in clouds of sadness and moroseness. There was a *fierté* almost even fierce in his air and look, as, wrapped in himself, he continued his walk.

I felt now an increasing compassion: what must he not suffer when he ceases to fight with his calamities! Not to disturb him we talked with one another, but he soon shook himself and joined us; though he could not bear to sit down, or stand a moment in a place.

Sarah spoke of Madame Brulard, and, in a little malice, to draw him out, said her sister knew her very well.

The Duke, with eyes of fire at the sound, came up to me: "Comment, Mademoiselle! vous avez connu cette coquine de Brulard?" And then he asked me what I had thought of her.

I frankly answered that I had thought her charming; gay, intelligent, well-bred, well-informed, and amiable.

He instantly drew back, as if sorry he had named her so roughly, and looked at Sally for thus surprising him; but I immediately continued that I could now no longer think the same of her, as I could no longer esteem her; but I confessed my surprise had been inexpressible at her duplicity.

He allowed that, some years ago, she might have a better chance than now of captivation; for the deeper she had immersed in politics, the

more she had forfeited of feminine attraction. "Ah!" he cried, "with her talents—her knowledge—her parts—had she been modest, reserved, gentle, what a blessing might she have proved to her country! but she is devoted to intrigue and cabal, and proves its curse."

He then spoke with great asperity against all the *femmes de lettres* now known; he said they were commonly the most disgusting of their sex, in France, by their arrogance, boldness, and *mauvaises mœurs*.

I inquired if Mr. Young had shown him a letter from the Duke of Grafton,[1] which he had let me read in the morning. It was to desire Mr. Young would acquaint him if the Duc de Liancourt was still in Bury, and, if so, to wait upon him, in the Duke of Grafton's name, to solicit him to make Euston his abode while in England, and to tell him that he should have his apartments wholly unmolested, and his time wholly unbroken; that he was sensible, in such a situation of mind, he must covet much quiet and freedom from interruption and impertinence; and he therefore promised that, if he would honour his house with his residence, it should be upon the same terms as if he were in an hotel—that he would never know if he were at home or abroad, or even in town or in the country; and he hoped the Duc de Liancourt would make no more scruple of accepting such an asylum and retreat at his house than he would himself have done of accepting a similar one from the Duke in France, if the misfortunes of his own country had driven him to exile.

I was quite in love with the Duke of Grafton for this kindness. The Duc de Liancourt bowed to my question, and seemed much gratified with

[1] Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke of Grafton, 1735-1811. His seat was at Euston Hall, Thetford, Suffolk.

the invitation; but I see he cannot brook obligation; he would rather live in a garret, and call it his own.

He told me, however, with an air of some little pleasure, that he had received just such another letter from Lord Sheffield.[1] I believe both these noblemen had been entertained at Liancourt[2] some years ago.

I inquired after Madame la Duchesse, and I had the satisfaction to hear she was safe in Switzerland. The Duke told me she had purchased an estate there.

He inquired very particularly after your Juniper colony, and M. de Narbonne, but said he most wished to meet with M. d'Arblay,[3] who was a friend and favourite of his eldest son.

Mr. Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney

November 15, 1792.

Dear Madam—Your very kind letter afforded me uncommon satisfaction, for I had from your silence formed an opinion that you were very ill; and, from the length of your silence, that this illness must necessarily be of an alarming and dangerous nature. It gives me great pleasure to find that my fears were vain, and that I shall be again favoured both with your correspondence and rational conversation.

I have been, till very lately, in continual fears from the wickedness and degeneracy of numbers in this nation, and from the treasonable purposes which they have dared openly to avow; but, thanks to God, these sons of sedition are fewer than

[1] John Baker Holroyd, Lord Sheffield, 1735-1821. He was the friend of Gibbon.

[2] The château of the Dukes of Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Liancourt, Canton de l'Oise.

[3] This is the first mention of M. d'Arblay (see *post*, p. 137).

I imagined, and their influence and power not equal to their wishes. The sense of the nation is otherwise directed, and the people's attachment to the best of kings is not to be shaken. His Majesty's speech, I think, is very happily calculated, and cannot but please all those who are well affected.

You are very good in speaking so favourably of my little treatise;[1] and as I know that you are always sincere, it gives me much satisfaction. It has certainly been well received, as appears by the quick sale, though the town has been empty, but more especially from letters which I have received from some of the most eminent of the bishops and clergy, and by accounts from the two universities.

When I look upon our two sister kingdoms I see a cloud which seems to be gathering, but I trust in Providence that it will dissolve and vanish, and that calm sunshine will be universally restored. The outrageous behaviour and cruelties of the French must surely awaken all Europe. I should think that no power would remain unconcerned. From the most early annals to this day we read of nothing similar to the events which have disgraced these times. But these violences are too great to be lasting; this wickedness cannot long endure; and I believe many of our nation have been shocked by these horrid extravagances, and preserved from a similar corruption. I am, with the truest esteem,

My dear Madam,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble servant, JACOB BRYANT.

It is hoped that some pages from Mrs. Phillips's journalising letters to her sister, written at this period, may not be unacceptable; since they give

[1] See *ante*, p. 113.

particulars concerning several distinguished actors and sufferers in the French Revolution, and also contain the earliest description of M. d'Arblay.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney

Mickleham, *November*, 1792.

It gratifies me very much that I have been able to interest you for our amiable and charming neighbours.

Mrs. Lock had been so kind as to pave the way for my introduction to Madame de la Châtre, and carried me on Friday to Juniper Hall, where we found M. de Montmorency, a *ci-devant duc*, and one who gave some of the first great examples of sacrificing personal interest to what was then considered the public good. I know not whether you will like him the better when I tell you that from him proceeded the motion for the abolition of titles in France; but if you do not, let me, in his excuse, tell you he was scarcely one-and-twenty when an enthusiastic spirit impelled him to this, I believe, ill-judged and mischievous act. My curiosity was greatest to see M. de Jaucourt, because I remembered many lively and spirited speeches made by him during the time of the *Assemblée Législative*, and that he was a warm defender of my favourite hero, M. Lafayette.

Of M. de Narbonne's abilities we could have no doubt from his speeches and letters whilst Ministre de la Guerre, which post he did not quit till last May. By his own desire he then joined Lafayette's army, and acted under him; but, on the 10th of August, he was involved, with perhaps nearly all the most honourable and worthy of the French nobility, accused as a traitor by the Jacobins, and obliged to fly from his country.

M. d'Argenson[1] was already returned to France, and Madame de Broglie had set out the same day, November 2nd, hoping to escape the decree against the emigrants.

Madame de la Châtre received us with great politeness. She is about thirty-three; an elegant figure, not pretty, but with an animated and expressive countenance; very well read, *pleine d'esprit*, and, I think, very lively and charming.

A gentleman was with her whom Mrs. Lock had not yet seen, M. d'Arblay.[2] She introduced him, and, when he had quitted the room, told us he was adjutant-general to M. Lafayette, *maréchal de camp*, and in short the first in military rank of those who had accompanied that general when he so unfortunately fell into the hands of the Prussians; but, not having been one of the *Assemblée Constituante*, he was allowed, with four others, to proceed into Holland, and there M. de Narbonne wrote to him. "Et comme il l'aime infiniment," said Madame de la Châtre, "il l'a prié de venir vivre avec lui." He had arrived only two days before. He is tall, and a good figure, with an open and manly countenance; about forty, I imagine.

It was past twelve. However, Madame de la Châtre owned she had not breakfasted — *ces messieurs* were not yet ready. A little man, who looked very *triste* indeed, in an old-fashioned suit of clothes, with long flaps to a waistcoat embroidered in silks no longer very brilliant, sat in a corner of the room. I could not imagine who he was, but when he spoke was immediately convinced he was no Frenchman. I afterwards heard he had been engaged by M. de Narbonne for a year, to teach

[1] Perhaps Marc-René, Comte le Voyer de Paulmy d'Argenson, 1771 1842, son of the Marquis d'Argenson. He was one of La Fayette's *aides-de-camp*.

[2] Alexandre-Gabriel-Piochard (or Pieuchard) d'Arblay, Fanny's future husband (see also *post*, p. 139).

him and all the party English. He had had a place in some college in France at the beginning of the Revolution, but was now driven out and destitute. His name is Clarke. He speaks English with an accent *tant soit peu* Scotch.

Madame de la Châtre, with great *franchise*, entered into details of her situation and embarrassment, whether she might venture, like Madame de Broglie, to go over to France, in which case she was *dans le cas où elle pouvoit toucher sa fortune* immediately. She said she could then settle in England, and settle comfortably. M. de la Châtre, it seems, previous to his joining the King's brothers, had settled upon her her whole fortune. She and all her family were great favourers of the original Revolution; and even at this moment she declares herself unable to wish the restoration of the old *régime*, with its tyranny and corruptions — persecuted and ruined as she and thousands more have been by the unhappy consequences of the Revolution.

M. de Narbonne now came in. He seems forty, rather fat, but would be handsome were it not for a slight cast of one eye. He was this morning in great spirits. Poor man! It was the only time I have ever seen him so. He came up very courteously to me, and begged leave *de me faire sa cour* at Mickleham, to which I graciously assented.

Then came M. de Jaucourt, whom I instantly knew by Mr. Lock's description. He is far from handsome, but has a very intelligent countenance, fine teeth, and expressive eyes. I scarce heard a word from him, but liked his appearance exceedingly, and not the less for perceiving his respectful and affectionate manner of attending to Mr. Lock; but when Mr. Lock reminded us that Madame de la Châtre had not breakfasted, we took leave,

after spending an hour, in a manner so pleasant and so interesting that it scarcely appeared ten minutes.

Wednesday, November 7.—Phillips was at work in the parlour, and I had just stepped into the next room for some papers I wanted, when I heard a man's voice, and presently distinguished these words: "Je ne parle pas trop bien l'Anglois, monsieur." I came forth immediately to relieve Phillips, and then found it was M. d'Arblay.

I received him *de bien bon cœur*, as courteously as I could. The adjutant of M. Lafayette, and one of those who proved faithful to that excellent general, could not but be interesting to me. I was extremely pleased at his coming, and more and more pleased with himself every moment that passed. He seems to me a true *militaire, franc et loyal*—open as the day—warmly affectionate to his friends—intelligent, ready, and amusing in conversation, with a great share of *gaieté de cœur*, and, at the same time, of *naïveté* and *bonne foi*. He was no less flattering to little Fanny than M. de Narbonne had been.

We went up into the drawing-room with him, and met Willy on the stairs, and Norbury capered before us. "Ah, Madame!" cried M. d'Arblay, "la jolie petite maison que vous avez, et les jolis petits hôtes!" looking at the children, the drawings, etc. etc. He took Norbury on his lap and played with him. I asked him if he was not proud of being so kindly noticed by the adjutant-general of M. Lafayette?[1] "Est-ce qu'il sait le nom de M. Lafayette?" said he, smiling. I said

[1] Marie-Joseph-Paul-Roch-Yves-Gilbert Du Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, 1757-1834, General of the army of Flanders in the war of the first coalition against France. Outlawed for his disapproval of the treatment of Louis XVI., he had quitted his country to seek some neutral place of refuge; but had been detained by the Austrians, who kept him prisoner for five years (see *post*, under October 16, 1797).

he was our hero. "Ah! nous voilà donc bons amis! Il n'y a pas de plus brave homme sur la terre!" "Et comme on l'a traité!" cried I. A little shrug and his eyes cast up, was the answer. I said I was thankful to see at least one of his faithful friends here. I asked if M. Lafayette was allowed to write and receive letters. He said yes, but they were always given to him open.

Norbury now (still seated on his lap) took courage to whisper him, "Were you, sir, put in prison with M. Lafayette?" "Oui, mon ami.' "And—was it quite dark?" I was obliged, laughing, to translate this curious question. M. d'Arblay laughed too: "Non, mon ami," said he, "on nous a mis d'abord dans une assez jolie chambre—c'etoit à Nivelle." "Vous y'étiez avec M. Lafayette, monsieur?" "Oui, madame, pour quelques jours, et puis on nous a séparés."

I lamented the hard fate of the former, and the rapid and wonderful *revers* he had met with after having been, as he well merited to be, the most popular man in France. This led M. d'Arblay to speak of M. de Narbonne, to whom I found him passionately attached. Upon my mentioning the sacrifices made by the French nobility, and by a great number of them voluntarily, he said no one had made more than M. de Narbonne; that, previous to the Revolution, he had more wealth and more power than almost any except the Princes of the Blood.

For himself, he mentioned his fortune and his income from his appointments as something immense, but I never remember the number of hundred thousand livres, nor can tell what their amount is without some consideration. "Et me voilà, madame, réduit à rien, hormis un peu d'argent comptant, et encore très peu. Je ne sais encore ce que Narbonne pourra retirer des débris de sa

fortune; mais, quoique ce soit, nous le partagerons ensemble. Je ne m'en fais pas le moindre scrupule, puisque nous n'avons eu qu'un intérêt commun, et nous nous sommes toujours aimés comme frères."

I wish I could paint to you the manly *franchise* with which these words were spoken; but you will not find it difficult to believe that they raised MM. de Narbonne and d'Arblay very high in my estimation.

The next day Madame de la Châtre was so kind as to send me the French papers, by her son, who made a silent visit of about five minutes.

Friday morning.—I sent Norbury with the French papers, desiring him to give them to M. d'Arblay. He stayed a prodigious while, and at last came back attended by M. de Narbonne, M. de Jaucourt, and M. d'Arblay. M. de Jaucourt is a delightful man—as comic, entertaining, unaffected, unpretending, and good-humoured as dear Mr. Twining, only younger, and not quite so black. He is a man likewise of first-rate abilities—M. de Narbonne says, perhaps superior to Vaublanc[1]—and of very uncommon firmness and integrity of character.

The account Mr. Batt gave of the National Assembly last summer[2] agrees perfectly with that of M. de Jaucourt, who had the misfortune to be one of the deputies, and who, upon some great occasion in support of the King and Constitution, found only twenty-four members who had courage to support him, though a far more considerable number gave him secretly their good wishes and prayers. It was on this that he regarded all hope of justice and order as lost, and that he gave in *sa démission* from the Assembly. In a few days he was seized, and, *sans forme de procès*, having lost

[1] Vincent-Marie Viennot de Vaublanc, 1756-1845, president of the *Assemblée*.

[2] See *ante*, p. 85.

his inviolability as a member, thrown into the prison of the *Abbaye*, where, had it not been for the very extraordinary and admirable exertions of Madame de Staël (M. Necker's daughter, and the Swedish ambassador's wife), he would infallibly have been massacred.[1]

I must here tell you that this lady, who was at that time seven months gone with child, was indefatigable in her efforts to save every one she knew from this dreadful massacre. She walked daily (for carriages were not allowed to pass in the streets) to the Hôtel de Ville, and was frequently shut up for five hours together with the horrible wretches that composed the *Comité de Surveillance*, by whom these murders were directed; and by her eloquence, and the consideration demanded by her rank and her talents, she obtained the deliverance of above twenty unfortunate prisoners, some of whom she knew but slightly.

. . . . . .

M. de Narbonne brought me two volumes of new *Contes Moraux*, by Marmontel, who is yet living: they are printed at Liège, and in this year, 1792.[2] He was in very depressed spirits, I saw, and entered into some details of his late situation with great openness. Though honoured by the Jacobins with the title of traitor, all his friends here concur in saying he has ever been truly *constitutionnaire*, that is, of the same party as Lafayette. Last May *il donna sa démission* of the place of *Ministre de la Guerre*, being annoyed in all his proceedings by the Jacobins, and prevented from serving his country effectually by the instability of the King, for whom he nevertheless professes a sincere personal attachment. "Mais il m'a été

[1] See *post*, under February 4 and October 27, 1793.

[2] Jean-François Marmontel, 1723-99. The *Nouveaux Contes Moraux* appeared in 1791-1792. They were translated into English by Charles Denis and Churchill's friend, Robert Lloyd, in 1795.

impossible de le servir—il l'a été à tous ses meilleurs amis, et par ses vertus et par ses défauts; car—il le faut avouer—il ne pouvait se fier à lui-même, et il était en conséquence défiant de tout le monde."

Madame de la Châtre and M. de Jaucourt have since told me that M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay had been treated with singular ingratitude by the King, whom they nevertheless still loved as well as forgave. They likewise say he wished to get rid of M. de Narbonne from the Ministry, because he could not trust him with his projects of *contre* revolution.

M. d'Arblay was the officer on guard at the Tuileries the night on which the King, etc., escaped to Varennes,[1] and ran great risk of being denounced, and perhaps massacred, though he had been kept in the most perfect ignorance of the King's intention.

. . . . . .

The next Sunday, November 18, Augusta and Amelia[2] came to me after church, very much grieved at the inhuman decrees just passed in the Convention, including as emigrants, with those who have taken arms against their country, all who have quitted it since last July; and adjudging their estates to confiscation, and their persons to death should they return to France.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Clarke, "it reduces this family to nothing: all they can hope is, by the help of their parents and friends, to get together wherewithal to purchase a cottage in America, and live as they can."

I was more shocked and affected by this account than I could very easily tell you. To complete the tragedy, M. de Narbonne had determined to write an offer—a request rather—to be allowed to appear as a witness in behalf of the King, upon his

[1] June 21, 1791. [2] Mr. Locke's daughters.

trial; and M. d'Arblay had declared he would do the same, and share the fate of his friend whatever it might be.

On Tuesday, the 20th, I called to condole with our friends on these new misfortunes. Madame de la Châtre received me with politeness, and even cordiality: she told me she was a little recovered from the first shock—that she should hope to gather together a small *débris* of her fortune, but never enough to settle in England—that, in short, her *parti était pris*—that she must go to America. It went to my heart to hear her say so. Presently came in M. Girardin.[1] He is son to the Marquis de Girardin d'Ermenonville, the friend of Rousseau, whose last days were passed, and whose remains are deposited, in his domain.[2] This M. Girardin was a pupil of Rousseau; he was a member of the Legislative Assembly, and an able opponent of the Jacobins.

It was to him that M. Merlin,[3] *après bien de gestes menaçans*, had held a pistol, in the midst of the Assembly. His father was a mad republican, and never satisfied with the rational spirit of patriotism that animated M. Girardin; who witnessing the distress of all the friends he most esteemed and honoured, and being himself in personal danger from the enmity of the Jacobins, had, as soon as the *Assemblée Législative* broke up, quitted Paris, I believe, firmly determined never to re-enter it under the present *régime*.

I was prepossessed very much in favour of this gentleman, from his conduct in the late Assembly and all we had heard of him. I confess I had not

[1] Cécile-Stanislas-Xavier-Louis, Comte de Girardin, 1762-1827. He was on a mission to England at this date.

[2] On October 11, 1794, Rousseau's remains were transferred to the Pantheon from the Isle of Poplars at Ermenonville.

[3] Antoine-Christophe Merlin, called Merlin de Thionville, 1762-1833, Member of the Convention.

represented him to myself as a great, fat, heavy-looking man, with the manners of a somewhat hard and morose Englishman: he is between thirty and forty, I imagine; he had been riding as far as to the cottage Mr. Malthouse had mentioned to him —*l'asile de Jean-Jacques*,—and said it was very near this place (it is at the foot of Leith Hill, Mr. Lock has since told me).[1]

They then talked over the newspapers which were come that morning. M. de St. Just,[2] who made a most fierce speech for the trial and condemnation of the King, they said had before only been known by little madrigals, romances, and *épîtres tendres*, published in the *Almanac des Muses*. "A cette heure," said M. de Jaucourt, laughing, "c'est un fier républicain. Enfin voilà l'Abbé Fouché[3] qui prend la parole. Ah, mais il ne s'en tire pas mal." "Oui, en vérité," said Madame de la Châtre; "il montre de l'esprit; ses raisonnemens sont tous justes ce qu'il faut pour persuader la Convention."

For Condorcet,[4] in despite of his abilities, they feel a sovereign contempt. They spoke of his ingratitude to the Duc de la Rochefoucault[5] with great disgust, and of the terrible end of that most respectable man with a mixture of concern and indignation that left them and us for a few minutes silent and in a kind of consternation.

It appears that there is an exception in the detestable law concerning the emigrants, in favour of such persons as are established in other countries in any trade. M. de Jaucourt said, "Il me paraît

[1] During his stay in England (1766-67), Rousseau had thought of settling in Surrey (Morley's *Rousseau*, 1873, ii. 287).

[2] Antoine-Louis-Léon de Saint-Just, 1767-94. He was returned to the Convention for Aisne, and made fierce speeches against the King.

[3] Joseph Fouché, 1754-1820,—"a name to become well known," says Carlyle (see *post*, under 1812).

[4] Marie-Jean-Antoine-Nicolas de Caritat, Marquis de Condorcet, 1743-1794. He voted that the King should receive the most severe punishment, except death.

[5] See *ante*, p. 126.

que j'ai un peu vocation pour la cuisine: je me ferai cuisinier. Savez-vous ce que m'a dit ce matin notre cuisinier? Il me consultait sur les dangers qu'il courrait, lui, en retournant en France. 'Pourtant, monsieur,' il m'a dit, 'il y a une exception pour les *artistes*.' Moi, je serai cuisinier artiste aussi."

Speaking of the hard-bought liberty his country had gained, "Bah!" cried M. Girardin; "peut-on appeler cela la liberté?" "Mais ils l'auront," said M. de Jaucourt energetically, "et ce qui me fâche le plus c'est qu'ils ne veulent pas me permettre d'en dire du bien; ils ont gâté la cause."

M. de Narbonne delighted me by his accounts of M. de Lafayette, who is, I am now certain, precisely the character I took him to be—one whom prosperity could never have corrupted, and that misfortune will never subdue. "An excess of *bonté de cœur*," M. d'Arblay said, "was almost the only fault he knew him to have." This made him so unwilling to suspect of treachery some of those who called themselves his friends, that it was almost impossible to put him on his guard. "Il caressait ceux qui cherchaient à l'égorger."

Tuesday, November 27.—Phillips and I determined at about half-past one to walk to *Junipère* together.

M. d'Arblay received us at the door, and showed the most flattering degree of pleasure at our arrival.

We found with Madame de la Châtre another French gentleman, M. Sicard,[1] who was also an officer of M. de Lafayette's.

M. de Narbonne said he hoped we would be sociable, and dine with them now and then. Madame de la Châtre made a speech to the same effect. "Et quel jour, par exemple," said M. de Narbonne, "feroit mieux qu'aujourd'hui?"

[1] M. Sicard had just arrived from Holland (see *post*, p. 149).

Madame de la Châtre took my hand instantly, to press in the most pleasing and gratifying manner imaginable this proposal; and before I had time to answer, M. d'Arblay, snatching up his hat, declared he would run and fetch the children.

I was obliged to entreat Phillips to bring him back, and entreated him to *entendre raison.*

"Mais, mais, madame," cried M. de Narbonne, "ne soyez pas disgracieuse."

"Je ne suis pas disgracieuse," answered I, *assez naïvement,* which occasioned a general comical but not affronting laugh: "sur ce sujet au moins," I had the modesty to add. I pleaded their late hour of dinner, our having no carriage, and my disuse to the night air at this time of the year; but M. de Narbonne said their cabriolet (they have no other carriage) should take us home, and that there was a top to it, and Madame de la Châtre declared she would cover me well with shawls, etc.

"Allons, allons," cried M. d'Arblay; "voilà qui est fait, car je parie que Monsieur Phillips n'aura pas le courage de nous refuser."

Effectivement, Monsieur Phillips was perfectly agreeable; so that all my efforts were vain, and I was obliged to submit, in despite of various worldly scruples, to pass a most charmingly pleasant day.

M. d'Arblay scampered off for the little ones, whom all insisted upon having, and Phillips accompanied him, as it wanted I believe almost four hours to their dinner-time.

J'eus beau dire que ce seroit une visite comme on n'en fait jamais. "Ce sera," said Madame de la Châtre, "ce qu'il nous faut; ce sera une journée."

Then my dress: Oh, it was *parfaite,* and would give them all the courage to remain as they were, *sans toilette*: in short, nothing was omitted to render us comfortable and at our ease, and I have seldom passed a more pleasant day—never, I may

fairly say, with such new acquaintance. I was only sorry M. de Jaucourt did not make one of the party.

Whilst M. d'Arblay and Phillips were gone, Madame de la Châtre told me they had that morning received M. Necker's *Défense du Roi*,[1] and if I liked it that M. de Narbonne would read it out to us. You may conceive my answer. It is a most eloquent production, and was read by M. de Narbonne with *beaucoup d'âme*. Towards the end it is excessively touching, and his emotion was very evident, and would have struck and interested me had I felt no respect for his character before.

I must now tell you the secret of his birth, which, however, is, I conceive, no great secret even in London, as Phillips heard it at Sir Joseph Banks's. Madame Victoire, daughter of Louis XV., was in her youth known to be attached to the Comte de Narbonne, father of our M. de Narbonne. The consequence of this attachment was such as to oblige her to a temporary retirement, under the pretence of indisposition; during which time la Comtesse de Narbonne, who was one of her attendants, not only concealed her own chagrin, but was the means of preserving her husband from a dangerous situation, and the Princess from disgrace. She declared *herself* with child, and, in short, arranged all so well as to *seem* the mother of her husband's son; though the truth was immediately suspected, and rumoured about the Court, and Madame de la Châtre told me, was known and familiarly spoken of by all her friends, except in the presence of M. de Narbonne, to whom no one would certainly venture to hint it. His father is dead, but la Comtesse de Narbonne, his reputed

[1] Jacques Necker, 1732-1804, "Ministre des Finances," with an interval, from 1788 to 1790, when he resigned. His "*Défense du Roi*" appeared at Paris in 1792 under the title, *Réflexions présentées à la Nation Française sur le procès intenté à Louis XVI.*, and it was translated into English in 1793.

mother, lives, and is still an attendant on Madame Victoire, at Rome. M. de Narbonne's wife is likewise with her, and he himself was the person fixed on by Mesdames to accompany them when they quitted France for Italy. An infant daughter was left by him at Paris, who is still there with some of his family, and whom he expressed an earnest wish to bring over, though the late decree may perhaps render his doing so impossible. He has another daughter, of six years old, who is with her mother at Rome, and whom he told me the Pope had condescended to embrace. He mentioned his mother once (meaning la Comtesse de Narbonne) with great respect and affection.

How sorry I was to find that M. Sicard and M. d'Arblay believed the account given in the newspapers, of the very severe treatment of M. de Lafayette and his companions![1] They added that the Prussians themselves were *indignés* at the treatment these gentlemen had received. M. Sicard, who is but just arrived from Holland, gave the same account. Would you believe it?—a corporal is appointed to call to them and insist on an answer every fifteen minutes, day and night, so that they can never have more than ten minutes of undisturbed sleep! What a barbarity!—added to this, depriving them of books, pen and ink, pencils, or anything whatever which might tend to while away their melancholy moments. I have been haunted by this sad account ever since.

. . . . . .

S. P.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips

Aylsham, Norfolk, *November* 27, '92.

My dearest Susanna's details of the French colony at Juniper are truly interesting. I hope I may

[1] See *ante*, p. 139.

gather from them that M. de Narbonne, at least, has been able to realise some property here. I wish much to hear that poor Madame de Broglie has been permitted to join her husband.

Who is this M. Malouet[1] who has the singular courage and feeling to offer to plead the cause of a fallen Monarch in the midst of his ferocious accusers? And how ventures M. de Chauvelin[2] to transmit such a proposal? I wish your French neighbours could give some account of this. I hear that the son for whom the Duc de Liancourt has been trembling has been reduced to subscribe to all Jacobin lengths, to save his life, and retain a little property. What seasons are these for dissolving all delicacy of internal honour!

I am truly amazed, and half alarmed, to find this county filled with little revolution societies, which transmit their notions of things to the larger committee at Norwich, which communicates the whole to the reformists of London. I am told there is scarce a village in Norfolk free from these meetings.

I have been again to Thornham to Mrs. Rishton, and a week brought so back all old and early attachment and feelings to her bosom, that our parting was a tragedy on her side. On mine, the calls away predominated too forcibly for such sympathy; but I was both glad and sorry. I have been also, at last, introduced to Mrs. Coke,[3] and I think her one of the sweetest women, on a short acquaintance, I have ever met with.

My good and brilliant champion in days of old, Mr. Windham, has never been in Norfolk since

[1] Pierre-Victor, Baron Malouet, 1740-1814. He applied to the Convention from England, in October 1792, to be permitted to defend Louis XVI.

[2] Bernard-François, Marquis de Chauvelin, 1766-1832, at this time French Ambassador in London. After the death of Louis XVI. he was requested to quit the kingdom.

[3] Mrs. Coke of Holkham, Mrs. Rishton's Mrs. Thrale.

I have entered it. He had a call to Bulstrode, to the installation of the Duke of Portland, just as I arrived, and he has been engaged there and at Oxford ever since. I regret missing him at Holkham: I had no chance of him anywhere else, as I have been so situated, from the melancholy circumstances of poor Mr. Francis's illness, that I have been unable to make acquaintance where he visits.

I will be very discreet, my dearest Susan, in the points that require it; *au reste*, I like to inspire those I see with an interest for your little colony at Juniper Hall, by such recitals as are safe,—especially as all the *constituants* are now reviled as authors and originators of all the misfortunes of France, from arrogant self-sufficiency in their powers to stop as well as begin when they pleased.

Miss Burney's second visit at Aylsham proved a very mournful one. Soon after her arrival, Mr. Francis, her brother-in-law, was seized with an apoplectic fit, which terminated in his death; and Miss Burney remained with her widowed sister, soothing and assisting her, till the close of the year, when she accompanied the bereaved family to London.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney

December 16, '92.

. . . . . .

Everything that is most shocking may, I fear, be expected for the unfortunate King of France, his Queen, and perhaps all that belong to him. M. d'Arblay said it would indeed scarce have been possible to hope that M. de Narbonne could have escaped with life, had the *sauf-conduit* requested been granted him, for attending as a witness at the King's trial.

"Mais," said M. d'Arblay, "il désiroit vivement de servir le Roi; il y croyoit même son honneur intéressé; et pour lors—ma foi! l'on ne craint pas la mort. Si j'avois espéré de pouvoir être utile au Roi, je vous jure que rien ne m'auroit retenu; mais puisque l'on ne veut pas qu'il ait des défenseurs, et qu'enfin on a poussé l'atrocité jusqu'à un tel excès, jamais je ne retournerai en France."

"Mais si fait," said Mr. Lock, "si les choses viennent à changer?"

"Pardonnez-moi, monsieur; je ne vois point d'espérance de tranquillité dans ma malheureuse patrie pendant mes jours: le peuple est tellement vitié par l'impunité du crime, par les désordres de tout espèce, par l'habitude de voir couler le sang, qu'enfin, selon toutes les apparences, il n'y aura ni paix ni sureté de trente ou quarante ans à venir en France. Heureusement pour nous," he added more cheerfully, "vous nous avez adoptés, et j'espère que nous ne vous quitterons plus."

Speaking of M. Lafayette, and of the diatribes that have been published against him, he expressed warmly his concern and indignation, saying, his judgment, perhaps, had not been always infallible; "mais pour ses vues, pour ses intentions, j'ose en répondre: il n'y a pas d'homme plus brave, ni plus véritablement honnête homme. Il y a des personnes qui m'ont dit, et répété jusqu'à ce que j'en ai été impatienté, qu'il avoit perdu toutes les occasions de faire de grands coups, lorsqu'il avoit dans tout le royaume autant de pouvoir que Cromwell en avait de son tems. A la bonne heure—s'il avoit voulu être Cromwell; car il est très vrai que, pour faire le mal, il en avait tout le pouvoir; mais, pour faire le bien (et tout ce qu'il désiroit faire c'étoit le bien), c'était, je vous jure, une toute autre difficulté. Les tems d'ailleurs sont infiniment changés depuis l'époque de Cromwell. On ne peut plus mener des

milliers d'hommes comme autant de troupeaux. Dans l'armée de M. Lafayette il y avoit des volontaires innombrables,—auteurs distingués, hommes de lettres, artistes (David, par exemple, le premier de nos artistes[1]),—tous voulant juger de toutes choses par eux-mêmes; tirant de cent manières différentes; ayant tous leur parties à eux, et presque tous des fous absolument, criant pour la liberté et la patriotisme avec encore plus de fureur que les gueux et les Sans-culottes. Et pourtant on persiste à dire que M. Lafayette aurait pu les tourner de telle manière qu'il l'aurait jugé à propos! Voilà comme on affirme, et comme on décide, dans ce monde!"

Yesterday, Saturday, December 15, at about noon, I was very pleasantly surprised by a visit from M. de Narbonne, who was as gracious and as pleasant as ever he could be. We talked over Marmontel's new tales,[2] which I believe I mentioned his having been so good as to lend me; he told me the author of them was in Paris, unhappy enough in seeing the state of public affairs. "Mais pour l'intérieur de sa maison, on ne peut guère voir de bonheur plus parfait: à soixante ans il a su trouver une femme aimable de trente, qui a bien voulu l'épouser. Elle lui est fort attachée; et lui —il semble toujours amant, et toujours pénétré d'une reconnaissance sans bornes de ce qu'elle veut bien lui permettre de respirer l'air de la même chambre qu'elle. C'est un homme rempli de sentiment et de douceur."

He had heard nothing new from France, but mentioned, with great concern, the indiscretion of the King, in having kept all his letters since the Revolution; that the papers lately discovered in

[1] Jacques-Louis David, the historical painter, 1748-1825. As a representative for Paris in the Convention he voted for the death of Louis XVI.

[2] See *ante*, p. 142.

the Tuileries would bring ruin and death on hundreds of his friends; and that almost every one in that number "s'y trouvoient compliqués" some way or other. A decree of accusation had been *lancé* against M. Talleyrand,[1] not for anything found from himself, but because M. de la Porte, long since executed, and from whom, of course, no *renseignemens* or explanations of any kind could be gained, had written to the King that l'Evêque d'Autun was well disposed to serve him. Can there be injustice more flagrant?

M. Talleyrand, it seems, had purposed returning, and hoped to settle his affairs in France in person, but now he must be content with life; and as for his property (save what he may chance to have in other countries), he must certainly lose all.

Monday, December 17, in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Lock called, and with them came Madame de la Châtre, to take leave.

She now told us, perfectly in confidence, that Madame de Broglie had found a friend in the Mayor of Boulogne, that she was lodged at his house, and that she could answer for her (Madame de la Châtre) being received by him as well as she could desire (all this must be secret, as this good Mayor, if accused of harbouring or befriending *des émigrés*, would no doubt pay for it with his life). Madame de la Châtre said, all her friends who had ventured upon writing to her entreated her not to lose the present moment to return, as, the three months allowed for the return of those excepted in the decree once past, all hope would be lost for ever. Madame de Broglie, who is her cousin, was most excessively urgent to her to lose not an instant in returning. "Vous croyez donc, madame," said

[1] Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, 1754-1838. He had been Bishop of Autun, but had given up the clerical career in 1791. In this month he was placed on the list of *émigrés*.

I, rather *tristement*, "y aller?" "Oui, sûrement, je l'espère; car, sans cela, tous mes projets sont anéanties. Si enfin je n'y pouvois aller, je serais réduite à presque rien!"

Madame de Broglie, she said, had declared there would be no danger. Madame de la Châtre was put in spirits by this account, and the hope of becoming not destitute of everything; and I tried to hope without fearing for her, and, indeed, most sincerely offer up my petitions for her safety.

Heaven prosper her! Her courage and spirits are wonderful. M. de Narbonne seemed, however, full of apprehensions for her. M. de Jaucourt seemed to have better hopes; he, even he, has now thoughts of returning, or rather his generosity compels him to think of it. His father has represented to him that his sister's fortune must suffer unless he appears in France again; and although he had resisted every other consideration, on this he has given way.

In France they are now printing, by order of the Convention, all the letters to the King's brothers which had been seized at Verdun and in other places; amongst them were some from "le traître Narbonne," in which he professed his firm and unalterable attachment to royalty, and made offers of his services to the Princes.

But the M. de Narbonne whose letters are printed is not our M. de Narbonne,[1] but a relation of his, a man of true honour, but a decided aristocrat from the beginning of the Revolution, who had consequently devoted himself to the party of the Princes. The Convention knew this perfectly, M. de Narbonne said, but it suited their purpose best to enter into no explanations, but to let all who were not so well informed conclude that "ce traître de Narbonne," and "ce scélérat de

[1] See *ante*, p. 117.

Narbonne," was the Minister, in whom such conduct would really have been a treachery, though in the real author of the letters it was the simple result of his principles—principles which he had never sought to conceal. He spoke with considerable emotion on the subject, and said that, after all his losses and all that he had undergone, that which he felt most severely was the expectation of being "confondu avec tous les scélérats de sa malheureuse patrie," not only "de son vivant," but by posterity.

Friday, December 21, we dined at Norbury Park, and met our French friends: M. d'Arblay came in to coffee before the other gentlemen. We had been talking of Madame de la Châtre, and *conjecturing conjectures* about her *sposo*: we were all curious, and all inclined to imagine him old, ugly, proud, aristocratic,—a kind of ancient and formal courtier; so we questioned M. d'Arblay, acknowledging our curiosity, and that we wished to know, *enfin*, if M. de la Châtre was "digne d'être l'époux d'une personne si aimable et si charmante que Madame de la Châtre." He looked very drolly, scarce able to meet our eyes; but at last, as he is *la franchise même*, he answered, "M. de la Châtre est un bon homme—parfaitement bon homme: au reste, il est brusque comme un cheval de carrosse."

We were in the midst of our coffee when St. Jean came forward to M. de Narbonne, and said somebody wanted to speak to him. He went out of the room; in two minutes he returned, followed by a gentleman in a great-coat, whom we had never seen, and whom he introduced immediately to Mrs. Lock by the name of M. de la Châtre.[1] The appearance of M. de la Châtre was something like a *coup de théâtre*; for, despite our curiosity, I had

[1] See *ante*, p. 117. Claude-Louis, Comte de Nançay, et Duc de La Châtre, 1745-1824. In 1793 he formed in England the *Loyal Emigrant* regiment which fought at Quiberon in 1795. He was afterwards ambassador to London.

no idea we should ever see him, thinking that nothing could detach him from the service of the French Princes.

His *abord* and behaviour answered extremely well the idea M. d'Arblay had given us of him, who in the word *brusque* rather meant unpolished in manners than harsh in character.

He is quite old enough to be father to Madame de la Châtre, and, had he been presented to us as such, all our wonder would have been to see so little elegance in the parent of such a woman.

After the first introduction was over, he turned his back to the fire, and began, *sans façon*, a most confidential discourse with M. de Narbonne. They had not met since the beginning of the revolution, and, having been of very different parties, it was curious and pleasant to see them now, in their mutual misfortunes, meet *en bons amis*. They rallied each other *sur leurs disgrâces* very good-humouredly and comically; and though poor M. de la Châtre had missed his wife by only one day, and his son by a few hours, nothing seemed to give him *de l'humeur*. He gave the account of his disastrous journey since he had quitted the Princes, who are themselves reduced to great distress, and were unable to pay him his arrears: he said he could not get a *sou* from France, nor had done for two years. All the money he had, with his papers and clothes, were contained in a little box, with which he had embarked in a small boat—I could not hear whence; but the weather was tempestuous, and he, with nearly all the passengers, landed, and walked to the nearest town, leaving his box and two faithful servants (who had never, he said, quitted him since he had left France) in the boat: he had scarce been an hour at the *auberge* when news was brought that the boat had sunk.

At this, M. de Narbonne threw himself back on

his seat, exclaiming against the hard fate which pursued all *ses malheureux amis*! "Mais attendez donc," cried the good-humoured M. de la Châtre, "je n'ai pas encore fini: on nous a assurés que personne n'a péri, et que même tout ce qu'il y avait sur le bâteau a été sauvé." He said, however, that, being now in danger of falling into the hands of the French, he dared not stop for his box or servants; but, leaving a note of directions behind him, he proceeded *incognito*, and at length got on board a packet-boat for England, in which though he found several of his countrymen and old acquaintance, he dared not discover himself till they were *en pleine mer*. "Et vous voyez bien qu'il n'y a pas de fin à mes malheureuses aventures, puisqu'en arrivant on m'apprend tout de suite que ma femme est partie hier pour la France, et Alfonse aujourd'hui; et Dieu sait si je le verrai, lui, d'ici à quarante ans!"

How very, very unfortunate! We were all truly sorry for him; however, he went on gaily enough, laughing at *ses amis les constitutionnaires*, and M. de Narbonne, with much more wit, and not less good-humour, retorting back his raillery on the *parti de Brunswick*.

"Eh bien," said M. de la Châtre; "chacun à son tour!—Vous avez été ruinés les premiers—chacun à son tour!—Vous avez fait une constitution qui ne pouvoit tenir."

"Pardon!" cried M. d'Arblay, with quickness: "on ne l'a pas essayée."

"Eh bien, elle est tombée toutefois — il n'en est plus question," said M. de la Châtre; "et nous n'avons plus qu'à mourir de faim gaiement ensemble."

M. de Narbonne said he had yet a few bottles of wine, and that he should not drink beer whilst he stayed with him.

M. de la Châtre mentioned the *quinzaine* in

which the Princes' army had been paid up, as the most wretched he had ever known. "C'étoit un désespoir, une douleur, une détresse de tous côtés, dont vous ne pouvez vous former une idée." Of 22,000 men who formed the army of the emigrants, 16,000 were gentlemen, — men of family and fortune: all of whom were now, with their families, destitute. He mentioned two of these who had engaged themselves lately in some orchestra, where they played first and second flute. —"Ils sont, je vous jure, l'envie de toute l'armée," said he; "car en général nous ne pouvons rien faire que nous battre quand on nous en donne l'occasion."

The Princes, he said, had been twice arrested for debt in different places—that they were now so reduced that they dined, themselves, the Comte d'Artois, children, tutors, etc. — eight or nine persons in all — upon one single dish; and that they burnt *de la chandelle*, "parceque les bougies coûtoient trop cher."

"Et les dames," said M. de Narbonne, *à demi-voix*, "que font elles?—Madame de Balby et les autres?"

"Elles n'y sont plus," said M. de la Châtre; adding, laughing, "C'est une réforme en tout."

I don't know whether I need tell you the ladies meant were the two Princes' mistresses, who have hitherto accompanied them everywhere.

M. de Narbonne asked how he had been able to travel on, since his money and clothes had been left behind.

"J'avois," said he, "ma bourse, bien heureusement; au reste, j'ai été obligé, en arrivant à Londres, de m'adresser à un tailleur, car on m'a assuré à l'auberge où j'étois, que dans l'habit que je portois on me montreroit au doigt. Eh bien, il m'a fait le gilet que tu vois, ces culottes" (in a

low voice, but laughing, to M. de Narbonne)—— They were, I must tell you, of the most common and cheap materials: but M. de Narbonne, interrupting him, gravely, but very good-naturedly, said,

"Eh bien; vous pouvez aller partout comme cela—ici on peut aller où l'on veut comme cela."

"Cette redingote," replied M. de la Châtre, who continued the whole evening in it, "il me l'a fait aussi. Mais pour l'habit, il n'y avoit pas moyen, puisque je ne voulois pas m'arrêter. Il m'a donc—*prêté le sien.*"

"Quoi? le tailleur?"

"Oui, lui-même: tu vois il ne va pas mal."

There was something so frank and so good-humoured in all this, that, added to the deplorable situation to which he was reduced, I could almost have cried, though it was impossible to forbear laughing.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock

Chelsea, *December* 20, '92.

I rejoice Mr. Lock will be able to attend the meeting. I hope for tolerable weather: but it would have grieved me to have had such a name out of a loyal list at such a time.

God keep us all safe and quiet! All now wears a fair aspect; but I am told Mr. Windham says we are not yet out of the wood, though we see the path through it. There must be no relaxation. The pretended friends of the people, pretended or misguided, wait but the stilling of the present ferment of loyalty to come forth. Mr. Grey has said so in the House. Mr. Fox attended the St. George's Meeting, after keeping back to the last, and was *nobody* there! Our Mr. North was present and amazed.

The accounts from France are thrilling. Poor M. d'Arblay's speech should be translated, and read to all English imitators of French reformers. What a picture of the *now reformed*! Mr. Burke's description of the martyred Duc de la Rochefoucault should be read also by all the few really pure promoters of new systems. New systems, I fear, in states, are always dangerous, if not wicked. Grievance by grievance, wrong by wrong, must only be assailed, and breathing time allowed to old prejudices, and old habits, between all that is done.

I had never heard of any *good* association six months ago; but I rejoice Mr. Lock had. I am glad, too, your neighbourhood is so loyal. I am sure such a colony of sufferers from state experiments, even with best intentions, ought to double all vigilance for running no similar risks — here too, where there are no similar calls! Poor M. d'Arblay's belief in perpetual banishment is dreadful: but Chabot's[1] horrible denunciation of M. de Narbonne made me stop for breath, as I read it in the papers.

I had fancied the letters brought for the King of France's trial were forgeries. One of them, certainly, to M. Bouillé,[2] had its answer dated before it was written. If any have been found, others will be added, to serve any evil purposes. Still, however, I hope the King and his family will be saved. I cannot but believe it, from all I can put together. If the worst of the Jacobins hear that Fox has called him an "unfortunate Monarch," —that Sheridan has said "his execution would be

[1] François Chabot, 1756-94, member of the Revolutionary Committee and of the Convention, and a fervent advocate for the total expulsion of *les aristocrates*.

[2] François-Claude-Amour, Marquis de Bouillé, 1739-1800, whose *Mémoires sur la Révolution Française* were published at London in 1797. He had endeavoured to assist Louis XVI. in the frustrated flight to Varennes.

an act of injustice,"—and Grey, "that we ought to have spared that *one blast to their glories* by earlier negotiation and an ambassador,"—surely the worst of these wretches will not risk losing their only abettors and palliators in this kingdom? I mean publicly; they have privately and individually their abettors and palliators in abundance still, wonderful as that is.

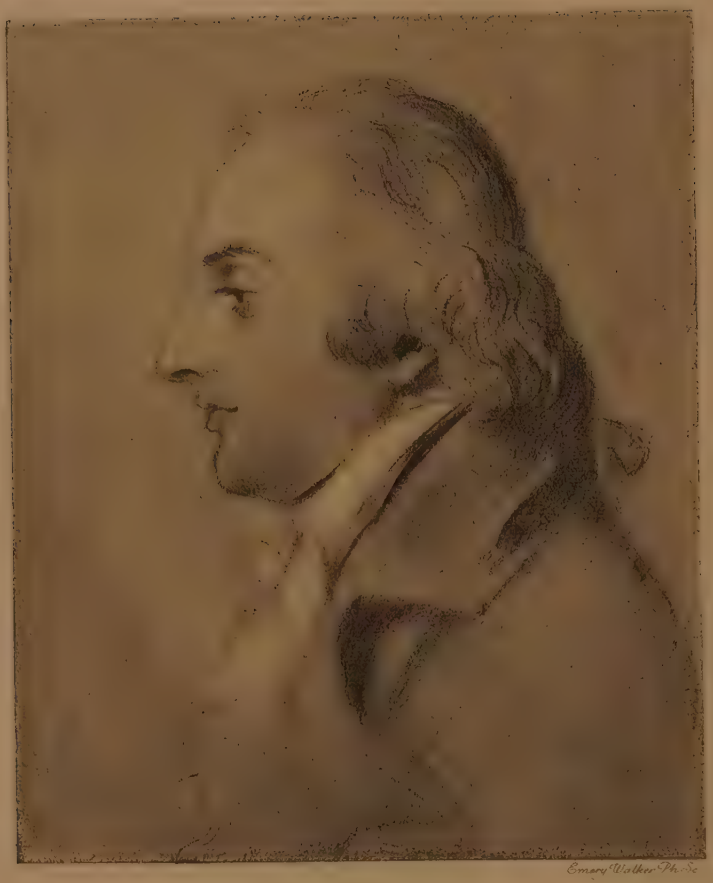
I am glad M. d'Arblay has joined the set at *Junipère*. What miserable work is this duelling, which I hear of among the emigrants, after such hair-breadth 'scapes for life and existence!—to attack one another on the very spot they seek for refuge from attacks! It seems a sort of profanation of safety.

I can assure you people of *all* descriptions are a little alarmed here, at the successes so unbounded of the whole Jacobin tribe, which seem now spreading contagion over the whole surface of the earth. The strongest original favourers of revolutions abroad, and reforms at home, I see, are a little scared: they will not say it; but they say they are *not*, uncalled upon; which is a constant result of secret and involuntary consciousness.

. . . . . .

F. B.

JUNIPER HALL FROM THE GROUNDS



Alexandre D'Arblay

From a crayon drawing.

Norbury Park, 1840

PART XLVIII

1793

Correspondence—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Execution of the French King—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Charles Fox's pamphlet against war with France—Lord Orford—A dinner at the Literary Club—Fox, Windham, Burke; the Bishops of Salisbury, Peterborough, Dromore; Duke of Leeds, Lord Ossory, Lord Lucan, etc.—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Madame de Staël at Mickleham—The last moments of the French King—His last words on the scaffold—Three English letters from Madame de Staël to Miss Burney—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Account of Madame de Staël—Her escape from massacre—Tallien—Malesherbes—M. d'Arblay—Talleyrand—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—M. Sicard—Conversation of Talleyrand—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Barry's discourse on Sir Joshua Reynolds—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Letter from Madame de Staël to Miss Burney—Mrs. Phillips to Mrs. Lock—M. de Lally Tolendal—M. de Talleyrand and the society at Juniper Hall—Madame de Staël's opinion on the Revolution—Letter from Madame de Staël to Miss Burney—Offer of marriage from General d'Arblay to Miss Burney—M. Dumont—Madame de Staël's work on the *Influence of the Passions*—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Marriage of M. d'Arblay and Miss Burney—Madame d'Arblay to Mrs.—— on her marriage—Madame de Staël to Madame d'Arblay on her marriage—*Éloge* of Norbury Park by Madame de Staël—Letter from Lally Tolendal to M. d'Arblay—Letter from Madame de la Fite to Madame d'Arblay.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock

January 8, 1793.

It is quite out of my power, my dearest friends, to leave town before the birthday, as I must then present myself at the Queen's house.

Your French colonies are truly attractive—I am sure they must be so to have caught me, so substantially, fundamentally, the foe of all their proceedings while in power. But the Duc de Liancourt taught me how little we can resist distress, even where self-incurred. M. de la Châtre, however, has my whole heart. I am his friend, not only upon the pleas of compassion due to all, but upon the firm basis of principle. My heart ached to read of his 22,000 fellow-sufferers for loyalty, original sense of duty, and a captive and injured master.

I like, too, his *brusque* and *franc* character. I have read the declaration of M. de Narbonne. It is certainly written with feeling and energy, and a good design; but I do not think it becoming, nor *bien honnête*, in a late minister and servant, at a time of such barbarous humiliation, to speak of the French King's weakness, and let him down so low, at the moment he is pleading in his favour. Yet something there is, hinting at regret for having possibly contributed to his disgrace by not helping to avert it, which touched me very much, from its candour, though it is a passage unfinished.

In short, what of misery can equal the misery of such a Revolution?—I am daily more and more in charity with all fixed governments. "Let every one mend one," as Will Chip says; and then states, as well as families, may be safely reformed. I hope you like *Village Politics*? It makes much noise in London, and is suspected to be written by some capital author.[1]

. . . . . .

F. B.

[1] *Village Politics*, by "Will Chip," was a tract in dialogue "addressed to all the Mechanics, Journeymen and day-labourers in Great Britain," issued anonymously by Hannah More in 1792, in order to counteract the spread of French revolutionary principles. It had an extraordinary success. "Many thousands were sent by government to Scotland and

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney

Norbury Park, *Monday, January* 28, '93.

My dearest Padre—I have been wholly without spirit for writing, reading, working, or even walking or conversing, ever since the first day of my arrival. The dreadful tragedy [1] acted in France has entirely absorbed me. Except the period of the illness of our own inestimable King, I have never been so overcome with grief and dismay, for any but personal and family calamities. Oh what a tragedy! how implacable its villany, and how severe its sorrows! You know, my dearest father, how little I had believed such a catastrophe possible: with all the guilt and all the daring already shown, I had still thought this a height of enormity impracticable. And, indeed, without military law throughout the wretched city, it had still not been perpetrated. Good Heaven!—what must have been the sufferings of the few unhardened in crimes who inhabit that city of horrors!—if I, an English person, have been so deeply afflicted, that even this sweet house and society—even my Susan and her lovely children—have been incapable to give me any species of pleasure, or keep me from a desponding low-spiritedness, what must be the feelings of all but the culprits in France!

M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay have been almost annihilated: they are for ever repining that they are French, and, though two of the most accomplished and elegant men I ever saw, they

Ireland. Numerous patriotic persons printed large editions of it at their own expense; and in London only, many hundred thousands were soon circulated" (*Memoirs of Hannah More*, 1834, ii. 346).

[1] The execution of Louis XVI. in the Place Louis Quinze (now the Place de la Concorde), January 21, 1793. In bk. viii. ch. x. of his *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, 1856, M. Louis Blanc records what he claims to be the truth in regard to this unhappy event. It differs in some respects from the account given to Mme. de Stael at p. 170.

break our hearts with the humiliation they feel for their guiltless birth in that guilty country!—"Est-ce vrai," cries M. de Narbonne, "que vous conservez encore quelque amitié, M. Lock, pour ceux qui ont la honte et le malheur d'être nés François?" —Poor man!—he has all the symptoms upon him of the jaundice; and M. d'Arblay, from a very fine figure and good face, was changed, as if by magic, in one night, by the receipt of this inexpiable news, into an appearance as black, as meagre, and as miserable as M. de la Blancherie.[1]

We are all here expecting war every day. This dear family has deferred its town journey till next Wednesday. I have not been at all at Mickleham, nor yet settled whether to return to town with the Locks, or to pay my promised visit there first. All has been so dismal, so wretched, that I have scarce ceased to regret our living at such times, and not either sooner or later.

These immediate French sufferers here interest us, and these alone have been able to interest me at all. We hear of a very bad tumult in Ireland, and near Captain Phillips's property:[2] Mr. Brabazon writes word it is very serious. Heaven guard us from insurrections! What must be the feelings at the Queen's house? how acute, and how indignant!

Adieu, most dear sir; I am sure we sympathise but too completely on this subject,—

And am ever your F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss Burney and Mrs. Phillips

Chelsea College, *Thursday, January* 31, 1793.

My dearest Girls, Fanny and Susy—I have little stomach to write. The horrors of last week's

[1] See *ante*, p. 43.

[2] Belcotton, in County Louth. Mr. Brabazon was Captain Phillips's near neighbour (see *post*, under January 8, 1797).

news still prey on my spirits, with the addition of new political disgusts. The cry of Charles Fox and his adherents, against a war on the French wild beasts, is so loud and clamorous, that I fear it will dismay honest men and real lovers of their country and constitution. He (Fox) has published a pamphlet,[1] which furnishes plenty of words, though not one new argument. He has merely dilated his late Whig and Parliamentary speeches; still stubbornly denying that there was any reason for calling Parliament so early, or for apprehending the country in the least danger from sedition or discontent; and urges stronger than ever the necessity of treating with France.

The most subtle and specious argument he uses is this: if we go to war, it cannot be determined that it shall last for ever; and peace can never be made, whatever may be the events of the war, without treating with France. To this I answer, that we neither want nor wish to meddle with the interior government of that country within its own limits, but to check their conquests and ravages without; to prevent their spreading anarchy, desolation, and atheism over all Europe; to prevent their sending emissaries into our own country to detach the King's subjects from their allegiance, and, by encouraging revolt, preparing and hastening a similar revolution here to that within their own country, which has been attended with such misery and horrors to all good men as were never equalled in any other period of the history of the world. God forbid I should wish any human creature so ill as to have the most distant idea, at present, of placing him on the torturing throne of France!—No, no; it will require ages to make the savages of that nation human creatures.

But if England does not try to prevent their

[1] *Letters to the Electors of Westminster*, January 26, 1793.

preying upon all the rest of the world, who or what else is likely to do it? They have voted an army of between 500,000 and 600,000 men for the next campaign. What but our fleet can impede their progress and subsistence? But, alas! Ireland, Scotland, and several English towns and counties, are said to be ripe for open rebellion; yet they will be more easily kept in obedience during war than peace. Government is most vigorous, and the laws more strictly executed against treason and rebellion, then, than in the piping times of peace. I think there is some chance, at least, of preserving our constitution and independence by opposing French doctrines and conquests; and none at all by waiting till they have a fleet and leisure to attack us.

I made Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) another visit a few days ago: I did not mention war to him; but we talked of nothing else but the French monsters, and their most saint-like Royal martyr! He says that France has produced at once in this age the extremes of virtue and vice, in the King and his accursed relation Egalité, which no other age ever knew.

At the club,[1] on Tuesday, the fullest I ever knew, consisting of fifteen members, fourteen seemed all of one mind, and full of reflections on the late transaction in France; but, when about half the company was assembled, who should come in but Charles Fox! There were already three or four bishops arrived, hardly one of whom could look at him, I believe, without horror. After the first bow and cold salutation, the conversation stood still for several minutes. During dinner Mr. Windham, and Burke, jun., came in, who were obliged to sit at a side table. All were *boutonnés*,[2] and not a word of the martyred King or politics of

[1] The Literary Club.

[2] Close, reserved.

any kind was mentioned; and though the company was chiefly composed of the most eloquent and loquacious men in the kingdom, the conversation was the dullest and most uninteresting I ever remember at this or any such large meeting. Mr. Windham and Fox, civil—young Burke and he never spoke. The Bishop of Peterborough as sulky as the d——l;[1] the Bishop of Salisbury, more a man of the world, very cheerful;[2] the Bishop of Dromore, frightened as much as a barn-door fowl at the sight of a fox;[3] Bishop Marlow preserved his usual pleasant countenance.[4] Steevens in the chair;[5] the Duke of Leeds on his right,[6] and Fox on his left, said not a word. Lords Ossory and Lucan, formerly much attached, seemed silent and sulky.

I have not time for more description. God bless you both, and all! C. B.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney

Norbury Park, *Monday, February* 4, '93.

How exactly do I sympathise in all you say and feel, my dear sir, upon these truly calamitous times! I hear daily more and more affecting accounts of the saint-like end of the martyred Louis. Madame de Staël,[7] daughter of M. Necker, is now at the head of the colony of French

[1] John Hinchcliffe, 1731-1794, Bishop of Peterborough from 1769 to 1794.

[2] John Douglas, 1721-1807, Bishop of Salisbury, 1791 to 1807.

[3] Thomas Percy, 1729-1811, Bishop of Dromore from 1782 to 1811.

[4] Richard Marlay, Bishop of Clonfert and Kilmacduagh from 1787 to 1795.

[5] George Steevens, 1736-1800, the critic and Shakespeare commentator.

[6] Francis Osborne, fifth Duke of Leeds, 1751-99 (see *ante*, vol. iv. p. 137).

[7] Anne-Louise-Germaine Necker, Baroness de Staël-Holstein, 1766-1817, only daughter of Jacques Necker the financier (see *ante*, p. 148). Her husband was Swedish ambassador to the court of France. She had left Paris for Coppet in September 1792, and came to England early in 1793.

noblesse, established near Mickleham. She is one of the first women I have ever met with for abilities and extraordinary intellect. She has just received, by a private letter, many particulars not yet made public, and which the Commune and Commissaries of the Temple had ordered should be suppressed. It has been exacted by those cautious men of blood that nothing should be printed that could *attendrir le peuple.*

Among other circumstances, this letter relates that the poor little Dauphin supplicated the monsters who came with the decree of death to his unhappy father, that they would carry him to the Convention, and the forty-eight Sections of Paris, and suffer him to beg his father's life.

This touching request was probably suggested to him by his miserable mother or aunt. When the King left the Temple to go to the place of sacrifice, the cries of his wretched family were heard, loud and shrill, through the courts without!—Good Heaven! what distress and horror equalled ever what they must then experience?

When he arrived at the scaffold, his Confessor,[1] as if with the courage of inspiration, called out to him aloud, after his last benediction, "Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel!"[2]—The King ascended with firmness, and meant to harangue his guilty subjects; but the wretch Santerre said he was not there to speak, and the drums drowned the words, except to those nearest the terrible spot. To those he audibly was heard to say, "Citoyens, je meurs

[1] Henry Essex Edgeworth de Firmont (the Abbé Edgeworth), 1745-1807. He had been confessor to the French Princess Elizabeth.

[2] "Edgeworth"—says Mr. J. G. Alger in the *Dictionary of National Biography*—"had no remembrance of the legendary exclamation '*Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel,*' and was in such a state of mental tension that he could not tell what he might have uttered. Lacretelle half confesses having invented the phrase for a report of the scene in a Paris newspaper." In his "true account" Louis Blanc consequently dismisses the story as an "*erreur historique*" (*Histoire de la Révolution*, 1856, bk. viii. ch. x.).

innocent! Je pardonne à mes assassins; et je souhaite que ma mort soit utile à mon peuple."

M. de Narbonne has been quite ill with the grief of this last enormity; and M. d'Arblay is now indisposed. This latter is one of the most delightful characters I have ever met, for openness, probity, intellectual knowledge, and unhackneyed manners. M. de Narbonne is far more a man of the world, and joins the most courtly refinement and elegance to the quickest repartee and readiness of wit. If anything but desolation and misery had brought them hither, we should have thought their addition to the Norbury society all that could be wished. They are bosom friends.

Your F. B.

Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney[1]

Written from Juniper Hall, Dorking, Surrey, 1793.

When J learned to read english J begun by milton, to know all or renounce at all in once. J follow the same system in writing my first english letter to Miss burney; after such an enterprize nothing can affright me. J feel for her so tender a friendship that it melts my admiration, inspires my heart with hope of her indulgence, and impresses me with the idea that in a tongue even unknown J could express sentiments so deeply felt.

my servant will return for a french answer. J intreat miss burney to correct the words but to preserve the sense of that card.

best compliments to my dear protectress, Madame Phillipe.

[1] As literary curiosities, these notes from Madame de Staël have been printed *verbatim et literatim*: they are probably her earliest attempts at English writing [Mrs. Barrett's note].

Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney

Your card in french, my dear, has already something of your grace in writing english: it is cecilia translated. my only correction is to fill the interruptions of some sentences, and J put in them kindnesses for me. J do not consult my master to write to you; a fault more or less is nothing in such an occasion. What may be the perfect grammar of Mr. Clarke, it cannot establish any sort of equality between you and J. then J will trust with my heart alone to supply the deficiency. let us speak upon a grave subject: do J see you that morning? What news from Captain phillip? when do you come spend a large week in that house? every question requires an exact answer; a good, also. my happiness depends on it, and J have for pledge your honour.

good morrow and farewell.

pray madame phillips, recollecting all her knowledge in french, to explain that card to you.

Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney

January 1793.

tell me, my dear, if this day is a charming one, if it must be a sweet epoch in my life?—do you come to dine here with your lovely sister, and do you stay night and day till our sad separation? J rejoice me with that hope during this week; do not deceive my heart.

I hope that card very clear, mais, pour plus de certitude, je vous dis en françois que votre chambre, la maison, les habitants de Juniper, tout est prêt à recevoir la première femme d'angleterre.

Janvier.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney

Mickleham, *February* 29, 1793.[1]

Have you not begun, dearest sir, to give me up as a lost sheep? Susanna's temporary widowhood, however, has tempted me on, and spelled me with a spell I know not how to break. It is long, long since we have passed any time so completely together; her three lovely children only knit us the closer. The widowhood, however, we expect now quickly to expire, and I had projected my return to my dearest father for Wednesday next, which would complete my fortnight here; but some circumstances are intervening that incline me to postpone it another week.

Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, and wife of the Swedish Ambassador to France, is now head of the little French colony in this neighbourhood. M. de Staël, her husband,[2] is at present suspended in his embassy, but not recalled; and it is yet uncertain whether the Regent Duke of Sudermania will send him to Paris, during the present horrible Convention, or order him home. He is now in Holland, waiting for commands. Madame de Staël, however, was unsafe in Paris, though an ambassadress, from the resentment owed her by the Commune, for having received and protected in her house various destined victims of the 10th August and of the 2nd September.[3] She was even once stopped in her carriage, which they called aristocratic, because of its arms and ornaments, and threatened to be murdered, and only saved by one of the worst wretches of the Convention, Tallien,[4] who feared provoking a war with Sweden,

[1] This letter seems rightly placed, but wrongly dated.
[2] Éric Magnus, Baron de Staël-Holstein, 1742-1802.
[3] See *ante*, p. 142.
[4] Jean-Lambert Tallien, 1767-1820, author of the Jacobin *Ami des Citoyens*.

from such an offence to the wife of its Ambassador. She was obliged to have this same Tallien to accompany her, to save her from massacre, for some miles from Paris, when compelled to quit it.

She is a woman of the first abilities, I think, I have ever seen; she is more in the style of Mrs. Thrale than of any other celebrated character, but she has infinitely more depth, and seems an even profound politician and metaphysician. She has suffered us to hear some of her works in MS., which are truly wonderful, for powers both of thinking and expression. She adores her father, but is much alarmed at having had no news from him since he has heard of the massacre of the martyred Louis;[1] and who can wonder it should have overpowered him?

Ever since her arrival she has been pressing me to spend some time with her before I return to town. She wanted Susan and me to pass a month with her, but, finding that impossible, she bestowed all her entreaties upon me alone, and they are grown so urgent, upon my preparation for departing, and acquainting her my furlough of absence was over, that she not only insisted upon my writing to you, and telling why I deferred my return, but declares she will also write herself, to ask your permission for the visit. She exactly resembles Mrs. Thrale in the ardour and warmth of her temper and partialities. I find her impossible to resist, and therefore, if your answer to her is such as I conclude it must be, I shall wait upon her for a week. She is only a short walk from hence,[2] at Juniper Hall.

There can be nothing imagined more charming, more fascinating, than this colony; between their

[1] After his resignation (as Minister of Finance) in 1790, M. Necker had retired to Coppet, his Swiss estate.

[2] Mrs. Phillips's cottage at West Humble.

sufferings and their *agrémens* they occupy us almost wholly. M. de Narbonne, alas, has no £1000 a-year! he got over only £4000 at the beginning, from a most splendid fortune; and, little foreseeing how all has turned out, he has lived, we fear, upon the principal; for he says, if all remittance is withdrawn, on account of the war, he shall soon be as ruined as those companions of his misfortunes with whom as yet he has shared his little all. He bears the highest character for goodness, parts, sweetness of manners, and ready wit. You could not keep your heart from him if you saw him only for half an hour. He has not yet recovered from the black blow of the King's death, but he is better, and less jaundiced; and he has had a letter which, I hear, has comforted him, though at first it was almost heart-breaking, informing him of the unabated regard for him of the truly saint-like Louis. This is communicated in a letter from M. de Malesherbes.[1]

M. d'Arblay is one of the most singularly interesting characters that can ever have been formed. He has a sincerity, a frankness, an ingenuous openness of nature, that I had been unjust enough to think could not belong to a Frenchman. With all this, which is his military portion, he is passionately fond of literature, a most delicate critic in his own language, well versed in both Italian and German, and a very elegant poet. He has just undertaken to become my French master for pronunciation, and he gives me long daily lessons in reading. Pray expect wonderful improvements! In return, I hear him in English; and for his theme this evening he has been writing an English address *à Mr. Burney* (*i.e.* M. le Docteur), joining in Madame de Staël's request.

[1] Guillaume-Chrétien de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, 1721-1794. Under the Convention he defended the King, and was eventually guillotined.

I hope your last club was more congenial? M. de Talleyrand insists on conveying this letter for you.[1] He has been on a visit here, and returns again on Wednesday. He is a man of admirable conversation, quick, terse, *fin*, and yet deep, to the extreme of those four words. They are a marvellous set for excess of agreeability.

Adieu, most dear sir. Susanna sends her best love, and the Fanni and Norbury[2] kisses and sweet words. I beg my love to my mother, and hope she continues amending. I am ever, ever, and ever,

My dearest Father's

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock

Mickleham.

Your kind letter, my beloved Fredy, was most thankfully received, and we rejoice the house and situation promise so much local comfort; but I quite fear with you that even the *bas bleu* will not recompense the loss of the *Junipère* society. It is, indeed, of incontestable superiority. But you must burn this confession, or my poor effigy will blaze for it. I must tell you a little of our proceedings, as they all relate to these people of a thousand.

M. d'Arblay came from the melancholy sight of departing Norbury to Mickleham, and with an air the most *triste*, and a sound of voice quite dejected, as I learn from Susanna; for I was in my heroics, and could not appear till the last half-hour. A headache prevented my waiting upon Madame de Staël that day, and obliged me to retreat soon after nine o'clock in the evening, and my *douce compagne* would not let me retreat alone. We had only robed ourselves in looser drapery, when a violent

[1] Talleyrand had lodgings in Woodstock Street, where Johnson lived in 1737 (see *post*, under May 14, 1793). [2] Mrs. Phillips's children.

ringing at the door startled us; we listened, and heard the voice of M. d'Arblay, and Jerry answering, "They're gone to bed." "*Comment?* What?" cried he: "*C'est impossible!* What you say?" Jerry then, to show his new education in this new colony, said, "*Allée couchée!*" It rained furiously, and we were quite grieved, but there was no help. He left a book for *Mlle. Burnet*, and word that Madame de Staël could not come on account of the bad weather. M. Ferdinand was with him, and has bewailed the disaster; and M. Sicard says he accompanied them till he was quite wet through his *redingote*; but this enchanting M. d'Arblay will murmur at nothing.

The next day they all came, just as we had dined, for a *morning* visit,—Madame de Staël, M. Talleyrand, M. Sicard, and M. d'Arblay; the latter then made *insistance* upon commencing my *master of the language*, and I think he will be almost as good a one as the little Don.[1]

M. de Talleyrand opened, at last, with infinite wit and capacity. Madame de Staël whispered me, "How do you like him?" "Not very much," I answered, "but I do not know him." "Oh, I assure you," cried she, "he is the best of the men."

I was happy not to agree; but I have no time for such minute detail till we meet. She read the noble tragedy of *Tancrède*[2] till she blinded us all round. She is the most charming person, to use her own phrase, "that never I saw."

. . . . . .

We called yesterday noon upon Madame de Staël, and sat with her till three o'clock, only the little Don being present. She was delightful; yet I see much uneasiness hanging over the whole

[1] Mr. Clarke (see *ante*, p. 137).

[2] By Voltaire, 1760. It is in five acts and in verse.

party, from the terror that the war may stop all remittances. Heaven forbid! F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock

Thursday, Mickleham.

I have no heart not to write, and no time to write. I have been scholaring all day, and mastering too; for our lessons are mutual, and more entertaining than can easily be conceived. My master of the language[1] says he dreams of how much more solemnly he shall write to charming Mrs. Lock, after a little more practice. Madame de Staël has written me two English notes, quite beautiful in ideas, and not very reprehensible in idiom. But English has nothing to do with elegance such as theirs—at least, little and rarely. I am always exposing myself to the wrath of John Bull, when this côterie come in competition. It is inconceivable what a convert M. de Talleyrand has made of me; I think him now one of the first members, and one of the most charming, of this exquisite set: Susanna is as completely a proselyte. His powers of entertainment are astonishing, both in information and in raillery. We know nothing of how the rest of the world goes on. They are all coming to-night. I have yet avoided, but with extreme difficulty, the change of abode. Madame de Staël, however, will not easily be parried, and how I may finally arrange I know not. Certainly I will not offend or hurt her, but otherwise I had rather be a visitor than a guest.

Pray tell Mr. Lock that "the best of the men"[2] grows upon us at every meeting. We dined and stayed till midnight at *Junipère* on Tuesday, and I would I could recollect but the twentieth part of the excellent things that were said. Madame

[1] M. d'Arblay. [2] Talleyrand (see *ante*, p. 177).

de Staël read us the opening of her work *Sur le Bonheur*:[1] it seems to me admirable. M. de Talleyrand avowed he had met with nothing better thought or more ably expressed; it contains the most touching allusions to their country's calamities. F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss Burney

Chelsea College, *Tuesday Morning, February* 19, 1793.

Why, Fanny, what are you about, and where are you? I shall write *at* you, not knowing how to write *to* you, as Swift did to the flying and romantic Lord Peterborough.

I had written the above, after a yesterday's glimmering and a feverish night as usual, when behold! a letter of requisition for a further furlough! I had long histories ready for narration *de vive voix*, but my time is too short and my eyes and head too weak for much writing this morning. I am not at all surprised at your account of the captivating powers of Madame de Staël. It corresponds with all I had heard about her, and with the opinion I formed of her intellectual and literary powers, in reading her charming little *Apologie de Rousseau*.[2] But as nothing human is allowed to be perfect, she has not escaped censure. Her house was the centre of revolutionists previous to the 10th of August, after her father's departure, and she has been accused of partiality to M. de N——.[3] But perhaps all may be Jacobinical malignity. However, unfavourable stories of her have been brought hither, and the Burkes and Mrs. Ord have repeated

[1] See *post*, p. 195.
[2] *Lettres sur les Ouvrages et le Caractère de J.-J. Rousseau*, 1788.
[3] Narbonne. Carlyle refers to this "Jacobinical malignity." "Dame de Staël has secreted her Narbonne; not knowing what in the world to make of him" (*French Revolution*, vol. iii. bk. i. chap. i.). But see Mme. de Staël on this at p. 185.

them to me. But you know that M. Necker's administration, and the conduct of the nobles who first joined in the violent measures that subverted the ancient establishments by the abolition of nobility and the ruin of the church, during the first National Assembly, are held in greater horror by aristocrats than even the members of the present Convention. I know this will make you feel uncomfortable, but it seemed to me right to hint it to you. If you are not absolutely in the house of Madame de Staël when this arrives, it would perhaps be possible for you to waive the visit to her, by a compromise, of having something to do for Susy, and so make the addendum to your stay under her roof.

I dined yesterday with dear Mrs. Crewe, and, Mr. C. being come to town, did not go to the house, whereof Mrs. C. and I rejoiced much. His brother and Mr. Hare[1] dined with us, and all was well and pleasant, except my head.

Barry[2] last night at the Academy read a discourse, and, as he had apprised me that he should introduce an *éloge* in it upon Sir Joshua, I determined to go. On my mentioning this circumstance at dinner, Mr. Hare, when he was departing in order to attend his friend Charles Fox's motion in parliament, said to Crewe, "Dr. B. is going to hear the *éloge* of his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I am going, I fear, to hear the *oraison funèbre d'un homme illustre*."

Mrs. Ord wants me to meet Mr. Smelt tomorrow evening, and you, if returned. Lady Hesketh has written two or three civil notes of invitation to us for "blue."

[1] James Hare, 1749-1804, a brilliant friend of Fox, M.P. for Knaresborough, and from 1779 to 1782 Minister Plenipotentiary to Poland. Lady Ossory thought his wit "perhaps of a more lively kind than Selwyn's."

[2] James Barry, 1741-1806, was at this time professor of painting and lecturer to the Royal Academy. See vol. i. p. 265.

God bless you! I must make up for town business. Love to dear Susy and children.

Ever affectionately yours,

C. B.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney

Mickleham, *Friday, February* 22, '93.

What a kind letter is my dearest father's, and how kindly speedy! yet it is too true it has given me very uncomfortable feelings. I am both hurt and astonished at the acrimony of malice; indeed, I believe all this party to merit nothing but honour, compassion, and praise. Madame de Staël, the daughter of M. Necker—the idolising daughter—of course, and even from the best principles, those of filial reverence, entered into the opening of the Revolution just as her father entered into it; but as to her house having become the centre of Revolutionists before the 10th of August, it was so only for the Constitutionalists, who, at that period, were not only members of the then established government, but the decided friends of the King. The aristocrats were then already banished, or wanderers from fear, or concealed and silent from cowardice; and the Jacobins——I need not, after what I have already related, mention how utterly abhorrent to her must be that fiend-like set.

The aristocrats, however, as you well observe, and as she has herself told me, hold the Constitutionalists in greater horror than the Convention itself. This, however, is a violence against justice which cannot, I hope, be lasting; and the malignant assertions which persecute her, all of which she has lamented to us, she imputes equally to the bad and virulent of both these parties.

The intimation concerning M. de N. was, however, wholly new to us, and I do firmly believe it

a gross calumny.[1] M. de N. was of her society, which contained ten or twelve of the first people in Paris, and, occasionally, almost all Paris; she loves him even tenderly, but so openly, so simply, so unaffectedly, and with such utter freedom from all coquetry, that, if they were two men, or two women, the affection could not, I think, be more obviously undesigning. She is very plain, he is very handsome; her intellectual endowments must be with him her sole attraction.

M. de Talleyrand was another of her society, and she seems equally attached to him. M. le Vicomte de Montmorenci she loves, she says, as her brother: he is another of this bright constellation, and esteemed of excellent capacity. She says, if she continues in England he will certainly come, for he loves her too well to stay away. In short, her whole côterie live together as brethren. Madame la Marquise de la Châtre, who has lately returned to France, to endeavour to obtain *de quoi vivre en Angleterre*, and who had been of this colony for two or three months since the 10th of August, is a bosom friend of Madame de Staël and of all this circle: she is reckoned a very estimable as well as fashionable woman; and a daughter of the unhappy Montmorin, who was killed on the 1st of September, is another of this set.[2] Indeed, I think you could not spend a day with them and not see that their commerce is that of pure, but exalted and most elegant, friendship.

I would, nevertheless, give the world to avoid being a guest under their roof, now I have heard even the shadow of such a rumour; and I will, if it be possible without hurting or offending them. I have waived and waived acceptance almost from

[1] See *ante*, p. 179.

[2] Armand-Marc, Comte de Montmorin-Saint-Herem, 1745-92, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Governor of Fontainebleau, massacred at l'Abbaye on September 2, under circumstances of extreme brutality.

the moment of Madame de Staël's arrival. I prevailed with her to let my letter go alone to you, and I have told her, with regard to your answer, that you were sensible of the honour her kindness did me, and could not refuse to her request the week's furlough; and then followed reasons for the compromise you pointed out, too diffuse for writing. As yet they have succeeded, though she is surprised and disappointed. She wants us to study French and English together, and nothing could to me be more desirable, but for this invidious report.

Susanna and her Captain intend going to town on Friday in next week, and I have fixed therefore on the same day for my return; thus, at all events, the time cannot be long.

M. d'Arblay, as well as M. de Narbonne, sent over a declaration in favour of the poor King. M. d'A. had been commandant at Longwi, and had been named to that post by the King himself. In the accusation of the *infernals*, as Mr. Young justly calls them, the King is accused of leaving Longwi undefended, and a prey to the Prussians. M. d'Arblay, who before that period had been promoted into the regiment of M. de Narbonne, and thence summoned to be Adjutant-General of Lafayette, wrote therefore, on this charge, to M. de Malesherbes,[1] and told him that the charge was utterly false; that the King had taken every precaution for the proper preservation of Longwi, and that M. d'Arblay, the King's commandant, had himself received a letter of thanks and approbation from Dumouriez,[2] who said, nothing would have been lost had every commandant taken equal pains, and exerted equal bravery.

[1] See *ante*, p. 175.

[2] Charles-François Dumouriez, French general, 1739-1823. He had been Minister of War. Afterwards taking the field, he had enabled Kellermann to defeat the Prussians at Valmy, September 20, 1792; and had himself subsequently defeated the Austrians at Jemappes, November 6.

This original letter M. d'Arblay sent to M. Malesherbes, not as a vindication of himself, for he had been summoned from Longwi before the Prussians assailed it, but as a vindication of the officer appointed by the King, while he had yet the command. M. de Malesherbes wrote an answer of thanks, and said he should certainly make use of this information in the defence. However, the fear of Dumouriez, I suppose, prevented his being named.

M. d'Arblay, in quitting France with Lafayette, upon the deposition of the King, had only a little ready money in his pocket, and he has been *décrété* since, and all he was worth in the world is sold and seized by the Convention. M. de Narbonne loves him as the tenderest of brothers, and, while one has a guinea in the world, the other will have half. "Ah!" cried M. d'Arblay, upon the murder of the King, which almost annihilated him, "I know not how those can exist who have any feelings of remorse, when I scarce can endure my life, from the simple feeling of regret that ever I pronounced the word *liberty* in France!"

I confess I was much pleased with the *oraison funèbre*. We hear no news here, except French, and see no newspapers, and not an English newsmonger. The Captain is just returned from Colchester. Babes are well. Adieu, most dear Sir! Your affectionate F. B.

Madame de Staël to Miss Burney

Juniper, *ce* 8 *Mars*.

My dear Miss — Pour cette fois vous me permettrez de vous écrire en François; il s'agit de m'arranger pour vous voir, et je ne veux pas risquer d'équivoques dans cet important intérêt. Mardi entre midi et une heure je serai à Chelsea College,

avec votre maître de François[1] et Mr. Clarke : tous les deux causeront ensemble, et vous—vous me parlerez. Je sais que vous êtes pleine de bonté pour moi, et que vous mettez même du courage contre la réaction de quelques méchancetés Françoises auxquelles les tems de guerre civile doivent accoûtumer ; mais tout ce que je vous demande c'est m'aimer, dussiez-vous attendre à d'autres tems pour le dire. Il faut laisser l'injustice aux hommes malheureux ; il faut qu'ils s'occupent des personnes quand ils ne peuvent rien sur les affaires ; il faut qu'ils donnent quelques-uns de leurs préventions aux étrangers, qui n'ont pas le tems de juger les procès des individus ; il faut tout ce qui est ordinaire et extraordinaire dans une pareille époque, et se confier au tems pour l'opinion publique—à l'amitié pour le bonheur particulier. Ils vous diront que je suis démocrate, et ils oublieront que mes amis et moi nous avons échappé au fer des Jacobins : ils vous diront que j'aime passionnément les affaires, et je suis ici quand M. de Staël me presse d'aller à Paris, me mêler avec lui des plus importantes (ceci pour vous seule) : enfin ils chercheront à troubler jusqu'au repos de l'amitié, et ne permettront pas que, fidèle à mes devoirs, j'aye eu le besoin de partager pendant deux mois le malheur de celui dont j'avois sauvé la vie.[2] Il y a dans tout cela tant d'absurdes faussetés, qu'un jour ou l'autre je céderai au désir d'en parler. Mais qui peut maintenant se permettre d'occuper de soi ? Il n'y a pas d'idées générales assez vastes pour ce moment. Je suis bien mal ce précepte en vous écrivant ; mais, parceque je vous ai trouvé la meilleure et la plus distinguée ; parcequ'avant de vous connoître, j'ambitionnois de vous plaire ; parceque, depuis que je vous ai vu, il m'est nécessaire de vous intéresser, je me persuade que

[1] M. d'Arblay.

[2] Narbonne.

vous devez m'aimer; je crois bien aussi que votre bonté pour moi m'a valu quelques envieux; ainsi il y a un peu de justice dans ce que vous faites pour moi. Je chasse toutes mes idées tristes en songeant que je vous verrai Mardi, et les jours suivans, chez Madame Lock—en pensant à votre aimable sœur Madame Phillips, qui, sentant le besoin que j'avois d'être consolée, a été doublement aimable pour moi après votre départ. Répondez à ma lettre. Adieu!

Mrs. Phillips to Mrs. Lock

Mickleham, *April* 2, 1793.

. . . . . .

I must, however, say something of Juniper, whence I had an irresistible invitation to dine, etc., yesterday, and hear M. de Lally Tolendal[1] read his *Mort de Strafford*,[2] which he had already recited once, and which Madame de Staël requested him to repeat for my sake.

I had a great curiosity to see M. de Lally. I cannot say that feeling was gratified by the sight of him, though it was satisfied, insomuch that it has left me without any great anxiety to see him again. He is the very reverse of all that my imagination had led me to expect in him: large, fat, with a great head, small nose, immense cheeks, nothing *distingué* in his manner; and *en fait d'esprit*, and of talents in conversation, so far, so very far, distant from our *Juniperiens*, and from M. de Talleyrand, who was there, as I could not have conceived, his abilities as a writer and his general reputation considered. He seems *un bon garçon, un très honnête garçon*, as M. Talleyrand says of him, *et rien de plus.*

He is extremely absorbed by his tragedy, which

[1] Trophime-Gérard, Marquis de Lally-Tollendal, 1751-1830.
[2] See *ante*, p. 66. The title is *Le Comte de Strafford.*

he recites by heart, acting as well as declaiming with great energy, though seated as Le Texier is.[1] He seemed, previous to the performance, occupied completely by it, except while the dinner lasted, which he did not neglect; but he was continually reciting to himself till we sat down to table, and afterwards between the courses.

M. Talleyrand seemed much struck with his piece, which appears to me to have very fine lines and passages in it, but which, altogether, interested me but little. I confess, indeed, the violence of *ses gestes*, and the alternate howling and thundering of his voice in declaiming, fatigued me excessively.[2] If our Fanny had been present, I am afraid I should many times have been affected as one does not expect to be at a tragedy.

We sat down at seven to dinner, and had half finished before M. d'Arblay appeared, though repeatedly sent for; he was profoundly grave and silent, and disappeared after the dinner, which was very gay. He was sent for, after coffee and Norbury were gone, several times, that the tragedy might be begun; and at last Madame de S. impatiently proposed beginning without him. "Mais cela lui fera de la peine," said M. d'Autun (Talleyrand), good-naturedly; and, as she persisted, he rose up and limped out of the room to fetch him: he succeeded in bringing him.

M. Malouet has left them. La Princesse d'Henin is a very pleasing, well-bred woman: she left Juniper the next morning with M. de Lally.[3]

S. P.

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 218.

[2] Miss Holroyd also speaks of his "Ranting Manner." She often heard him read (*Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, 1897, p. 259).

[3] M. de Lally-Tollendal and the Princess d'Hénin (*d.* 1824) were living at a villa at Twickenham where there was another colony of refugees, which included M. Malouet and the Prince de Poix (see *post*, under August 9, 1793). Lally and the Princess, now or later, were thought to be privately married (see *post*, vol. vi., under 1815). They visited together at Norbury and Sheffield Place (Lord Sheffield's country house in Sussex).

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney

Mickleham, *April* 3.

After I had sent off my letter to you on Monday I walked on to Juniper, and entered at the same moment with Mr. Jenkinson[1] and his attorney—a man whose figure strongly resembles some of Hogarth's most ill-looking personages, and who appeared to me to be brought as a kind of spy, or witness of all that was passing. I would have retreated, fearing to interrupt business, but I was surrounded, and pressed to stay, by Madame de Staël with great *empressement*, and with much kindness by M. d'Arblay and all the rest. Mr. Clarke was the spokesman, and acquitted himself with great dignity and moderation; Madame de S. now and then came forth with a little *coquetterie pour adoucir ce sauvage* Jenkinson. "What will you, Mr. Jenkinson? tell to me, what will you?" M. de Narbonne, somewhat *indigné de la mauvaise foi*, and *excédé des longueurs de son adversaire*, was not quite so gentle with him, and I was glad to perceive that he meant to resist, in some degree at least, the exorbitant demands of his landlord.

Madame de Staël was very gay, and M. de Talleyrand very *comique*, this evening; he criticised, amongst other things, her reading of prose, with great *sang froid*: "Vous lisez très mal la prose; vous avez un chant en lisant, une cadence, et puis une monotonie, qui n'est pas bien du tout: en vous écoutant on croît toujours entendre des vers, et cela a un fort mauvais effet!"

They talked over a number of their friends and acquaintance with the utmost unreserve, and sometimes with the most comic humour imaginable,—M. de Lally, M. de Lafayette, la Princesse d'Henin, la Princesse de Poix, a M. Guibert, an author, and

[1] See *ante*, p. 116.

one who was, Madame de S. told me, passionately in love with her before she married, and innumerable others.

M. d'Arblay had been employed almost night and day since he came from London in writing a *Mémoire*, which Mr. Villiers had wished to have, upon the "Artillerie à Cheval," and he had not concluded it till this morning. S. P.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney

Tuesday, May 14.

Trusting to the kindness of chance, I begin at the top of my paper. Our Juniperians went to see Paine's Hill[1] yesterday, and had the good-nature to take my little happy Norbury. In the evening came Miss F—— to show me a circular letter, sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury to all the parishes in England, authorising the ministers of those parishes to raise a subscription for the unfortunate French clergy. She talked of our neighbours, and very shortly and abruptly said, "So, Mrs. Phillips, we hear you are to have Mr. Norbone and the other French company to live with you—Pray is it so?"

I was, I confess, a little startled at this plain inquiry, but answered as composedly as I could, setting out with informing this *bête personnage* that Madame de Staël was going to Switzerland to join her husband and family in a few days, and that of all the French company none would remain but M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay, for whom the Captain and myself entertained a real friendship and esteem, and whom he had begged to

[1] Pain's Hill near Cobham, at this date the seat of Benjamin Bond Hopkins, Esq. Thorne (*Environs of London*, 1876, 113) says it was "in the last century [*i.e.* the eighteenth] regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of landscape gardening in England." There is a long description of it in the *Ambulator* for 1800, p. 171.

make our house their own for a short time, as the impositions they had had to support from their servants, etc., and the failure of their remittances from abroad, had obliged them to resolve on breaking up housekeeping.

I had scarcely said thus much when our party arrived from Paine's Hill; the young lady, though she had drunk tea, was so obliging as to give us her company for near two hours, and made a curious attack on M. de N., upon the first pause, in wretched French, though we had before, all of us, talked no other language than English:—"Je vous prie, M. Gnawbone, comment se porte la Reine?"

Her pronunciation was such that I thought his understanding her miraculous: however, he did guess her meaning, and answered, with all his accustomed douceur and politeness, that he hoped well, but had no means but general ones of information.

"I believe," said she afterwards, "nobody was so hurt at the King's death as my papa! he couldn't ride on horseback next day!"

She then told M. de Narbonne some anecdotes (very new to him, no doubt), which she had read in the newspapers, of the Convention; and then spoke of M. Egalité. "I hope," said she, flinging her arms out with great violence, "he'll come to be gullytined. He showed the King how he liked to be gullytined, so now I hope he'll be gullytined himself!—So shocking! to give his vote against his own nephew!"

If the subject of her vehemence and blunders had been less just or less melancholy, I know not how I should have kept my face in order.

Our evening was very pleasant when she was gone. Madame de Staël is, with all her wildness and blemishes, a delightful companion, and M. de

N. rises upon me in esteem and affection every time I see him: their minds in some points ought to be exchanged, for he is as delicate as a really feminine woman, and evidently suffers when he sees her setting *les bienséances* aside, as it often enough befalls her to do.

Poor Madame de Staël has been greatly disappointed and hurt by the failure of the friendship and intercourse she had wished to maintain with you,—of that I am sure; I fear, too, she is on the point of being offended. I am not likely to be her confidante if she is so, and only judge from the nature of things, and from her character, and a kind of *dépit* in her manner once or twice in speaking of you. She asked me if you would accompany Mrs. Lock back into the country? I answered that my father would not wish to lose you for so long a time at once, as you had been absent from him as a nurse so many days.

After a little pause, "Mais est-ce qu'une femme est en tutelle pour la vie dans ce pays?" she said. "Il me paroît que votre sœur est comme une demoiselle de quatorze ans."

I did not oppose this idea, but enlarged rather on the constraints laid upon females, some very unnecessarily, in England,—hoping to lessen her *dépit*; it continued, however, visible in her countenance, though she did not express it in words.

I must go back to Monday, to tell you something that passed which struck and affected me very much. M. de Talleyrand arrived at Juniper to dinner, and Madame de Staël, in a state of the most vehement impatience for news, would scarce give him time to breathe between her questions; and when she had heard all he could tell her, she was equally impetuous to hear all his conjectures. She was evidently elated with hopes of such success as would give peace, security, and

happiness to them all, yet scarce dared give way to all her flattering expectations.

M. de Talleyrand's hopes were alive likewise, though he did not, like her, lose his composure and comic placidness of manner.

Madame de Staël, between jest and earnest, reproached M. de Narbonne with a number of aristocratic sentiments, which she said had that day escaped him. He calmly declared he was willing to repeat and support every word he had uttered. She next reproached him for always resisting her passion for conjectural discussions. He said, he had for the last half-year found every one baffled in making conjectures: "Mais," said he, very gravely, and in a manner much impressed, "dans huit jours d'ici il me paroît qu'on pourra voir assez clair pour former un plan; et alors — je prendrai mon parti."

He said no more, but dropped into a very deep reverie. "Pour prendre un parti," said M. de Talleyrand, "il faut d'abord savoir si celui qui nous conviendroit sera assez fort pour justifier l'espérance de succès; sans quoi il y auroit de la folie à se mêler de la partie. Mais pour moi," continued he, laughing, "j'ai grande envie de me battre, je vous l'avoue."

"Ah, mais, sans doute," said Madame de Staël, "dans une situation désespérée comme la vôtre, il faut bien que vous ayiez le besoin de faire des efforts."

"Vous le sentez," said M. de N., with sadness, "parceque vous n'avez pas vécu à Juniper, proche de Norbury et de Madame Philippe—parceque vous avez vécu en Woodstock Street."

"Mais," said M. de Talleyrand, "je vous donne ma parole que ce me seroit un plaisir de bien battre tous ces vilains gueux."

"Eh, non," said M. de N., with a mixture of

douceur and sadness which was very touching, "dites-moi donc le plaisir qu'il y auroit à donner la mort à ces pauvres misérables, dont l'ignorance et la bêtise ont été les plus grands crimes. S'il falloit ne faire la guerre que contre Marat, et Danton, et Robespierre, et M. Egalité, et quelques centaines d'autres infâmes scélérats, j'y pourrai peut-être trouver de la satisfaction aussi."

After this he again fell into his reverie, and the conversation was supported by Madame de Staël and M. de Talleyrand, who, by the way, is going to sell all his books, and who very placidly said to-day, "Je vais quitter ma maison de Wood-stock Street; elle est trop chère."

. . . . . .

S. P.

Madame de Staël to Miss Burney

Juniper, *May* 11.

Je vois bien, my dear Miss, que vous voulez vous acquitter à force de services; mais si vous vous étiez permis de lire Voltaire, je vous dirois ces deux vers un peu changés:—

> Un sentiment est cent fois au-dessus
> Et de l'esprit et de la bonté même.

Oublions et le bonheur et le malheur de notre liaison ensemble, pour retourner au doux penchant de la reconnoissance. Les dentelles de mon émigrée peuvent être vendues en détail, parceque c'est le seul moyen de les vendre. Quant au prix, c'est un marchand de dentelles à votre choix qui doit le fixer. Une fille de chez Madame Roger, Duke Street, Piccadilly, a estimé le tout £100 sterling. Mais je ne sais pas un mot de détails, et la première marchande de dentelles que vous rencontrerez vous le dira.

Quant à *the ogly, tall, and good servant*, je

demande quatre jours pour répondre à cette grande affaire : je demande aussi si elle sait écrire ce qu'il faut pour le *bill* d'un déjeuner, de sucre, de thé, etc.

Maintenant que je vous ai bien fatigué de tous les services que je veux rendre à mes amis, et que votre excellent caractère vous fait désirer de partager, laissez-moi vous dire que je suis triste de partir peut-être sans vous revoir ; et qu'en écartant tous les nuages de mon cœur, je serai toujours intéressée dans vos succès, et dans votre bonheur.

Soyez assez bonne pour exprimer, avec l'accent de Cécilia, tout le regret que je sens d'avoir été bannie de la chambre de nos aimables malades, que ma pensée n'a pas quittée.

The frequency and intimacy with which Miss Burney and M. d'Arblay now met, ripened into attachment the high esteem which each felt for the other ; and, after many struggles and scruples, occasioned by his reduced circumstances and clouded prospects, M. d'Arblay wrote her an offer of his hand ; candidly acknowledging, however, the slight hope he entertained of ever recovering the fortune he had lost by the Revolution.[1]

At this time Miss Burney went to Chesington for a short period ; probably hoping that the extreme quiet of that place would assist her deliberations, and tranquillise her mind during her present perplexities.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney at Chesington

Sunday, after church, I walked up to Norbury ; there unexpectedly I met all our Juniperians,

[1] In addition to which he was said to have been "disinherited by his father for the part he took in politics" (*Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, 1897, p. 229).

and listened to one of the best conversations I ever heard: it was on literary topics, and the chief speakers Madame de Staël, M. de Talleyrand, Mr. Lock, and M. Dumont, a gentleman on a visit of two days at Juniper, a Genevois, *homme d'esprit et de lettres.*[1] I had not a word beyond the first "how d'ye's" with any one, being obliged to run home to my abominable dinner in the midst of the discourse.

On Monday I went, by invitation, to Juniper to dine, and before I came away at night a letter arrived express to Madame de Staël. On reading it, the change in her countenance made me guess the contents. It was from the Swedish gentleman who had been appointed by her husband to meet her at Ostend; he wrote from that place that he was awaiting her arrival. She had designed walking home with us by moonlight, but her spirits were too much oppressed to enable her to keep this intention.

M. d'Arblay walked home with Phillips and me. Every moment of his time has been given of late to transcribing a MS. work of Madame de Staël, on *L'Influence des Passions.*[2] It is a work of considerable length, and written in a hand the most difficult possible to decipher.

On Tuesday we all met again at Norbury, where we spent the day. Madame de Staël could not rally her spirits at all, and seemed like one torn from all that was dear to her. I was truly concerned.

After giving me a variety of charges, or rather entreaties, to watch and attend to the health, spirits, and affairs of the friends she was leaving,

[1] Pierre-Étienne-Louis Dumont, 1759-1829, the author of the *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*, and the apostle of Bentham, whose acquaintance he had recently made (1791).

[2] *De l'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur des Individus et des Nations*, Lausanne, 1796, 8vo.

she said to me, "Et dites à Mlle. Burney que je ne lui en veux pas du tout — que je quitte le pays l'aimant bien sincèrement, et sans rancune."

I assured her earnestly, and with more words than I have room to insert, not only of your admiration, but affection, and sensibility of her worth, and chagrin at seeing no more of her. I hope I exceeded not your wishes; *mais il n'y avoit pas moyen de résister.*

She seemed pleased, and said, "Vous êtes bien bonne de me dire cela," but in a low and faint voice, and dropped the subject.

Before we took leave, M. d'Arblay was already gone, meaning to finish transcribing her MS. I came home with Madame de Staël and M. de Narbonne. The former actually sobbed in saying farewell to Mrs. Lock, and half way down the hill; her parting from me was likewise very tender and flattering.

I determined, however, to see her again, and met her near the school, on Wednesday morning, with a short note and a little offering which I was irresistibly tempted to make her. She could not speak to me, but kissed her hand with a very speaking and touching expression of countenance.

It was this morning, and just as I was setting out to meet her, that Skilton arrived from Chesington. I wrote a little, walked out, and returned to finish as I could.

At dinner came our *Tio*—very bad indeed.[1] After it we walked together with the children to Norbury; but little Fanny was so well pleased with his society, that it was impossible to get a word on any particular subject. I, however, upon his venturing to question me whereabouts was the *campagne où se trouvoit Mlle. Burnet*, ventured *de mon côté* to speak the name of Chesington, and

[1] M. d'Arblay (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 491).

give a little account of its inhabitants, the early love we had for the spot, our excellent Mr. Crisp, and your good and kind hostesses.

He listened with much interest and pleasure, and said, "Mais, ne pourroit-on pas faire ce petit voyage-là?"

I ventured to say nothing encouraging, at least decisively, in a great measure upon the children's account, lest they should repeat; and, moreover, your little namesake seemed to me surprisingly attentive and *éveillée*, as if *elle se doutoit de quelque chose.*

When we came home I gave our *Tio* some paper to write to you; it was not possible for me to add more than the address, much as I wished it.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock

Chesington, 1793.

I have been quite enchanted to-day by my dear Susan's intelligence that my three convalescents walked to the wood. Would I had been there to meet and receive them.

I have regretted excessively the finishing so miserably an acquaintance begun with so much spirit and pleasure, and the *dépit* I fear Madame de Staël must have experienced. I wish the world would take more care of itself, and less of its neighbours. I should have been very safe, I trust, without such flights, and distances, and breaches. But there seemed an absolute resolution formed to crush this acquaintance, and compel me to appear its wilful renouncer. All I did also to clear the matter, and soften to Madame de Staël any pique or displeasure, unfortunately served only to increase both. Had I understood her disposition better, I should certainly have attempted no palliation, for I rather offended her pride than mollified her

wrath. Yet I followed the golden rule, for how much should I prefer any acknowledgment of regret at such an apparent change, from any one I esteemed, to a seeming unconscious complacency in an unexplained caprice!

I am vexed, however, very much vexed, at the whole business. I hope she left Norbury Park with full satisfaction in its steady and more comfortable connection. I fear mine will pass for only a fashionable one.

Miss Kitty Cooke still amuses me very much by her incomparable dialect; and by her kindness and friendliness I am taken the best care of imaginable.

My poor brother, who will carry this to Mickleham, is grievously altered by the loss of his little girl. It has affected his spirits and his health, and he is grown so thin and meagre, that he looks ten years older than when I saw him last. I hope he will now revive, since the blow is over; but it has been a very, very hard one, after such earnest pains to escape it.

Did the wood look very beautiful? I have figured it to myself with the three dear convalescents wandering in its winding paths, and inhaling its freshness and salubrity, ever since I heard of this walk. I wanted prodigiously to have issued forth from some little green recess, to have hailed your return. I hope Mr. Lock had the pleasure of this sight. Is Jenny capable of such a mounting journey?

Do you know anything of a certain young lady, who eludes all my inquiries, famous for having eight sisters, all of uncommon talents? I had formerly some intercourse with her, and she used to promise she would renew it whenever I pleased; but whether she is offended that I have slighted her offers so long, or whether she is fickle, or only

whimsical, I know not: all that is quite undoubted is that she has concealed herself so effectually from my researches, that I might as well look for justice and clemency in the French Convention, as for this former friend in the plains and lanes of Chesington, where, erst, she met me whether I would or no.

. . . . . .

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock

Chesington, 1793.

How sweet to me was my dearest Fredy's assurance that my gratification and prudence went at last hand in 'hand! I had longed for the sight of her writing, and not dared wish it. I shall now long impatiently till I can have the pleasure of saying, "Ma'am, I desire no more of your letters."

I have heard to-day all I can most covet of all my dear late *malades*. I take it for granted this little visit[1] was made known to my dearest sister confidant. I had prepared for it from the time of my own expectation, and I have had much amusement in what the preparation produced. Mrs. Hamilton ordered half a ham to be boiled ready; and Miss Kitty trimmed up her best cap, and tried on, on Saturday, to get it in shape to her face. She made chocolate also, which we drank up on Monday and Tuesday, because it was spoiling. "I have never seen none of the French quality," she says, "and I have a *purdigious curosity*; though as to dukes and dukes' sons, and these high top captains, I know they'll think me a mere country bumpkin. *Howsever*, they can't call me worse than *Fat Kit Square*, and that's the worst name I ever got from any of our English pelite bears,

[1] Of M. d'Arblay to Chessington (see *ante*, p. 197).

which I suppose these pelite French quality never heard the like of."

Unfortunately, however, when all was prepared above, the French *top captain* entered while poor Miss Kitty was in *dishbill*, and Mrs. Hamilton finishing washing up her china from breakfast. A maid who was out at the pump, and first saw the arrival, ran in to give Miss Kitty time to escape, for she was in her round dress night-cap, and without her roll and curls. However, he followed too quick, and Mrs. Hamilton was seen in her linen gown and mob, though she had put on a silk one in expectation for every noon these four or five days past; and Miss Kitty was in such confusion, she hurried out of the room. She soon, however, returned, with the roll and curls, and the forehead and throat fashionably lost, in a silk gown. And though she had not intended to speak a word, the gentle quietness of her guest so surprised and pleased her, that she never quitted his side while he stayed, and has sung his praises ever since.

Mrs. Hamilton, good soul! in talking and inquiring since of his history and conduct, shed tears at the recital. She says now she has really seen one of the French gentry that has been drove out of their country by the villains she has heard of, she shall begin to believe there really has been a Revolution! and Miss Kitty says, "I *purtest* I did not know before but it was all a sham."

. . . . . .

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips

Friday, May 31, Chesington.

My heart so smites me this morning with making no answer to all I have been requested

to weigh and decide, that I feel I cannot with any ease return to town without at least complying with one demand, which first, at parting yesterday, brought me to write fully to you, my Susan, if I could not elsewhere to my satisfaction.

Much indeed in the course of last night and this morning has occurred to me, that now renders my longer silence as to prospects and proceedings unjustifiable to myself. I will therefore now address myself to both my beloved confidants, and open to them all my thoughts, and entreat their own with equal plainness in return.

M. d'Arblay's last three letters convince me he is desperately dejected when alone, and when perfectly natural. It is not that he wants patience, but he wants rational expectation of better times; expectation founded on something more than mere aërial hope, that builds one day upon what the next blasts; and then has to build again, and again to be blasted.

What affects me the most in this situation is, that his time may as completely be lost as another's peace, by waiting for the effects of distant events, vague, bewildering, and remote, and quite as likely to lead to ill as to good. The very waiting, indeed, with the mind in such a state, is in itself an evil scarce to be recompensed.

. . . . . .

My dearest Fredy, in the beginning of her knowledge of this transaction, told me that Mr. Lock was of opinion that the £100 per annum might do, as it does for many a curate. M. d'A. also most solemnly and affectingly declares that *le simple nécessaire* is all he requires, and here, in your vicinity, would unhesitatingly be preferred by him to the most brilliant fortune in another *séjour*.

If *he* can say that, what must *I* be not to echo

it? I, who in the bosom of my own most chosen, most darling friends——

I need not enter more upon this; you all must know that to me a crust of bread, with a little roof for shelter, and a fire for warmth, near you, would bring me to peace, to happiness, to all that my heart holds dear, or even in any situation could prize. I cannot picture such a fate with dry eyes; all else but kindness and society has to me so always been nothing.

With regard to my dear father, he has always left me to myself; I will not therefore speak to him while thus uncertain what to decide.

It is certain, however, that, with peace of mind and retirement, I have resources that I could bring forward to amend the little situation; as well as that, once thus undoubtedly established and naturalised, M. d'A. would have claims for employment.

These reflections, with a mutual freedom from ambition, might lead to a quiet road, unbroken by the tortures of applications, expectations, attendance, disappointment, and time-wasting hopes and fears; if there were not apprehensions the £100 might be withdrawn.[1] I do not think it likely, but it is a risk too serious in its consequences to be run. M. d'A. protests he could not answer to himself the hazard.

How to ascertain this, to clear the doubt, or to know the fatal certainty before it should be too late, exceeds my powers of suggestion. His own idea, to write to the Queen, much as it has startled me, and wild as it seemed to me, is certainly less wild than to take the chance of such a blow in the dark.

Yet such a letter could not even reach her. His very name is probably only known to her through myself.

[1] This fear must have been removed, as she retained her pension.

In short, my dearest friends, you will think for me, and let me know what occurs to you, and I will defer any answer till I hear your opinions.

Heaven ever bless you! And pray for me at this moment. F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss Burney

May 1793.

Dear Fanny—I have for some time seen very plainly that you are *éprise*, and have been extremely uneasy at the discovery. You must have observed my silent gravity, surpassing that of mere illness and its consequent low spirits. I had some thoughts of writing to Susan about it, and intended begging her to do what I must now do for myself—that is, beg, warn, and admonish you not to entangle yourself in a wild and romantic attachment, which offers nothing in prospect but poverty and distress, with future inconvenience and unhappiness. M. d'Arblay is certainly a very amiable and accomplished man, and of great military abilities I take for granted; but what employment has he for them of which the success is not extremely hazardous? His property, whatever it was, has been confiscated—*décrété*—by the Convention; and if a counter-revolution takes place, unless it be exactly such a one as suits the particular political sect in which he enlisted, it does not seem likely to secure to him an establishment in France. And as to an establishment in England, I know the difficulty which very deserving natives find in procuring one, with every appearance of interest, friends, and probability; and, to a foreigner, I fear the difficulty will be more than doubled.

As M. d'Arblay is at present circumstanced, an

alliance with anything but a fortune sufficient for the support of himself and partner would be very imprudent. He is a mere soldier of fortune, under great disadvantages. Your income, if it was as certain as a freehold estate, is insufficient for the purpose; and if the Queen should be displeased and withdraw her allowance, what could you do?

I own that, if M. d'Arblay had an establishment in France sufficient for him to marry a wife with little or no fortune, much as I am inclined to honour and esteem him, I should wish to prevent you from fixing your residence there; not merely from selfishness, but for your own sake. I know your love for your family, and know that it is reciprocal; I therefore cannot help thinking that you would mutually be a loss to each other. The friends, too, which you have here, are of the highest and most desirable class. To quit them, in order to make new friendships in a strange land, in which the generality of its inhabitants at present seem incapable of such virtues as friendship is built upon, seems wild and visionary.

If M. d'Arblay had a sufficient establishment here for the purposes of credit and comfort, and determined to settle here for life, I should certainly think ourselves honoured by his alliance; but his situation is at present so very remote from all that can satisfy prudence, or reconcile to an affectionate father the idea of a serious attachment, that I tremble for your heart and future happiness. M. d'Arblay must have lived too long in the great world to accommodate himself contentedly to the little; his fate seems so intimately connected with that of his miserable country, and that country seems at a greater distance from peace, order, and tranquillity now than it has done at any time since the revolution.

These considerations, and the uncertainty of

Mickleham Church, 1792

what party will finally prevail, make me tremble for you both. You see, by what I have said, that my objections are not personal, but wholly prudential. For Heaven's sake, my dear Fanny, do not part with your heart too rapidly, or involve yourself in deep engagements which it will be difficult to dissolve; and to the last degree imprudent, as things are at present circumstanced, to fulfil.

As far as character, merit, and misfortune demand esteem and regard, you may be sure that M. d'Arblay will be always received by me with the utmost attention and respect; but, in the present situation of things, I can by no means think I ought to encourage (blind and ignorant as I am of all but his misfortunes) a serious and solemn union with one whose unhappiness would be a reproach to the facility and inconsiderateness of a most affectionate father.

Memorandum, this 7th of May 1825

In answer to these apparently most just, and, undoubtedly, most parental and tender apprehensions, Susanna, the darling child of Dr. Burney, as well as first chosen friend of M. d'Arblay, wrote a statement of the plans, and means, and purposes of M. d'A. and F. B.—so clearly demonstrating their power of happiness, with willing economy, congenial tastes, and mutual love of the country, that Dr. B. gave way, and sent, though reluctantly, a consent; by which the union took place the 31st of July, 1793,[1] in Mickleham Church, in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Lock, Captain and Mrs. Phillips, M. de

[1] The date in the church registry book at Mickleham is the 28th (*Juniper Hall*, by Constance Hill, 1904, p. 166, where is given a facsimile of the entry). This date is confirmed by "last Sunday," p. 207. The incumbent of Mickleham Church at this time was the Rev. Thomas Roger Filewood, Rector from 1771 to 1800.

Narbonne, and Captain Burney, who was father to his sister, as Mr. Lock was to M. d'A.; and on the 1st of August[1] the ceremony was re-performed in the Sardinian chapel,[2] according to the rites of the Romish Church; and never, never was union more blessed and felicitous; though, after the first eight years of unmingled happiness, it was assailed by many calamities, chiefly of separation or illness, yet still mentally unbroken. F. D'ARBLAY.

To Mrs. ——[3]

August 2, 1793.

How in the world shall I begin this letter to my dearest M——! how save her from a surprise almost too strong for her weak nerves and tender heart!

After such an opening, perhaps any communication may be a relief; but it is surprise only I would guard against; my present communication has nothing else to fear; it has nothing in it sad, melancholy, unhappy, but it has everything that is marvellous and unexpected.

Do you recollect at all, when you were last in town, my warm interest for the loyal part of the French exiles?—do you remember my *éloge* of a French officer, in particular, a certain M. d'Arblay?

Ah, my dear M——, you are quick as lightning; your sensitive apprehension will tell my tale for me now, without any more aid than some details of circumstance.

The *éloge* I then made, was with design to

[1] July 30 (*Juniper Hall*, 1904, p. 167). Miss Hill gives a transcript of the Latin entry in the Chapel books.

[2] The Sardinian Chapel is in Sardinia Street (formerly Duke Street), Lincoln's Inn Fields. It had been wrecked by the Gordon Rioters (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1780, p. 267), but rebuilt.

[3] Waddington.

prepare you for an event I had reason to expect: such, however, was the uncertainty of my situation, from prudential obstacles, that I dared venture at no confidence; though my heart prompted it strongly, to a friend so sweetly sympathising in all my feelings and all my affairs — so constantly affectionate—so tenderly alive to all that interests and concerns me.

My dearest M——, you will give me, I am sure, your heart-felt wishes—your most fervent prayers. The choice I have made appears to me all you could yourself wish to fall to my lot—all you could yourself have formed to have best accorded with your kind partiality.

I had some hope you would have seen him that evening we went together from Mrs. M. Montagu to Mrs. Lock's, for he was then a guest in Portland Place; but some miserable circumstances, of which I knew nothing till after your departure, had just fallen out, and he had shut himself up in his room. He did not know we were there.

Many, indeed, have been the miserable circumstances that have, from time to time, alarmed and afflicted in turn, and seemed to render a renunciation indispensable. Those difficulties, however, have been conquered; and last Sunday[1] Mr. and Mrs. Lock, my sister and Captain Phillips, and my brother Captain Burney, accompanied us to the altar, in Mickleham Church; since which the ceremony has been repeated in the chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, that if, by a counter-revolution in France, M. d'Arblay recovers any of his rights, his wife may not be excluded from their participation.

You may be amazed not to see the name of my dear father upon this solemn occasion; but his apprehensions from the smallness of our income

[1] July 28 (see *ante*, p. 205).

have made him cold and averse; and though he granted his consent, I could not even solicit his presence. I feel satisfied, however, that time will convince him I have not been so imprudent as he now thinks me. Happiness is the great end of all our worldly views and proceedings, and no one can judge for another in what will produce it. To me, wealth and ambition would always be unavailing; I have lived in their most centrical possessions, and I have always seen that the happiness of the richest and the greatest has been the moment of retiring from riches and from power. Domestic comfort and social affection have invariably been the sole as well as ultimate objects of my choice, and I have always been a stranger to any other species of felicity.

M. d'Arblay has a taste for literature, and a passion for reading and writing, as marked as my own; this is a sympathy to rob retirement of all superfluous leisure, and insure to us both occupation constantly edifying or entertaining. He has seen so much of life, and has suffered so severely from its disappointments, that retreat, with a chosen companion, is become his final desire.

Mr. Lock has given M. d'Arblay a piece of ground in his beautiful park, upon which we shall build a little neat and plain habitation. We shall continue, meanwhile, in his neighbourhood, to superintend the little edifice, and enjoy the society of his exquisite house, and that of my beloved sister Phillips. We are now within two miles of both, at a farm-house,[1] where we have what apartments we require, and no more, in a most beautiful and healthy situation, a mile and a half from any town. The nearest is Bookham; but I beg that my letters

[1] Phenice Farm, on Bagdon Hill, in the parish of Great Bookham, with "a magnificent view to the northward." It is marked upon the map at p. 116. The house has been rebuilt.

may be directed to me at Captain Phillips's, Mickleham, as the post does not come this way, and I may else miss them for a week.

As I do not correspond with Mrs. Montagu, and it would be awkward to begin upon such a theme, I beg that when you write you will say something for me.

One of my first pleasures, in our little intended home, will be finding a place of honour for the legacy of Mrs. Delany.[1] Whatever may be the general wonder, and perhaps blame, of general people, at this connection, equally indiscreet in pecuniary points for us both, I feel sure that the truly liberal and truly intellectual judgment of that most venerated character would have accorded its sanction, when acquainted with the worthiness of the object who would wish it.

Adieu, my sweet friend. Give my best compliments to Mr. ——,[2] and give me your kind wishes, your kind prayers, my ever dear M——.

F. D'A.

Madame de Staël to Madame d'Arblay

Copet, *Août* 9, 1793.

On me dit une nouvelle qui me fait un extrême plaisir. Il appartenoit à votre cœur de sentir tout le prix de l'héroique conduite de notre excellent ami, et de justifier le sort en vous donnant à lui, en assurant ainsi à sa vertu la récompense que Dieu lui permet sur cette terre. À présent que vous êtes un peu de ma famille, j'espère que, si je revenois en Angleterre, je vous verrois tant que je voudrois, c'est-à-dire, sans cesse: tous mes regrets, comme toutes mes espérances, me ramènent en Surrey. C'est là le paradis terrestre pour moi—ce le sera

[1] The portrait of Sacharissa (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 487).
[2] Waddington.

pour vous, je l'espère. Je ne connois pas un caractère meilleur à vivre que M. d'Arblay, et je sais depuis long-tems combien il vous aime.[1] Vous nous devez à présent de beaucoup écrire. Je vous demande de m'informer de vos projets, de me confier votre bonheur; et, si je trouve jamais une manière de vous servir, de disposer de moi comme d'un bien à vous. Adieu, adieu![2]

On Norbury Park, by Madame de Staël

August 30, 1793.

Douce image de Norbury, venez me rappeler qu'une félicité vive et pure peut exister sur la terre! là, l'on jouit également de ce qu'on inspire, et de ce qu'on éprouve; là, le sentiment est dévoué comme la passion, et constant comme le devoir; là, l'esprit, les talens, la beauté, tout ce qui sert à l'éclat, a été consacré au bonheur. La vertu, la raison, ont été les guides fidèles d'une telle destinée, mais on ne s'y glorifie que d'être heureux. Soit que ces âmes sensibles, attachées à leurs biens naturels par l'attrait de leurs cœurs, ne pensent point à s'honorer d'un penchant irrésistible; soit que leur douce philosophie aime à faire des prosélytes, contents de la route qu'ils ont parcouru, ils cherchent le plus sûr moyen d'inviter à leur exemple. En le considérant, la vertu admire, la foiblesse espère, et tout ce qui a un cœur se sent pénétré par degrés de calme et de bien-être. Dans cette retraite, que la volonté des possesseurs rend obscure, que le jugement des hommes éclairés, que la reconnoissance de ceux qui souffrent doit illustrer,

[1] This confirms Miss Holroyd's suspicion that Mme. de Staël was in the secret (*Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, 1897, p. 229).

[2] Mme. de Staël's letters of the 9th August (p. 209), and the 8th March (p. 184), and the first and third letters of January (p. 171, and p. 172), were recently on sale at Quaritch's, as was also Burke's letter to Miss Burney of July 29, 1782 (see vol. ii. pp. 92-94).

j'ai trouvé quelque tems un asyle loin des crimes de la France, et des préjugés que l'horreur qu'ils doivent causer inspirent à tous ceux qui n'ont pas la force de résister aux extrêmes contraires. Le respect, l'enthousiasme, dont mon âme est remplie, en contemplant l'ensemble des vertus morales et politiques qui constituent l'Angleterre ;—l'admiration d'un tel spectacle, le repos céleste qu'il me fesoit goûter ; ces sentimens, si doux et si nécessaires après la tourmente de trois ans de révolution, s'unissent dans mon souvenir au délicieux séjour, aux respectables amis, près desquels je les ai éprouvés. Je les remercie de quatre mois de bonheur échappés au naufrage de la vie ; je les remercie de m'avoir aimés. La félicité dont ils jouissent s'étendra peut-être à tout ce qui les intéresse ; leur estime, du moins, doit soutenir l'âme abattue ; et lorsqu'un sentiment mélancolique porteroit à se lasser de combattre les injustes attaques des fureurs de l'esprit de parti, l'on se rattache à soi comme à l'objet de suffrages si purs, l'on se défend encore pour honorer ses amis.

Comte de Lally Tolendal to the Chevalier d'Arblay

Twickenham, 9 *Août*, 1793.

Je m'étais plaint de vous, mon cher d'Arblay, et puis par réflection j'avais trouvé que vous faisiez bien mieux de goûter votre bonheur que de le décrire. L'amour vous a permis de consacrer un instant à l'amitié, et je viens vous demander encore un pour ma réconnaissance, et pour l'expression des vœux les plus ardens qui aient jamais été formés pour votre bonheur, et pour celui de l'être si intéressant qui vient de doubler le vôtre. Vous m'ôtez un bien bon argument dans mes disputes

politiques. "Citez-moi," disais-je toujours, avec une assurance imperturbable, "un homme qui ait gagné à la révolution."

Au moins, ne porterai-je plus ce défi dans les environs de Mickleham. Les orages vous ont conduit dans un port qui vaut mieux que la rive natale, et les démons vous ont précipité aux pieds d'un ange qui vous a relevé. Votre roman vaut celui de Miss Burney, et vous le faites aussi heureux qu'elle les écrit sublimes. Votre destiné est écrite dans *Cecilia*, mon cher ami, et vous aurez autant de cautions et autant de jaloux que *Cecilia* a eu de lecteurs. Vous voilà possédant la pratique de ce cœur dont nous avons tant admiré et chéri la théorie, ces grâces de l'esprit qui nous ont tant séduits, cette finesse de jugement qui nous a si fort étonnés, ces sentimens délicieux qui venaient remuer le fond de nos cœurs, cette pureté de morale qui excitait nos respects,—tout cela vous était destiné! Une si profonde connaissance du cœur humain devait conduire à juger le vôtre, à apprécier votre noble caractère, et ce charme de loyauté qui fait qu'on se sent votre ami quand on a causé un jour avec vous.

Je suis sûr que Miss Burney vous aura entendu parler du pauvre Louis XVI. avec cette émotion qui tirait les larmes des yeux de Malouet et des miens la dernière fois que nous avons cheminé ensemble. Citez-nous tant que vous voudrez, mon cher d'Arblay; vous nous rendrez justice en vous adressant à nous pour obtenir celle qui vous est due.

Le jour où j'ai reçu votre lettre j'avais dîné chez le Chancelier,[1] et pendant une partie du dîner votre mariage avait été le sujet de l'entretien général. C'était à moi tout naturellement à conter votre histoire, et à répondre à tout ce qui était là du sort

[1] Lord Loughborough.

de Miss Burney. J'ai rempli le devoir, je ne dirai pas d'ami, mais d'homme juste; c'est tout ce qu'il vous faut.

Enfin toute notre colonie n'a qu'un sentiment et qu'une voix. Le Prince[1] vous écrit, Malouet[2] vous écrira, la Princesse[3] se joint à tout ce que nous vous disons: vous connaissez son âme, vous savez qu'elle se réfléchit dans tout ce qui est beau et dans tout ce qui est bon; vous avez vu son entraînement vers Miss Burney. Nous jouissons aussi de la part qu'ont eu à cet heureux événement M. et Madame Lock, de celle qu'y prennent M. et Madame Phillips. Tout ce que l'humanité peut atteindre de vertu et obtenir de bonheur est au milieu de vous tous. Jouissez-en longtemps, et que votre félicité soit aussi incorruptible que votre caractère! Présentez, je vous prie, mon hommage respectueux à Madame d'Arblay, et comptez toujours sur moi comme sur un ami qui vous est acquis à jamais. LALLY TOLENDAL.

P.S.—Lorsque mon père[4] commandait dans l'Inde il fut fort mécontent d'un officier qui, chargé d'une mission chez les Hollandais, en avait compromis le succès par la faute la plus grave. Mon pauvre père, le meilleur des hommes en actions, mais le plus vif en propos, lui écrivit dans sa colère, "Si vous retombez dans la même faute, je vous préviens, qu'eussiez-vous la tête de mon fils sur les épaules de mon père, je la ferai sauter."

Comme il fermait sa lettre, entre son maître d'hôtel. "Que veux-tu?" "Monsieur, je viens d'entendre dire que vous envoyez un exprès chez les Hollandais, et, comme nous n'aurons bientôt

[1] Le Prince de Poix.
[2] See *ante*, p. 187. M. Malouet must have returned to the Twickenham colony.
[3] La Princesse d'Hénin.
[4] Thomas-Arthur, Baron de Tolendal, Comte de Lally. He was executed for the surrender of Pondicherry.

plus de café, je suis venu vous demander si vous ne voudriez pas en faire venir." "Tu as raison." Et voilà que mon père, qui ne se souvenait déjà plus de sa colère, rouvre sa lettre et mande à son officier, en *post-scriptum* au dessous de la belle phrase ci-dessus, "Je vous en prie, faites-moi le plaisir de m'envoyer par le porteur un ballot de café."

Où tend toute cette histoire? À justifier par l'exemple la disparate toute aussi forte que je vais me permettre. Mon laquais vient d'entrer chez moi, et m'a dit, "Monsieur, on dit que vous écrivez à Mickleham: la dernière fois que vous y avez été vous avez oublié un bonnet de nuit et une paire de petites bottes: si vous vouliez bien les demander?" Soit; et voilà que je termine une épithalame en priant l'époux de vouloir bien donner des ordres, je ne sais pas à qui, afin que ces petites bottes me soient renvoyés à Londres, Norton Street, No. 17. Où se cache-t-on quand on écrit de ces choses-là?

Madame de la Fite to Madame d'Arblay

Septembre, 1793.

Combien vous êtes aimable, ma chère madame, et que votre lettre est charmante! Je vous remercie et du plaisir qu'elle m'a fait, et de celui qu'elle a procuré à la famille de Luc, et à trois de nos Princesses à qui je l'ai communiquée.

J'ai su depuis que cette lettre, montrée à la Reine, est encore dans la poche de sa Majesté.[1] Votre changement d'état faisait la nouvelle du jour, et j'avais un mérite alors; moi seule dans tout le comté de Berkshire avoit l'avantage de connoître M. d'Arblay. Miss P——[2] entr'autres m'accabla de questions: "Est-il grand? est-il beau? est-il

[1] Mme. D'Arblay subsequently received, through Mrs. Schwellenberg, the congratulations of the King, Queen, and all the Royal Family (see *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 182).

[2] ? Planta.

jeune?" Je parlai de son air noble, et d'une impression de tristesse qui m'avoit frappée en le voyant, mais qui devoit être effacée par l'amour et son frère. Si la soirée qu'il a passée chez moi pouvoit se renouveler, je ferais taire la harpe, et j'empêcherais un groupe d'émigrés de s'emparer de lui, et de me priver du plaisir de l'entendre. Quant à son mérite personnel, à ses lumières, à ses vertus, ils sont évidemment prouvés par les sentimens qu'il a su inspirer à Norbury.

Mais à propos de gens distingués, il faut vous parler, ma chère madame, de nos deux jeunes Princes. Celui dont vous faites mention est le plus joli, le plus gai, le plus caressant de tous les héros de dix-neuf ans.[1] Comme une blessure sied bien à cet âge! Je l'ai vu souffrir des siennes, mais il me semble qu'il en jouissait. Le Prince Auguste[2] est moins vif, et nullement bruyant; une affabilité douce rappelle qu'il est le frère chéri de la Princesse Elizabeth, et s'il n'a pu exercer ce courage militaire qui fait les héros de l'histoire, on sait qu'il a prouvé une fermeté admirable dans le cours de ses longues souffrances; et Rousseau prétend que les vertus négatives sont les plus sublimes.

Notre philosophe,[3] pour se consoler du présent, s'occupe beaucoup du passé, et d'une histoire de la terre bien plus ancienne que celle de Moyse. Perdant de vue pour un temps les révolutions qui agitent la surface de notre globe, il s'enfonce dans de profondes méditations, pour rechercher ce qu'était l'intérieur avant, bien avant, que le genre humain habitât cette planète. "What are you about?" lui demandait quelqu'un: "I am in the bowels of the earth," fut sa réponse. Madame de Luc vous aime toujours tendrement, ma chère

[1] Duke of Cambridge. [2] Duke of Sussex.
[3] De Luc, who was much absorbed, at this date, in investigating the history of the Creation.

madame; mais elle est moins que jamais en état d'écrire, ses yeux ayant beaucoup souffert depuis quelques mois. Mon fils sera bien sensible au souvenir dont vous l'honorez; j'ignore si dans ce moment il traverse la mer, ou s'il est arrivé en Hollande. Il est toujours compté parmi les bons fils, et c'est à lui que je dois en partie le retour de ma santé. Celle de Madame Schwellenberg est toujours étonnante; c'est après un crachement de sang qu'elle a repris ses forces.

Vous auriez peine, madame, à reconnoître Frogmore.[1] On y construit des ruines, et bientôt on aura achevé un vieux bâtiment gothique; ici s'élève un petit temple octogone, dont le plafond est dessiné par la Princesse Elizabeth; là on découvre un hermitage, dont elle a donné le modèle, etc. etc.: au reste, nous avons un spectacle et des acteurs de Londres. *Quick*[2] surtout y attirait la cour et la ville. Madame de la Roche[3] me demande toujours des nouvelles de Miss Burney; je lui ai marqué depuis peu que parmi nos femmes célèbres il n'en est pas une qui porte ce nom; mais pour qu'elle ne soupçonnât point que vous avez perdu la vie, ou moi l'esprit, j'ai bien vite ajouté que les sentimens dûs à l'auteur de *Cecilia* étaient maintenant réservés à Madame d'Arblay.

J'espère que les devoirs de votre nouvel état ne vous empêcheront pas d'acquérir de nouveaux droits à la reconnaissance du public; c'est un de mes vœux; mais je souhaite bien plus encore que vous sachiez toujours réunir ce qui est si souvent séparé

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 414. Frogmore was purchased from the Hon. Mrs. Egerton by Queen Charlotte, who made many additions to the house and grounds, including (says the *Ambulator* for 1800) "Gothic temples, rural huts," etc. It is in the Home Park (formerly the Little Park). Here—as already stated in vol. iii. p. 57 *n.*—the Queen had her private press. The Royal Dairy was also at Frogmore, which was subsequently the residence of the Princess Augusta (who died there, September 22, 1840), and of the Duchess of Kent.

[2] John Quick (see *ante*, vol. iv. p. 301).

[3] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 23.

—la célébrité et le bonheur. Madame Brûlard[1] habite dans un petit canton de la Suisse, où elle a été admise, ainsi que Mlle. d'Orléans, sous un nom supposé. Adieu, ma chère madame! veuillez me continuer le souvenir et la bienveillance dont vous m'honorez, et agréer l'assurance de la haute estime et du tendre attachement de

Votre très dévouée

M. E. DE LA FITE.

Vous connaissez mes sentimens pour les habitans de Norbury; daignez en être l'interprête. Je crains de ne pouvoir profiter cette année de votre aimable hospitalité, mais je vous conjure d'avance de m'accorder une soirée quand vous viendrez à Londres.

[1] At this date Madame de Genlis had found a temporary asylum with her illustrious pupil and her niece, Henriette de Sercey, in the convent of St. Claire, near Bremgarten, in Switzerland. Her assumed name was Madame Lenox (*Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis*, 1825, iv. 174 *et seq.*).

PART XLIX

1793

Charlotte Smith and her son—Mrs. Crewe's exertions in favour of the exiled French clergy seconded by Mr. Windham—M. d'Arblay an amateur gardener—Terrible state of France—M. d'Arblay desires to go to Toulon—Offers his services to Mr. Pitt—The French clergy—State of Toulon—Hannah More—Subscription for the French clergy—Death of the Queen of France—M. d'Arblay's offer of service declined—Thoughts on marriage—The Royal Family felicitate Madame d'Arblay on her nuptials—Madame d'Arblay gives birth to a son—Letter from the Comte de Narbonne—Talleyrand commanded to quit England—Fox and Canning—Talleyrand takes leave of Madame d'Arblay—La Fayette—Gardening at Bookham—Mrs. Thrale—News from the Continent—Visit from Mr. Hoole—Work for the sabre—Death of Edmund Burke's son—M. de Lally Tolendal—Poems by M. d'Arblay—Madame d'Arblay's tragedy—Cumberland—Acquittal of Warren Hastings—Lord and Lady Spencer—Metastasio—Erskine and reform of Parliament—English nuns—Publishing prospects—Prejudice against the word "novel"—Invitation to the Comte de Narbonne.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

September 12, 1793.

Dear Fanny—In this season of leisure I am as fully occupied as ever your friend *Mr. Delvile* was. So many people to attend, so many complaints to hear, and so many grievances to redress, that it has been impossible for me to write to you sooner. I have been out of town but one single day,

I believe, since you were here—that was spent at Richmond with my sisters.[1] But every day produces business for other people, which occupies me as much as ever I found myself in days of hurry about my own affairs.

I have had a negotiation and correspondence to carry on for and with Charlotte Smith, of which I believe I told you the beginning, and I do not see the end myself. Her second son[2] had his foot shot off before Dunkirk, and has undergone a very dangerous amputation, which, it is much feared, will be fatal.

Mrs. Crewe, having seen at Eastbourne a great number of venerable and amiable French clergy suffering all the evils of banishment and beggary with silent resignation, has for some time had in meditation a plan for procuring some addition to the small allowance the committee at Freemasons' Hall is able to allow, from the residue of the subscriptions and briefs in their favour. Susan will show you the plan. Mr. Windham undertook to lay it while in MS. before the committee, to be sanctioned by their approbation, lest it should be regarded as a rival or hostile scheme to their establishment. I caught him just stepping into his chaise for Norfolk, when I carried him the plan from Mrs. Crewe. He wrote immediately to Mr. Wilmot,[3] the president I believe, or, at least, a leading person in the Committee at the Freemasons' Tavern; but left me to find him and to carry on the business. This has *Delviled* me not a little; for Mr. Wilmot is at Lymington, Hants, and all the rest of the Committee out of town: so

[1] See *ante*, p. 37.

[2] Scott's account of Mrs. Charlotte Smith says that her *third* son, an ensign in the 14th regiment of infantry, lost his leg at Dunkirk in 1793. The operation was not, however, fatal, for he died some years after at Barbadoes of yellow fever.

[3] John Wilmot, M.P. for Coventry, son of Chief-Justice Sir Eardley Wilmot.

that the whole is transacted in that snail's pace with which business is done by letters between persons residing at a great distance from each other.

Well, but you say that M. d'Arblay is not only his own architect, but intends being his own gardener. I suppose the ground allotted to the garden of your *maisonnette*[1] is marked out, and probably will be enclosed and broken up before the foundation of your mansion is laid; therefore, to encourage M. d'Arblay in the study of horticulture, I have the honour to send him Miller's *Gardener's Dictionary*,[2]—an excellent book, at least for the rudiments of the art.

I send you, my dear Fanny, an edition of Milton, which I can well spare, and which you ought not to live without; and I send you both our dear friend Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*.

This is sad news from Dunkirk, at which our own Jacobins will insolently triumph.[3] Everything in France seems to move in a regular progression from bad to worse. After near five years' struggle and anarchy, no man alive, with a grain of modesty, would venture to predict how or when the evils of that country will be terminated. In the meantime the peace and comfort of every civilised part of the globe is threatened with similar calamities.

Your mother and Sarah join their compliments to M. d'Arblay, and love to yourself, with those of

Yours affectionately,

CHAS. BURNEY.

[1] See *ante*, p. 208.

[2] Philip Miller, 1691-1771, Gardener of the Apothecaries' Company at Chelsea. His *Dictionary*, first published in 1724, went through many editions.

[3] This is a reference to the abandonment by the Duke of York (September 7, 1793) of the siege of Dunkirk, which had been undertaken with the view of retaining that place as compensation for the expenses of the war.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *September* 29, 1793.

When I received the last letter of my dearest father, and for some hours after, I was the happiest of all human beings. I make no exception, for I think none possible: not a wish remained to me; not a thought of forming one.

This was just the period—is it not always so?—for a blow of sorrow to reverse the whole scene: accordingly, that evening M. d'Arblay communicated to me his desire of going to Toulon.[1]

He had intended retiring from public life: his services and his sufferings in his severe and long career, repaid by exile and confiscation, and for ever embittered to his memory by the murder of his Sovereign, had justly satisfied the claims of his conscience and honour; and led him, without a single self-reproach, to seek a quiet retreat in domestic society: but the second declaration of Lord Hood no sooner reached this little obscure dwelling,—no sooner had he read the words Louis XVII. and the Constitution to which he had sworn united, than his military ardour rekindled, his loyalty was all up in arms, and every sense of duty carried him back to wars and dangers.

I dare not speak of myself, except to say that I have forborne to oppose him with a single solicitation: all the felicity of this our chosen and loved retirement would effectually be annulled by the smallest suspicion that it was enjoyed at the expense of any duty; and therefore, since he is persuaded it is right to go, I acquiesce.

He is now writing an offer of his services, which

[1] Toulon had surrendered to Lord Hood in August 1793, under a stipulation to assist in restoring the constitution of 1791; and in a later conflict of November 15, the French were repulsed. Buonaparte, however, retook Toulon in December.

I am to convey to Windsor, and which he means to convey himself to Mr. Pitt. As I am sure it will interest my dear father, I will copy it for him.

This total break into all my tranquillity incapacitates me from attempting at this moment to compose any address for the poor suffering clergy;[1] but, as nothing could give me greater comfort than contributing the smallest mite in their favour, I beseech my dear father to let me know in what manner I should try—whether as a letter, and to whom; or how: besides, I know so little what has already been said, that I am at a loss where to look, or where to shun; yet I would gladly make any experiment in my possible power, and M. d'Arblay particularly wishes it.

How flattering and kind Mrs. Crewe! and how delightful to me what is said by Mr. Burke![2] I entreat you to take the first opportunity to thank them warmly, and to assure them their kindness of remembrance is a true joy to me, and to return my most grateful thanks to the very amiable Mrs. Burke.

I have had congratulatory letters every day this week.

Miss Ellerker has written,[3] and begs to be introduced to M. d'Arblay. Are we not coming into high fashion?

Ah! if peace would come without, what could equal my peace within?

Let me not forget to say that even M. de Luc sends me his felicitations, in an ardent letter of friendly kindness written by his excellent wife, and

[1] Mrs. Crewe had been pressing Dr. Burney (who acted as private secretary for her scheme) to induce Mme. D'Arblay to "subscribe with her *pen*" to the cause (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 186).

[2] Mrs. Crewe had been very complimentary in seeking Mme. D'Arblay's aid; and Burke had ended a letter to Dr. Burney about the French emigrant priests with warm congratulations to his daughter upon her marriage (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 183, 186).

[3] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 114.

his joy for M. d'Arblay in the late affair of Toulon and acknowledgment of the Constitution.

My dearest father, before this tremendous project broke into our domestic economy, M. d'Arblay had been employed in a little composition,[1] which, being all in his power, he destined to lay at your feet, as a mark of his pleasure in your attention to his horticultural pursuit. He has just finished copying it for you, and to-morrow it goes by the stage.

Your hint of a book from time to time enchanted him: it seems to me the only present he accepts entirely without pain. He has just requested me to return to Mrs. Lock herself a *cadeau* she had brought us. If it had been an old court-calendar, or an almanac, or anything in the shape of a brochure, he would have received it with his best bow and smile.

This Toulon business finally determines our deferring the maisonnette[2] till the spring. Heaven grant it may be deferred no longer! Mr. Lock says it will be nearly as soon ready as if begun in the autumn, for it will be better to have it aired and inhabited before the winter seizes it. If the *mémoire* which M. d'Arblay is now writing is finished in time, it shall accompany the little packet; if not, we will send it by the first opportunity.

Meanwhile, M. d'Arblay makes a point of our indulging ourselves with the gratification of subscribing one guinea to your fund, and Mrs. Lock begs you will trust her and insert her subscription in your list, and Miss Lock and Miss Amelia Lock. Mr. Lock is charmed with your plan. M. d'Arblay means to obtain you Lady Burrel and Mrs. Benn. If you think I can write to any purpose, tell me a little hint how and of what,

[1] See *post*, under October 4, 1793. [2] See *ante*, p. 220.

dearest sir; for I am in the dark as to what may remain yet unsaid. Otherwise, heavy as is my heart just now, I could work for them and your plan.

Adieu, dearest, dearest sir: ever and ever most affectionately, most dutifully yours, F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

October 4, 1793.

Dear Fanny—This is a terrible *coup*, so soon after your union;[1] but I honour M. d'Arblay for offering his service on so great an occasion, and you for giving way to what seems an indispensable duty. Commonplace reflections on the vicissitudes of human affairs would afford you little consolation. The stroke is new to your situation, and so will be the fortitude necessary on the occasion. However, to military men, who, like M. d'Arblay, have been but just united to the object of their choice, and begun to domesticate, it is no uncommon thing for their tranquillity to be disturbed by "the trumpet's loud clangor." Whether the offer[2] is accepted or not, the having made it will endear him to those embarked in the same cause among his countrymen, and elevate him in the general opinion of the English public. This consideration I am sure will afford you a satisfaction the most likely to enable you to support the anxiety and pain of absence.

I have no doubt of the offer being taken well at Windsor, and of its conciliating effects. If His Majesty and the Ministry have any settled plan for accepting or rejecting similar offers I know not; but it seems very likely that Toulon will be

[1] She had been married little more than two months.

[2] For reasons which do not appear, this offer was not accepted (see *post*, under October 27, 1793, p. 231).

regarded as the rallying point for French royalists of all sects and denominations. The restoration of the constitution of 1791 being the condition proposed by the natives themselves, and the proposition having been acceded to by Lord Hood, removes all scruples and difficulties for loyal constitutionalists at least; and is the only chance which those can ever have of being restored to their country and possessions, who wish to place some intermediate power between the King[1] and the mob, to prevent his being dragged in a month's time to the scaffold, like poor Louis XVI.

If monarchy, however limited, is to triumph over anarchy and brutal savage tyranny over the property and lives of the wretched inhabitants of France, it seems most likely to be accomplished in the southern provinces, from the stand that has been made at Toulon.

I shall be very anxious to know how the proposition of M. d'Arblay has been received; and, if accepted, on what conditions, and when and how the voyage is to be performed; I should hope in a stout man of war; and that M. de Narbonne will be of the party, being so united in friendship and political principles.

Has M. d'Arblay ever been at Toulon? It is supposed to be so well fortified, both by art and nature, on the land side, that, if not impregnable, the taking it by the regicides will require so much time that it is hoped an army of counter-revolutionists will be assembled from the side of Savoy, sufficient to raise the siege, if unity of measures and action prevail between the Toulonnais and their external friends. But even if the assailants should make such approaches as to render it necessary to retreat, with such a powerful fleet as that of England and Spain united, it will not only be easy

[1] Louis XVII.

to carry off the garrison and inhabitants in time, but to destroy such ships as cannot be brought away, and ruin the harbour and arsenal for many years to come.

You promised me, dear Fanny, a copy of M. d'Arblay's *requête*. When you have leisure, and can tell me what turn things are likely to take, perhaps you will enclose it in a future letter.

I have written to Mrs. Crewe all you have said on the subject of writing something to stimulate benevolence and commiseration in favour of the poor French ecclesiastics, amounting to 6000 now in England, besides 400 laity here and 800 at Jersey, in utter want. The fund for the laity was totally exhausted the 27th of last month, and the beginning of the next that raised by former subscriptions and briefs will be wholly expended!

I have been working with my pen night and day for more than this last fortnight, in correspondence with Mrs. Crewe, Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Huter[1] the secretary of the Committee, and have written single letters innumerable to others — as Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, Hannah More, etc. The two first of these ladies have not yet answered my letters. Poor H. More has written a letter that has drawn tears from me. She has been dangerously ill for a twelvemonth, is now seldom able to get up, and incapable of reading or writing: she approves very highly of the ladies' plan, and has sent some papers to Bath; but laments extremely her inability to act as she would have done both with hand and head, if her health would have permitted.[2]

The expense, in only allowing the clergy 8s. a

[1] In Hannah More's *Memoirs*, 1834, ii. 360, the name is Hester.

[2] She had already, early in this year, given the profits (£240) of her Letter to Jacob Dupont, the atheist, to the Freemasons' Tavern Committee (see *ante*, p. 219) for this purpose (*Memoirs of Hannah More*, 1834, ii. 359).

week, amounts to about £7500 a month, which cannot be supported long by private subscription, and must at last be taken up by Parliament; but to save the national disgrace of suffering these excellent people to die of hunger, before the Parliament meets and agrees to do something for them, the ladies must work hard. The list of these whom Mrs. Crewe has interested in the cause is now become very illustrious and honourable—the Marchioness of Buckingham,[1] Lady Spencer, Lady Payne, Lady Cotton, Lady Charlotte Greville, Lady Ann Dashwood, Lady C. Douglas, Lady Hartley, Lady Macartney, Lady Gray, Lady Camelford, Miss Trimmer, Hon. Miss Fox, Mrs. Whitbread, Mrs. H. Greville, Miss Crewe, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Smith, Lady Pelham, Lady Webster, Mrs. Pierrepoint, etc. etc. We have contrived at Chelsea to enlist Lady Cremorne and others. Mrs. and Miss Locks are charming acquisitions—I beg my best thanks for them.

Your mother works hard in packing and distributing papers among her friends in town and country, and Sally in copying letters. You and M. d'Arblay are very good in wishing to contribute your mite; but I did not intend leading you into this scrape. If you subscribe your pen, and he his sword, it will best answer Mr. Burke's idea, who says, "There are two ways by which people may be charitable—the one by their money, the other by their exertions." Now, it has just struck me that, if you felt any impulse to use your pen, it should be in an *éloge* on female benevolence. The ladies whom I have recollected above do it so

[1] Hon. Mary Elizabeth Nugent, *d.* 1812, only daughter of Robert Nugent, Viscount Clare, later Earl Nugent, married in 1775 to George Grenville, second Earl Temple, afterwards first Marquess of Buckingham. In her childhood the Marchioness of Buckingham had been intimate with Goldsmith, who passed much of his time at Lord Clare's house at Gosfield in Essex, or in Great George St., Westminster (Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, 1871, ii. 329 *n.*).

cheerfully and with so much zeal, though hoaxed and scouted by the men, who call it "Ladies' nonsense," that I think it says a great deal in favour of religion, whose precepts still remain among the female part of Christendom, while the men seem to have given up every idea of it, and with it of every virtue and moral sentiment which all religions recommend. Pensez-y. The good Bishop of St. Pol de Leon has heard of my zeal as secretary to the Ladies, from M. Jumard, I suppose, and has inquired my direction, and wished for my acquaintance. I shall wait on this venerable prelate to-morrow.

I have so much writing on my hands that I fear I shall not have time now to thank M. d'Arblay for his kindness in sending me so nice a copy of his nice translation of your *Willey*[1]; but pray do you, *en attendant* my getting a little leisure, say *mille et mille jolies choses* for

Yours affectionately, C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Sunday noon, October 21, 1793.

My dearest father will think I have been very long in doing the little I have done;[2] but my mind is so anxiously discomfited by the continued suspense with regard to M. d'Arblay's proposition and wish, that it has not been easy to me to weigh completely all I could say, and the fear of repeating what had already been offered upon the subject has much restrained me, for I have seen none of the tracts that may have appeared.[3] However, it is a

[1] See *ante*, p. 223.

[2] *Brief Reflections relative to the Emigrant French Clergy: earnestly submitted to the humane Consideration of the Ladies of Great Britain.* By the Author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. London: printed by T. Davison, for Thomas Cadell, in the Strand. 1793. The price was one-and-sixpence.

[3] From the terms of the thanks of the Freemasons' Tavern Committee to Hannah More in April 1793, it would seem that she had in a measure

matter truly near my heart; and though I have not done it rapidly, I have done it with my whole mind, and, to own the truth, with a species of emotion that has greatly affected me, for I could not deeply consider the situation of these venerable men without feeling for them to the quick. If what I have written should have power to procure them one more guinea, I shall be paid.

I shall send the scrawl to you by the stage on Tuesday. I have still to copy it. And I have the pleasure to give you another subscriber, Mrs. Hume, a lady who has listened to the eloquence of Mrs. Lock, who never sees any one without producing the plan. Mrs. Lock begs you to trust her for the guineas. Mr. Lock enters into this business with the warmest approbation.

If you think what I have drawn up worth printing, I should suppose it might make a little sixpenny paper, and be sold for the same purpose it is written. Or will it only do to be printed at the expense of the acting ladies, and given gratis? You must judge of this.[1]

Adieu, ever most dear sir! F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *October* 27, 1793.

My most dear Father—The terrible confirmation of this last act of savage hardness of heart has wholly overset us again.[2] M. d'Arblay had entirely discredited its probability, and, to the last moment, disbelieved the report; not from milder thoughts

anticipated Mme. D'Arblay. In addition to her remarks on Dupont's speech (*ante*, p. 226), they thank her for "her elegant and pathetic address to the ladies of Great Britain in their [*i.e.* the French Emigrant clergy's] behalf" (*Memoirs of Hannah More*, 1834, ii. 359).

[1] "Madame D'Arblay has written a pamphlet for the French clergy. I sent for it in town, and then forgot to bring it with me. I shall wait patience till I go back, for Mrs. D[amer] says it is a mere nothing" (*Extracts from the Journals, etc. of Miss Berry* (1783-1852), 1865, i. 420).

[2] The death of Marie Antoinette, October 16, 1793.

of the barbarous rulers of his unhappy country, but from seeing that the death of the Queen could answer no purpose, helpless as she was to injure them, while her life might answer some as a hostage with the Emperor. Cruelty, however, such as theirs, seems to require no incitement whatever; its own horrible exercise appears sufficient both to prompt and to repay it. Good Heaven! that that wretched Princess should so finish sufferings so unexampled!

With difficulties almost incredible, Madame de Staël has contrived, a second time, to save the lives of M. de Jaucourt and M. de Montmorenci, who are just arrived in Switzerland. We know as yet none of the particulars; simply that they are saved is all: but they write in a style the most melancholy to M. de Narbonne, of the dreadful fanaticism of license, which they dare call liberty, that still reigns unsubdued in France. And they have preserved nothing but their persons! of their vast properties they could secure no more than pocket-money, for travelling in the most penurious manner. They are therefore in a state the most deplorable. Switzerland is filled with gentlemen and ladies of the very first families and rank, who are all starving, but those who have had the good fortune to procure, by disguising their quality, some menial office!

No answer comes from Mr. Pitt[1]; and we now expect none till Sir Gilbert Elliot[2] makes his report of the state of Toulon and of the Toulonnese; till which, probably, no decision will be formed whether the Constitutionals in England will be employed or not.

. . . . . .

F. D'A.

[1] To M. D'Arblay's offer.

[2] Sir Gilbert Elliot, 1751-1814, afterwards first Earl of Minto. He had been appointed Chief Commissioner to Toulon in September 1793, and had arrived there in the middle of November. See *ante*, p. 221.

M. d'Arblay's offer of serving in the expedition to Toulon was not accepted,[1] and the reasons for which it was declined do not appear.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ——[2]

The account of your surprise, my sweet friend, was the last thing to create mine: I was well aware of the general astonishment, and of yours in particular. My own, however, at my very extraordinary fate, is singly greater than that of all my friends united. I had never made any vow against marriage, but I had long, long been firmly persuaded it was for me a state of too much hazard and too little promise to draw me from my individual plans and purposes. I remember, in playing at questions and commands,[3] when I was thirteen, being asked when I intended to marry? and surprising my playmates by solemnly replying, "When I think I shall be happier than I am in being single." It is true, I imagined that time would never arrive; and I have pertinaciously adhered to trying no experiment upon any other hope; for, many and mixed as are the ingredients which form what is generally considered as happiness, I was always fully convinced that social sympathy of character and taste could alone have any chance with me; all else I always thought, and now know, to be immaterial. I have only this peculiar,—that what many contentedly assert or adopt in theory, I have had the courage to be guided by in practice.

We are now removed to a very small house in

[1] See *ante*, p. 221.

[2] Waddington.

[3] A favourite eighteenth-century game. See *Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xi. See also Steele's *Lover*, No. 13:—"I might have been a King at *Questions and Commands*."

the suburbs of a very small village called Bookham.[1] We found it rather inconvenient to reside in another person's dwelling, though our own apartments were to ourselves. Our views are not so beautiful as from Phenice Farm,[2] but our situation is totally free from neighbours and intrusion. We are about a mile and a half from Norbury Park, and two miles from Mickleham. I am become already so stout a walker, by use, and with the help of a very able supporter, that I go to those places and return home on foot without fatigue, when the weather is kind. At other times I condescend to accept a carriage from Mr. Lock; but it is always reluctantly, I so much prefer walking where, as here, the country and prospects are inviting.

I thank you for your caution about building: we shall certainly undertake nothing but by contract; however, it would be truly mortifying to give up a house in Norbury Park; we defer the structure till the spring, as it is to be so very slight, that Mr. Lock says it will be best to have it hardened in its first stage by the summer's sun. It will be very small, merely an habitation for three people, but in a situation truly beautiful, and within five minutes of either Mr. Lock, or my sister

[1] Great Bookham, Surrey. The house, to which the D'Arblays gave the name of "The Hermitage," is now known as "Fairfield," and belongs to William Bousfield, Esq. It was discovered for the D'Arblays by Mrs. Locke. "The main fabric of the building," says the present owner in an account drawn up in July 1890, "exists as it did at the end of the last century, but an addition has since been made of two rooms in front and of the verandah [at the back]. Some change has also taken place in the arrangement of the rooms, but in all probability the parlour mentioned in the Diary, and two bedrooms, one panelled and the other oak-floored, remain of the same size and shape as when Madame D'Arblay wrote her novel of *Camilla*, and her only son was born. The garden, in which the general so much distinguished himself as a gardener, was smaller than at present. According to the deed of 1813 [when the house was sold by the D'Arblays' landlady], the land consisted of a garden and orchard, but of the existing trees only one or two can have then been growing" (*Reports of Proceedings of the Surrey Archæological Society*, 1890, p. xxxii.).

[2] See *ante*, p. 208.

"Fairfield," Great Bookham, 1904

Phillips: it is to be placed just between those two loved houses.

My dearest father, whose fears and drawbacks have been my sole subject of regret, begins now to see I have not judged rashly, or with romance, in seeing my own road to my own felicity. And his restored cheerful concurrence in my constant principles, though new station, leaves me, for myself, without a wish. *L'ennui*, which could alone infest our retreat, I have ever been a stranger to, except in tiresome company, and my companion has every possible resource against either feeling or inspiring it.

As my partner is a Frenchman, I conclude the wonder raised by the connection may spread beyond my own private circle; but no wonder upon earth can ever arrive near my own in having found such a character from that nation. This is a prejudice certainly, impertinent, and very John Bullish, and very arrogant; but I only share it with all my countrymen, and therefore must needs forgive both them and myself. I am convinced, however, from your tender solicitude for me in all ways, that you will be glad to hear that the Queen and all the Royal Family have deigned to send me wishes for my happiness through Mrs. Schwellenberg, who has written me "what you call" a very kind congratulation.

. . . . . .

F. D'A.

1794.

In the year 1794,[1] the happiness of the "Hermitage" was increased by the birth of a son, who

[1] December 18.—In the register of Great Bookham Church the baptism is thus recorded:—"Baptised in the year 1795, Alexander Charles Louis, son of Alexandre Gabriel Pieuchard D'Arblay and Frances his wife, born December 18, 1794, and baptised April 11, 1795."

was christened Alexander Charles Louis Piochard d'Arblay; receiving the names of his father, with those of his two godfathers, the Comte de Narbonne and Dr. Charles Burney.

LETTER FROM THE COMTE DE NARBONNE TO MRS. PHILLIPS, ON THE ORDER SENT BY THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT TO CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND PERIGORD, CI-DEVANT BISHOP OF AUTUN, TO QUIT ENGLAND IN FIVE DAYS.

Janvier 1794.

Vous avez bien voulu, avec votre bonté accoutumée, m'ordonner de vous envoyer tous les détails que je pourrois avoir, sur le malheur qui nous accable: voici au juste tout ce que nous savons, et tout ce qui a été fait.

Mardi, à cinq heures, un messager d'état est venu chez Talleyrand, lui apporter un ordre de quitter le royaume avant cinq jours, c'est-à-dire, avant Dimanche prochain; en y ajoutant qu'il étoit chargé de le prévenir que si, au jour indiqué, il n'étoit pas parti, il seroit dans le cas de la déportation, et déporté sur-le-champ.

Talleyrand a fait tout de suite parvenir une note à MM. Pitt et Dundas. M. Windham a été parler au dernier, et prétend n'avoir pas pu seulement savoir de lui si c'étoit pour une raison générale ou particulière: M. Pitt a gardé la même réserve vis-à-vis un membre du parlement, de ses amis.

Il a écrit hier à Lord Grenville et à M. Pitt des lettres dont il n'a pas, et il n'aura probablement pas, de réponse. Il a écrit aussi au Roi une lettre que j'espérois faire parvenir par le Duc de Gloucester, mais il a refusé de me voir.

Vous voyez qu'il ne nous reste à peu près aucune espérance: le secret dont on s'enveloppe est la

preuve que l'on ne veut entendre à rien. Il est renvoyé avec un Comte Zenobia, qu'il n'a jamais vu de sa vie; un Comte de Vaux, dont il ne savoit pas plus le nom que celui d'un nommé Simon, sellier de Bruxelles.

Concevez-vous un malheur pareil? Aujourd'hui, à midi, il ne sait pas seulement si c'est en Amérique ou en Dannemarc qu'il ira; et nous venons de lire dans les papiers qu'il a été fait rapport à la Convention de sept prises, dont deux Américaines et une Danoise. Tous les chemins par terre sont impraticables pour lui; et, avec cela, rien n'égale son calme, son courage, et, presque, sa gaieté. La vôtre, et celle de nos adorables amis de Norbury, n'auroit-elle pas un peu plus souffert encore s'il s'étoit trouvé vrai que j'avois reçu un pareil ordre? Cela avoit été dit, et, j'imagine, inventé, par les aristocrates. Hélas! je ne suis ni plus coupable ni plus innocent que mon malheureux ami, qui me charge de vous parler à tous de son éternel attachement.[1] Demain je vous donnerai l'histoire d'aujourd'hui; et pourrai vous instruire de sa marche et de la mienne. Ne penserez-vous pas avec un peu de douceur que c'est à votre inépuisable bonté à tous que je dois d'avoir vécu loin de Londres, et d'avoir ainsi échappé aux regards de la haine et de la calomnie?

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *Februarg* 8, 1794.

The times are indeed, as my dearest father says, tremendous, and reconcile this retirement daily more and more to my Chevalier—Chevalier every

[1] Probably M. de Talleyrand received permission to remain in England a few weeks longer, as his letter to take leave of M. and Mme. D'Arblay is dated from London, *March 2* [*Mrs. Barrett's note*]. He eventually reached the United States, where he remained until 1796.

way, by birth, by his order, and by his character; for to-day he has been making his first use of a restoration to his garden in gathering snowdrops for his fair Dulcinea—you know I must say *fair* to finish the phrase with any effect.

I am very sorry for the sorrow I am sure Mr. Burke will feel for the loss of his brother,[1] announced in Mr. Cooke's[2] paper yesterday. Besides, he was a comic, good-humoured, entertaining man, though not bashful.

What an excellent opening Mr. Canning has made at last![3] *Entre nous soit dit*, I remember, when at Windsor, that I was told Mr. Fox came to Eton purposely to engage to himself that young man, from the already great promise of his rising abilities; and he made dinners for him and his nephew, Lord Holland, to teach them political lessons. It must have had an odd effect upon him, I think, to hear such a speech from his disciple. Mr. Lock now sends us the papers for the debates every two or three days; he cannot quicker, as his own household readers are so numerous. I see almost nothing of Mr. Windham in them; which vexes me: but I see Mr. Windham in Mr. Canning.

. . . . . .

F. D'A.

P.S.—So you have got Mr. Erskine's speeches? certainly they were not at present likely to be *de trop* from any duplicates in your library! I divert myself with the thought of seeing you running them over with that sort of toleration which recent

[1] See vol. ii. pp. 88, 257. Richard Burke, Recorder of Bristol, died suddenly at his Lincoln's Inn Chambers, February 5, 1794.

[2] Samuel Cooke, M.A., incumbent of Great Bookham from 1769 to 1820, in which latter year he died, æt. 80 (see *post*, p. 244).

[3] George Canning, 1770-1827, was M.P. for Newport. The maiden speech referred to was on the proposed grant of a subsidy to the King of Sardinia, January 31, 1794. Canning had finally thrown in his lot with Pitt.

GREAT BOOKHAM CHURCH, 1904

eating and drinking with a man always breeds, even in causes the most ungenial.

M. de Talleyrand to Mrs. Phillips

Londres, 1794.

Madame—Il faut qu'il y ait eu de l'impossibilité pour que ce matin je n'aie pas eu l'honneur de vous voir; mais l'impossibilité la plus forte m'a privé du dernier plaisir que je pouvois avoir en Europe. Permettez-moi, madame, de vous remercier encore une fois de toutes vos bontés, de vous demander un peu de part dans votre souvenir, et laissez-moi vous dire que mes vœux se porteront dans tous les tems de ma vie vers vous, vers le Capitaine, vers vos enfans. Vous allez avoir en Amérique un serviteur bien zélé; je ne reviendrai pas en Europe sans arriver dans le Surry: tout ce qui, pour mon esprit et pour mon cœur, a quelque valeur, est là.

J'ai l'honneur de vous renouveler, madame, l'assurance du plus respectueux dévouement,

Talleyrand.

Voulez-vous bien présenter tous mes complimens au Capitaine?[1]

M. de Talleyrand to M. and Madame d'Arblay

Londres, 2 *Mars*, 1794.[2]

Adieu, mon cher d'Arblay: je quitte votre pays jusqu'au moment où il n'appartiendra plus aux petites passions des hommes. Alors j'y reviendrai; non, en vérité, pour m'occuper d'affaires, car il y a long tems que je les ai abandonnées pour

[1] He had also visited the Hermits at Bookham with Narbonne (see *post*, vol. vi., under October 1815).

[2] See *note*, p. 235.

jamais; mais pour voir les excellens habitans du Surry. J'espère savoir assez d'Anglais pour entendre Madame d'Arblay; d'ici à quatre mois je ne vais faire autre chose que l'étudier: et pour apprendre le beau et bon langage, c'est *Evelina* et *Cecilia* qui sont mes livres d'étude et de plaisir. Je vous souhaite, mon cher ami, toute espèce de bonheur, et vous êtes en position de remplir tous mes souhaits.

Je ne sais combien de tems je resterai en Amérique:[1] s'il se réferoit quelque chose de raisonnable et de stable pour notre malheureux pays, je reviendrois; si l'Europe s'abîme dans la campagne prochaine, je préparerai en Amérique des asyles à tous nos amis.

Adieu: mes hommages à Madame d'Arblay et à Madame Phillips, je vous en prie: je vous demande et vous promets amitié pour la vie.

TALLEYRAND.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

BOOKHAM, *March* 22, 1794.

MY DEAR FATHER—I am this moment returned from reading your most welcome and kind letter at our Susanna's. The account of your better health gives me a pleasure beyond all words; and it is the more essential to my perfect contentment on account of your opinion of our retreat. I doubt not, my dearest father, but you judge completely right, and I may nearly say we are both equally disposed to pay the most implicit respect to your counsel. We give up, therefore, all thoughts of our London excursion for the present, and I shall write to that effect to our good intended hostess very speedily.

I can easily conceive far more than you enlarge upon in this counsel: and, indeed, I have not

[1] See *note*, p. 235.

myself been wholly free from apprehension of possible *embarras*, should we, at this period, visit London; for though M. d'Arblay not only could *stand*, but would *court*, all personal scrutiny, whether retrospective or actual, I see daily the extreme susceptibility which attends his very nice notions of honour, and how quickly and deeply his spirit is wounded by whatever he regards as injustice. Incapable, too, of the least trimming or disguise, he could not, at a time such as this, be in London without suffering or risking, perhaps hourly, something unpleasant. Here we are tranquil, undisturbed and undisturbing. Can life, he often says, be more innocent than ours, or happiness more inoffensive? He works in his garden, or studies English and mathematics, while I write. When I work at my needle, he reads to me; and we enjoy the beautiful country around us in long and romantic strolls, during which he carries under his arm a portable garden-chair, lent us by Mrs. Lock, that I may rest as I proceed. He is extremely fond, too, of writing, and makes, from time to time, memorandums of such memoirs, poems, and anecdotes as he recollects, and I wish to have preserved. These resources for sedentary life are certainly the first blessings that can be given to man, for they enable him to be happy in the extremest obscurity, even after tasting the dangerous draughts of glory and ambition.

The business of M. de Lafayette has been indeed extremely bitter to him.[1] It required the utmost force he could put upon himself not to take some public part in it. He drew up a short but most energetic defence of that unfortunate general, in a letter, which he meant to print and send to the editors of a newspaper which had traduced him,

[1] La Fayette was at this time imprisoned by the Austrians (see *ante*, p. 139).

with his name at full length. But after two nights' sleepless deliberation, the hopelessness of serving his friend, with a horror and disdain of being mistaken as one who would lend any arms to weaken Government at this crisis, made him consent to repress it. I was dreadfully uneasy during the conflict, knowing, far better than I can make him conceive, the mischiefs that might follow any interference at this moment, in matters brought before the nation, from a foreigner. But, conscious of his own integrity, I plainly see he must either wholly retire, or come forward to encounter whatever he thinks wrong. Ah—better let him accept your motto, and *cultiver son jardin*![1] He is now in it, notwithstanding our long walk to Mickleham, and working hard and fast to finish some self-set task that to-morrow, Sunday, must else impede.

I am glad you meet Lord Spencer[2] at Lady Lucan's: what an acquisition, a man of his character, to Government! M. d'Arblay sometimes says, "I cannot conceive how there can be two minds amongst honest men as to this war!" though as to its causes he can conceive but too well a thousand!

M. d'Arblay, to my infinite satisfaction, gives up all thoughts of building, in the present awful state of public affairs. To show you, however, how much he is "of your advice" as to *son jardin*, he has been drawing a plan for it, which I intend to beg, borrow, or steal (all one), to give you some idea how seriously he studies to make his manual labours of some real utility.

This sort of work, however, is so totally new to him, that he receives every now and then some of poor Merlin's[3] "disagreeable compliments"; for, when Mr. Lock's or the Captain's gardeners favour

[1] The advice of Voltaire in *Candide*, 1759.
[2] George John, second Earl Spencer, 1758-1834 (see *post*, p. 253).
[3] See *ante*, vol. i. pp. 458, 505.

our grounds with a visit, they commonly make known that all has been done wrong. Seeds are sowing in some parts when plants ought to be reaping, and plants are running to seed while they are thought not yet at maturity. Our garden, therefore, is not yet quite the most profitable thing in the world; but M. d'A. assures me it is to be the staff of our table and existence.

A little, too, he has been unfortunate; for, after immense toil in planting and transplanting strawberries round our hedge, here at Bookham, he has just been informed they will bear no fruit the first year, and the second we may be "over the hills and far away!"

Another time, too, with great labour, he cleared a considerable compartment of weeds, and, when it looked clean and well, and he showed his work to the gardener, the man said he had demolished an asparagus-bed! M. d'A. protested, however, nothing could look more like *des mauvaises herbes.*

His greatest passion is for transplanting. Everything we possess he moves from one end of the garden to another, to produce better effects. Roses take place of jessamines, jessamines of honeysuckles, and honeysuckles of lilacs, till they have all danced round as far as the space allows; but whether the effect may not be a general mortality, summer only can determine.

Such is our horticultural history. But I must not omit that we have had for one week cabbages from our own cultivation every day! Oh, you have no idea how sweet they tasted! We agreed they had a freshness and a *goût* we had never met with before. We had them for too short a time to grow tired of them, because, as I have already hinted, they were beginning to run to seed before we knew they were eatable. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *April* 1794.

What a charming letter was your last, my dearest father! How full of interesting anecdote and enlivening detail! The meeting with Mrs. Thrale, so surrounded by her family, made me breathless; and while you were conversing with the Signor, and left me in doubt whether you advanced to her or not, I almost gasped with impatience and revived old feelings, which, presently, you reanimated to almost all their original energy. How like my dearest father to find all his kindness rekindled when her ready hand once more invited it! I heard her voice in "Why, here's Dr. Burney as young as ever!" and my dear father in his parrying answers. No scene could have been related to me more interesting or more welcome. My heart and hand, I am sure, would have met her in the same manner. The friendship was too pleasant in its first stage, and too strong in its texture, to be ever obliterated, though it has been tarnished and clouded. I wish few things more earnestly than again to meet her.

Miss T——[1] must, I am sure, have been gratified by what you said to her of her reverend *protégés*, the emigrant French priests: and how sincerely I congratulate you upon the noble success your indefatigable measures and cares in their favour have produced! I did not know Dean Marley was made a bishop.[2] I am very glad to hear it at the same moment that I hear of his beneficence.

I am almost ashamed to use the word *fortunate* in speaking of Toulon. Yet, good Heaven, what an escape from how useless a sacrifice must I ever

[1] Query—Miss Trimmer (see *ante*, p. 227).

[2] See *ante*, p. 169. Richard Marlay, Dean of Ferns, had been made Bishop of Clonfert and Kilmacduagh in 1787.

look back to Mr. Pitt's not accepting M. d'Arblay's services! For I never could buoy myself up with those sanguine expectations of the constitutional spirit of all the south of France, that made M. d'Arblay believe the risk, be whatever the personal event, well worth running for his unhappy country.

Adieu, dearest Sir! with a thousand thanks for your "heart dear" letter.

Ever, most affectionately,
Your dutiful
F. D'A.

Think of our horticultural shock last week, when Mrs. Bailey, our landlady,[1] "entreated M. d'Arblay not to spoil her fruit-trees!"—trees he had been pruning with his utmost skill and strength. However, he has consulted your *Miller* thereupon, and finds out she is very ignorant, which he has gently intimated to her.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *May* 9, 1794.

How kind is my dearest Father, and how straight to my heart comes his kindness! The Chanterelles and Mandoline have vibrated to that of M. d'Arblay. *The Cunning Man*![2] he is reading with great pleasure, and, from its simplicity, and his remembrance of the French, with as much facility as prose. It will be an exceeding good lesson with his Mandoline.

How often—Oh, how often—do I regret that my beloved father cannot for some time *de suite* see

[1] Mrs. Catherine Bailey. She sold the house in 1813 to a Mr. William Leach, from whose descendant it was purchased in 1881 by its present proprietor, Mr. Bousfield.

[2] *The Cunning Man* (*i.e.* fortune-teller or soothsayer) was Dr. Burney's rhymed version of Rousseau's musical *intermède*, the *Devin du Village*. It had been produced, without great success, at Drury Lane in 1766.

the sun rise and set with a character so formed to become every way dear to him!—so replete with every resource for cheerful solitude and happy retirement!—so very like himself in disposition, humour, and taste, that the day never passes in which I do not, in its course, exclaim, "How you remind me of my father!"

We were anxious that Mr. L——[1] should have an interview with Mrs. Schwellenberg, as M. d'Arblay had been informed that some one had told the King he had "served in America against England, as secretary to M. de Lafayette." Who could have invented such a complete falsehood? M. d'Arblay begged Mr. L—— simply and roundly to make known, first, that he never was in America; secondly, that he had never any connection with M. de Lafayette but as his equal, except with respect alone to military precedence; and thirdly, that, having been an officer in the Royal Artillery from twelve years of age, he had never served any man whatever (officially) but his King.

. . . . . .

Is not this news from the Continent as well as from the West Indies very excellent?[2] We wanted to make ourselves Tower and Park guns for a little rejoicing. However, not having cannon or powder, M. d'A. has contented himself with only making me another new walk in our orchard, which must serve instead.

I forgot to mention in my late letters that I have seen good Mr. Hoole.[3] I heard he had visited our worthy neighbours, the clergyman and his wife; and Mrs. Cooke meant to oblige me by discouraging him from calling. I desired her to

[1] Perhaps Mr. Locke.

[2] The Duke of York's victories near Cambrai, and the taking of Martinico.

[3] John Hoole, 1727-1803 (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 435).

rectify that mistake if he came again; for my resolute declining of all new acquaintance, to avoid dress, etc., is very remote from involving seclusion from old friends. He accordingly presented himself soon after, and I was very glad to see him. As he spoke French with as much difficulty as M. d'Arblay speaks English, M. d'A., on hearing he had translated Ariosto and Tasso, attacked him in Italian, but was much surprised to find himself not even understood. How very different to know and to speak a language! M. d'A. is himself an instance, for he hesitates in pronouncing "*How do do?*" yet he wants no assistance in reading Hume, or even a newspaper, which is far more difficult, because more diffuse, and subject to local cant.

I see your name, my dearest father, with generals, statesmen, monarchs, and Charles Fox, in a collection of *bons mots*! I am dying for the work. If you have it, I beseech a peep at it by some opportunity. I will carefully return it.

F. D'A.

From Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney after his first visit to her at Bookham

Bookham, *August* '94.

It is just a week since I had the greatest gratification of its kind I ever, I think, experienced:—so kind a thought, so sweet a surprise as was my dearest father's visit! How softly and soothingly it has rested upon my mind ever since!

"Abdolomine"[1] has no regret but that his garden was not in better order; he was a little

[1] M. D'Arblay. Abdalonymus, the gardener-king of Sidon, must have been well known to the Burneys. Fontenelle had written a five-act comedy on *Abdolonime* (not *Abdolomine*); and the Doctor's favourite, Metastasio, had also treated him dramatically. Mason gives the story of the "wise Sidonian" as the close of book ii. of the *English Garden*, ll. 469-605; and Cowley refers to him in the poem of the "Country Life," l. 13.

piqué, he confesses, that you said it was not *very neat*—and, *to be shor*!—but his passion is to do great works: he undertakes with pleasure, pursues with energy, and finishes with spirit; but, then, all is over! He thinks the business once done always done; and to repair, and amend, and weed, and cleanse,—Oh, these are drudgeries insupportable to him!

However, you should have seen the place before he began his operations, to do him justice; there was then nothing else but *mauvaises herbes*; now, you must at least allow there is a mixture of flowers and grain! I wish you had seen him yesterday, mowing down our hedge — with his sabre, and with an air and attitudes so military, that, if he had been hewing down other legions than those he encountered — *i.e.* of spiders — he could scarcely have had a mien more tremendous, or have demanded an arm more mighty. Heaven knows, I am "the most *contente personne* in the world" to see his sabre so employed!

You spirited me on in all ways; for this week past I have taken tightly to the *grand ouvrage*.[1] If I go on so a little longer, I doubt not but M. d'Arblay will begin settling where to have a new shelf for arranging it! which is already in his rumination for Metastasio;[2] I imagine you now seriously resuming that work; I hope to see further sample ere long.

We think with very great pleasure of accepting my mother's and your kind invitation for a few days. I hope and mean, if possible, to bring with me also a little sample of something less in the dolorous style than what always causes your poor shoulders a little shrug.[3]

[1] *Camilla; or, a Picture of Youth*, published in the middle of 1796.
[2] See *ante*, p. 36.
[3] Mrs. Barrett thinks the tragedy of *Edwy and Elgiva* is here intended.

Mr. and Mrs. Lock were very sorry to have missed you. Mr. Lock was gratified, even affected, by my account of the happiness you had given me. He says, from the time of our inhabiting this *maisonnette*, one of his first wishes had been that you should see us in it; as no possible description or narration could so decidedly point out its competence. He, who knew the uncommon character which was to be its master, expected all that has followed of its sufficiency; but he can easily conceive the anxiety of all who had not had so near a view of it upon an experiment so great. How thankfully did I look back, the 28th of last month,[1] upon a year that has not been blemished with one regretful moment!

How truly grieved was I to hear from Mr. Lock of the death of young Mr. Burke![2] What a dreadful blow upon his father and mother! to come at the instance of the son's highest and most honourable advancement, and of the father's retreat to the bosom of his family from public life! His brother, too, gone so lately![3] I am most sincerely sorry, indeed, and quite shocked, as there seemed so little suspicion of such an event's approach, by your account of the joy caused by Lord Fitzwilliam's kindness.[4] Pray tell me if you hear how poor Mr. Burke and his most amiable wife endure this calamity, and how they are.

. . . . . .

F. D'A.

[1] The anniversary of her marriage—July 28, 1793—of which she here gives the correct date (see *ante*, p. 205).

[2] Burke's only son, Richard, died at Cromwell House, Brompton, on August 2, 1794, aged thirty-six.

[3] See *ante*, p. 236.

[4] Lord Fitzwilliam had nominated Richard Burke to the seat at Malton, vacated when his father applied for the Chiltern Hundreds.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips

Bookham, 1794.

I grieve to return M. de Lally's incomparable book; I have been delighted and enlightened by the *Letters to the Electors*,[1] and the *Pièces Justificatives*;[2] I think never more by any writing I ever read: there is a nobleness of mind and of style, of thought and of expression, so strikingly combined, that eloquence has rarely seemed to me so natural, and never more penetrating. That any country can voluntarily throw away such a statesman, such an orator, such a citizen! You know how forcibly I was struck by M. de Lally Tolendal from the first: you will therefore not wonder I am now quite enthusiastic for him. Warmth and sensibility such as his, joined to a candour that seems above all prejudice on any side, or for any party, or purpose, or even wish, make me reverence now as before I admired him.

Always, when you can, remember me to him and to your beloved Princesse d'Henin. How I wish you could spend more time with such consolatory beings!

We are seeking everywhere, in the Dorking vicinity, a new dwelling; but the difficulty of finding anything is immoderate. Nevertheless, as this is the sole period in which we can hope to bear the expense of removing, we are ardent in the search; for the dearness of provisions, and the difficulty of obtaining the common comforts of the family board, milk, butter, etc., make us unwilling to establish ourselves here for life; and the sight of Mrs. Lock oftener is well worth a few guineas a year.

F. d'A.

[1] Probably M. de Tollendal's *Lettres à ses Commettants*, 1789, 1790, announcing his resignation of his seat in the Assembly, are here referred to.

[2] The *Pièces Justificatives* were published in 1789.

LINES TO MADAME D'ARBLAY ON HER BIRTHDAY

Aimer sa femme est un travers,[1]
La chanter est un ridicule;
Et, de plus, ce monde pervers
Sur cet article est peu crédule.
Ton époux, libre dans tes fers,
Loin des bourreaux que la licence
Déchaîne contre l'univers,
Aime à consigner dans ces vers
Qu'il te doit son indépendance
Et son bonheur! Oui; tous les ans
Je promets aux mauvais plaisants,
Qu'en ce jour heureux ma constance
Les fera rire à mes dépens.
A cette douce jouissance
Puissent-ils se livrer long tems!

A. A.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE, BY A. D'ARBLAY

La Raison, si souvent tranchante, atrabilaire,
Toujours dans ses écrits plaît autant qu'elle éclaire;
L'Indulgence, l'Amour allument son flambeau:
C'est la Sagesse enfin, non l'Ennui peint en beau.

Westhamble.

1795

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. ——[2]

BOOKHAM, *April* 15, 1795.

So dry a reproof from so dear a friend! And do you, then, measure my regard of heart by my remissness of hand? Let me give you the short history of my tragedy,[3] fairly and frankly.

I wrote it not, as your acquaintance imagined, for the stage, nor yet for the press. I began it at Kew Palace, and, at odd moments, I finished it

[1] La Chaussée had combated this in the *Préjugé à la Mode*, the earliest example of the *comédie bourgeoise*.
[2] Mrs. Waddington.
[3] *Edwy and Elgiva*, produced at Drury Lane, March 21, 1795.

at Windsor;[1] without the least idea of any species of publication.

Since I left the Royal household, I ventured to let it be read by my father, Mr. and Mrs. Lock, my sister Phillips, and, of course, M. d'Arblay, and not another human being. Their opinions led to what followed, and my brother, Dr. Charles, showed it to Mr. Kemble while I was on my visit to my father last October. He instantly and warmly pronounced for its acceptance, but I knew not when Mr. Sheridan would see it, and had not the smallest expectation of its appearing this year. However, just three days before my beloved little infant came into the world,[2] an express arrived from my brother, that Mr. Kemble wanted the tragedy immediately, in order to show it to Mr. Sheridan, who had just heard of it, and had spoken in the most flattering terms of his goodwill for its reception.

Still, however, I was in doubt of its actual acceptance till three weeks after my confinement, when I had a visit from my brother, who told me he was, the next morning, to read the piece in the green-room.

This was a precipitance for which I was every way unprepared, as I had never made but one copy of the play, and had intended divers corrections and alterations. Absorbed, however, by my new charge, and then growing ill, I had a sort of indifference about the matter, which, in fact, has lasted ever since.

The moment I was then able to hold a pen I wrote two short letters, to acknowledge the state of the affair to my sisters; and to one of these epistles I had an immediate laughing answer, informing me my confidence was somewhat of the

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 413.
[2] This (see *ante*, p. 233) would be the 15th December 1794.

latest, as the subject of it was already in all the newspapers! I was extremely chagrined at this intelligence; but, from that time, thought it all too late to be the herald of my own designs. And this, added to my natural and incurable dislike to enter upon these egotistical details unasked, has caused my silence to my dear M——, and to every friend I possess. Indeed, speedily after, I had an illness so severe and so dangerous, that for full seven weeks the tragedy was neither named nor thought of by M. d'Arblay or myself.

The piece was represented to the utmost disadvantage, save only Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble; for it was not written with any idea of the stage, and my illness and weakness, and constant absorbment, at the time of its preparation, occasioned it to appear with so many undramatic effects, from my inexperience of theatrical requisites and demands, that, when I saw it, I myself perceived a thousand things I wished to change. The performers, too, were cruelly imperfect, and made blunders I blush to have pass for mine,—added to what belong to me. The most important character after the hero and heroine had but two lines of his part by heart! He made all the rest at random, and such nonsense as put all the other actors out as much as himself; so that a more wretched performance, except Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Bensley, could not be exhibited in a barn.

All this concurred to make it very desirable to withdraw the piece for alterations, which I have done.

And now you have the whole history—and now —are you appeased?[1] F. D'A.

[1] This is Genest's account of *Edwy and Elgiva* under "Drury Lane, 1794-5:—[March] 21 [1795]. Never acted, Edwy and Elgiva. Edwy = Kemble: Dunstan = Bensley: Oldin = Palmer: Sigisbert = C. Kemble: Elgiva = Mrs. Siddons: Eltruda = Mrs. Powell:—this T. is attributed to Mrs. D'Arblay, formerly Miss Burney—it was acted but once, and is not printed" (*Account of the English Stage*, 1832, vii. 188).

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

May 7, 1795.

My dear Fanny—What a while has our correspondence slept! Let me see—where shall I begin? Why, at my resuscitation, I think. I began to stir and rub my eyes, as I remember, ere you left these parts; and I no sooner got on my legs but it was "Mungo here and Mungo there."[1] Engagements, —scholars,—printers,—proofs,—revises, etc. etc. Within this fortnight or three weeks that I have been quite out of my room, my hurry has been, to my present feelings and strength, greater than ever I can remember. The best part of the story is, that I have been gathering strength and spirits through all this bustle, faster than I did by nursing and inquiries after my own health. But during the late tremendous winter I find that almost all my acquaintance have fared no better than myself; so that, like Swift and his old woman, we do nothing but "con ailments together."[2]

One of my dinners, since my going out, was at Charlotte's, with the good Hooles. After dinner Mr. Cumberland came in, and was extremely courteous, and seemingly friendly, about you and your piece. He took me aside from Mrs. Paradise, who had fastened on me and held me tight by an account of her own and Mr. Paradise's complaints, so circumstantially narrated, that not a stop so short as a comma occurred in more than an hour, while I was civilly waiting for a full period. Mr. Cumberland expressed his sorrow at what had

[1] A quotation from a song in Bickerstaff's *Padlock*, 1768 :—

Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo everywhere.

[2] This escapes us. But Swift has

A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot—

in some lines to Stella, dated 1720.

happened at Drury Lane, and said that, if he had had the honour of knowing you sufficiently, he would have told you *d'avance* what would happen, by what he had heard behind the scenes. The players seem to have given the play an ill name. But, he says, if you would go to work again, by reforming this, or work with your best powers at a new plan, and would submit it to his inspection, he would, from the experience he has had, risk his life on its success. This conversation I thought too curious not to be mentioned.

. . . . . .

Well, but how does your *petit* and pretty monsieur do? 'Tis pity you and M. d'Arblay don't like him, poor thing! And how does horticulture thrive? This is a delightful time of the year for your Floras and your Linnæi: I envy the life of a gardener in spring, particularly in fine weather.

And so dear Mr. Hastings is honourably acquitted![1] and I visited him the next morning, and we cordially shook hands. I had luckily left my name at his door as soon as I was able to go out, and before it was generally expected that he would be acquitted.

The young Lady Spencer[2] and I are become very thick; I have dined with her at Lady Lucan's, and met her at the blue parties there. She has invited me to her box at the opera, to her house in St. James's Place,[3] and at the Admiralty,[4] whither the family removed last Saturday, and she says I must come to her the 15th, 22nd, and 29th of this month, when I shall see a huge assembly.

[1] April 23, 1795. His trial had occupied 145 days, and cost him £70,000.
[2] Lavinia Bingham, 1762-1831, eldest daughter of Charles Bingham, first Earl of Lucan. She married Lord Spencer in 1781.
[3] Spencer House.
[4] Lord Spencer had been made First Lord of the Admiralty by Pitt in December 1794.

Mrs. Crewe says all London will be there. She is a pleasant, lively, and comical creature, with more talents and discernment than are expected from a character *si folâtre*. My lord is not only the handsomest and best-intentioned man in the kingdom, but at present the most useful and truly patriotic. And then, he has written to Vienna for Metastasio's three inedited volumes, which I so much want ere I advance too far in the press for them to be of any use.

I am hallooed on prodigiously in my Metastasio mania. All the critics—Warton, Twining, Nares, and Dr. Charles—say that his *Estratto dell' Arte Poetica d' Aristotile*, which I am now translating, is the best piece of dramatic criticism that has ever been written. "Bless my heart!" says Warton, "I, that have been all my life defending the three unities, am overset." "Ay," quoth I, "has not he made you all ashamed of 'em? You learned folks are only theorists in theatrical matters, but Metastasio had sixty years' successful practice. There!—Go to." My dear Fanny, before you write another play, you must read Aristotle and Horace, as expounded by my dear Metastasio. But, *basta*. You know when I take up a favourite author, as a Johnson, a Haydn, or a Metastasio, I do not soon lay him down or let him be run down.

The club has been very much crowded this season. Mr. Fox was at the last, and Windham! who, coming late, did not put a good face on the discovery: however, all were very loquacious and good humoured. We have vacancies. Poor Sir William Jones has occasioned one[1]—but black balls have been plenty. Three or four d—lish democrats, *Dieu merci!* have had the door shut upon 'em.

[1] Sir William Jones, the orientalist, *d.* April 27, 1794.

Here it strikes three o'clock: the post knell, not bell, tolls here, and I must send off my scrib: but I will tell you, though I need not, that, now I have taken up Metastasio again, I work at him in every uninterrupted moment. I have this morning attempted his charming pastoral in "*il Re Pastore*":—

Alla Selva, al Prato, al' fonte
Io n' andro col gregge amato:
E alla selva, al fonte, al prato
L' idol mio con me verrà.

In quel rozzo angusto tetto,
Che ricetto a noi darà,
Con la gioja e col diletto
L' innocenza albergherà.

I'll give you the translation, because the last stanza is a portrait[1]:—

To meadows, woods, and fountains
Our tender flocks I'll lead;
In meads beneath the mountains
My love shall see them feed.

Our simple narrow mansion
Will suit our station well;
There's room for heart expansion
And peace and joy to dwell.

God bless you! A thousand compliments and loves to M. d'Arblay. C. B.

From Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Hermitage, Bookham, *May* 13, 1795.

You have not one letter to translate, my dear father, from your favourite Metastasio, more gaily, more kindly amiable, than this last original you have bestowed upon me. Mr. Cumberland is curious and surprising,—Mrs. Paradise, the very

[1] Of the Bookham Hermitage.

woman, — Mr. Hastings, reviving, — Fox and Windham, good dramatic encountering; but the best of all is the story of resuscitation, and the happy effect of bustle and exertion. My dearest father is so made for society—that is the truth and moral of the fable—and society is always disposed to be so just towards him, that it is impossible, when he is shaken back to it, he should not, like the man of Sicily, find himself put to rights. For bustle and exertion, like "*tobacco hic*" (how learned and grand I am in my illustrations!), if you are well, may, by over-draughting, make you sick; but, after a short repose, and a little discipline to boot, if you are sick, they are just the things to make you well. The mind wants pulling out a little, to recognise its own elasticity.

Horticulture prospers beyond all former even ideas of prosperity. How, how I do wish you could come and take an hour's work here! it would mingle so well with Metastasio!—the employment —the fragrant surrounding air—the sweet refreshing landscape—and your partner in labour,—all would be congenial with Metastasio, and, consequently, with you; for you know, when we were all to choose who we would be if not our dear identical and always all-preferable selves, you fixed upon Metastasio; and indeed, in many, nay most respects, it would hardly be a change.

To be sure, as you say, 'tis pity M. d'A. and his rib should have conceived such an antipathy to the petit monsieur! Oh if you could see him now! My mother would be satisfied, for his little cheeks are beginning to favour of the trumpeter's, and Esther would be satisfied, for he eats like an embryo alderman. He enters into all we think, say, mean, and wish! His eyes are sure to sympathise in all our affairs and all our feelings. We find some kind reason for every smile he

bestows upon us, and some generous and disinterested motive for every grave look.

If he wants to be danced, we see he has discovered that his gaiety is exhilarating to us; if he refuses to be moved, we take notice that he fears to fatigue us. If he will not be quieted without singing, we delight in his early *goût* for *les beaux-arts*. If he is immoveable to all we can devise to divert him, we are edified by the *grand sérieux* of his dignity and philosophy: if he makes the house ring with loud acclaim because his food, at first call, does not come ready warm into his mouth, we hold up our hands with admiration at his vivacity.

Your conversation with Mr. Cumberland astonished me. I certainly think his experience of stage effect, and his interest with players, so important, as almost instantly to wish putting his sincerity to the proof. How has he got these two characters—one, of Sir Fretful Plagiary, detesting all works but those he owns, and all authors but himself; the other, of a man too perfect even to know or conceive the vices of the world, such as he is painted by Goldsmith in *Retaliation*?[1] And which of these characters is true?

I am not at all without thoughts of a future revise of *Edwy and Elgiva*, for which I formed a plan on the first night, from what occurred by the representation.[2] And let me own to you, when you commend my "bearing so well a theatrical drubbing," I am by no means enabled to boast I bear it with conviction of my utter failure. The piece was certainly not heard, and therefore not really judged. The audience finished with an

[1] Mrs. Piozzi (Boaden's *Life of Kemble*, 1825, i. 438) regarded Goldsmith's portrait as "wholly ironical," though Cumberland himself swallowed it (*Memoirs*, 1807, i. 369).

[2] *Edwy and Elgiva* is described and criticised by Dr. E. S. Shuckburgh in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February 1890, pp. 291-98. The still-existent MS. is said to be carefully pencilled with amendments in French and English.

unmixed applause on hearing it was withdrawn for alterations, and I have considered myself in the publicly accepted situation of having at my own option to let the piece die, or attempt its resuscitation,—its reform, as Mr. Cumberland calls it. However, I have not given one moment to the matter since my return to the Hermitage.

F. D'A.

P.S.—I should be very glad to hear good news of the revival of poor Mr. Burke. Have you ever seen him since this fatality in his family? I am glad, nevertheless, with all my heart, of Mr. Hastings's honourable acquittal.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

Chelsea College, *June* 9, 1795.

My dear Fanny—I have been such an *évaporé* lately, that, if I were near enough to accost you, it would be in Susey's exclamation, when she was just arrived from France and had stayed at Mrs. Lewis's till ten o'clock at night—"*Que je suis libertine, papa!*" and *Que je suis libertin, ma fille!* Three huge assemblies at Spencer House;[1] two dinners at the Duke of Leeds'; two clubs; a *déjeuner* at Mrs. Crewe's villa at Hampstead; a dinner at Lord Macartney's; two ditto at Mr. Crewe's; two philosophical conversaziones at Sir Joseph Banks's; Haydn's benefit; Salomon's ditto,[2] etc. etc. What profligacy! But what *argufies* all this festivity?—'tis all vanity and exhalement of spirit. I am tired to death of it all, while your domestic and maternal joys are as fresh as the roses in your garden. And here let me congratulate your honest

[1] See *ante*, p. 253.

[2] Johann Peter Salomon, 1745-1815, musician and violinist.

gardener on "the clouds dropping fatness," — "visiting each plant, and feeding

> Flowers, worthy Paradise.
> To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
> With first approach of light, he now will rise,
> And at his pleasant labour, to reform
> His flowery arbours and his alleys green
> That mock his scant manuring, and require
> More hands than his to lop their wanton growth:
> Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
> That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
> Ask riddance, if ye mean to tread with ease." [1]

Mason has sent me his *Essays on Church Music* [2] (the only book he gave away, according to Mr. Stonehewer). He is very civil to me in all parts of his book; but is more tolerant to parochial psalmody than I have been in my life, or ever shall be; but for this he apologises, and I laugh at the cause of our difference.

I must tell you what happened at Mrs. Crewe's *déjeuner*. I arrived late, and met many people coming away, but still found the house and gardens full of fashionables. It was a cold-lunch day, and, after eating was over, people went into the bit of a garden to a lottery, or to take a turn. Among the peripatetico-politicians, there were Lord Sheffield, the Master of the Rolls,[3] Canning, with abundance of et ceteras, and Mr. Erskine. On meeting him and Mrs. Erskine, we renewed last year's acquaintance. After we had passed each other several times, we got into conversation, and what do you think about, but the reform of Parliament? He told me his whole plan of virtuous representation; —what new county members were to be added, what rotten boroughs destroyed; and his ideas of

[1] This quotation is adapted from *Paradise Lost*, book iv. ll. 240-41, and ll. 623-32.

[2] *Essays, Historical and Critical, on English Church Music*, York, 1795.

[3] Sir Richard Pepper Arden, afterwards Lord Alvanley, 1745-1804, Master of the Rolls from 1788 to 1801.

keeping down corruption from ruining the state. It is not to be quite universal suffrage at elections, which are to be triennial, etc. etc.

"Well, but," says I quietly, "can government go on without influence, or a majority when its measures are good?"

"Oh yes; the people will be in good humour, and easily governed."

"But, my good Sir!—you, who understand these things so much better than I, be so good as to tell me, what is the ultimate end of Reform, if the present Constitution of King, Lords, and Commons is allowed to subsist, but to make it easy to pull down a minister, at least? and if it is rendered easy to pull down Mr. Pitt, will it not be easy, likewise, to pull down Mr. Fox, or any successor?"

He did not seem prepared for so queer a question; he shuffled about, and gave me an equivocal No, which more clearly said Yes. All this while he had hold of my arm, and people stared at our intimacy, while that rogue Mrs. Crewe and the Marchioness of Buckingham were upstairs, sitting at a window, wondering and laughing at our confabulation.

I have been able to call on Lord Orford but twice since my illness. He was at Strawberry Hill the first time; the second I found him alone, and he was very cordial, quaint, and pleasant; made great inquiries after you; and seemed main eager about my Metastasio, and,—would you think it?—charged me to give plenty of translations from his poetry.

I have seen nothing of Mr. Cumberland since my last,—not even one of his three successful new plays in one season.[1]

[1] According to the *Biographia Dramatica*, 1812, i. (Part I.) 161, Cumberland produced in 1795 three comedies, viz. *The Wheel of Fortune*, *First Love*, and *The Dependant*. But the same authority affirms that the last-named comedy was "condemned the first night."

I received of Cadell's son, about a fortnight ago, the balance of your pamphlet[1] in favour of the destitute French Priests, which I immediately put into the hands of Mrs. Crewe,—£20 : 7s. She insisted on your mother's having the pleasure of relieving with £10 of it some of her numerous poor emigrant acquaintances, but since has had it refunded to her for some poor miserable English nuns lately come from Holland, who are literally starving with hunger, and in want of every necessary of life. Lady Buckingham and Mrs. Crewe visit them at Bayswater, and administer to them every assistance in their power. God bless you!

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ——

Bookham, *June* 15, '95.

No, my dear M——, no;—"this poor intercourse" shall never cease, while the hand that writes this assurance can hold a pen! I have been very much touched with your letter, its affection, and its—everything. Do not for the world suffer this our only communication to "dwindle away": for me, though the least punctual of all correspondents, I am, perhaps, the most faithful of all friends; for my regard, once excited, keeps equal energy in absence as in presence, and an equally fond and minute interest in those for whom I cherish it, whether I see them but at the distance of years, or with every day's sun. *Sun* it is, even in winter, that shines upon sights so sweet as of persons beloved. My dear and darling sister Phillips will now once more experience this truth, for last Monday she left Mickleham — Norbury Park—Bookham—every spot most dear to her, to go and live in London! Will she, think you, for

[1] See *ante*, p. 229.

that, be ever absent from my mind? Will my new ties, dear almost to adoration as they are to me, ever obliterate my former ones? No, my dear M——, all those whom I best love have something, more or less, of resemblance one to another; each, therefore, rather helps than mars my affection for the rest. I love *nobody for nothing*; I am not so tindery! therefore there must be change in the object before there can be any in me.

I have much to say to you.—

. . . . . .

And lastly, let me hasten to tell you something of myself that I shall be very sorry you should hear from any other, as your too susceptible mind would be hurt again, and that would grieve me quite to the heart.

I have a long work, which a long time has been in hand, that I mean to publish soon—in about a year.[1] Should it succeed, like *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, it may be a little portion to our Bambino. We wish, therefore, to print it for ourselves in this hope; but the expenses of the press are so enormous, so raised by these late Acts, that it is out of all question for us to afford it. We have, therefore, been led by degrees to listen to counsel of some friends, and to print it by subscription. This is in many—many ways unpleasant and unpalatable to us both; but the real chance of real use and benefit to our little darling overcomes all scruples, and, therefore, to work we go!

You will feel, I dare believe, all I could write on this subject; I once rejected such a plan, formed for me by Mr. Burke, where books were to be kept by ladies, not booksellers,—the Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Boscawen, and Mrs. Crewe; but I was an individual then, and had no cares of times to come: now, thank Heaven! this is not

[1] *Camilla* (see *ante*, p. 246).

the case;—and when I look at my little boy's dear, innocent, yet intelligent face, I defy any pursuit to be painful that may lead to his good.

Adieu, my ever dear friend! F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *June* 18, '95.

My dearest Father—How I rejoice my business letter did not arrive an hour or two sooner! It might have so turned your thoughts to itself as to have robbed me of "'fore George! a more excellent song than t'other!" I would not have lost it—I had almost said—for all my subscription; and I should quite have said it, if I listened more to impulse than to interest.

How I should have enjoyed being with "that rogue," as you call Mrs. Crewe, and Lady Buckingham, peering at you and Mr. Erskine confabbing so lovingly! . . . But I must fly from all this, and from our garden, and our Bambino, to write first upon business,—or this, and those, will presently swallow all my paper by dearer, more congenial attraction.

All our deliberations made, even after your discouraging calculations, we still mean to hazard the publishing by subscription. And, indeed, I had previously determined, when I changed my state, to set aside all my innate and original abhorrences, and to regard and use as resources, myself, what had always been considered as such by others. Without this idea, and this resolution, our Hermitage must have been madness. With them,—I only wish my dear and kind father could come and work at it, with Abdolomine,[1] to cure

[1] See *ante*, p. 245.

his lumbago, as Abdolomine says it would surely do; and he would then see its comforts, its peace, its harmony, and its little "perennial plant," and see many a view of retired life which he may have read as romantic, yet felt as desirable, realised. But here I am running away from this same business again!

I am extremely glad you mean to communicate with Mrs. Crewe. Her former great kindness, in voluntary propositions of exertion upon a similar plan, I have never forgotten, and consequently never ceased to be grateful for, though my then shyness and peculiarly strung nerves, made its prospect terrific, not alluring, to me. Now, when I look at my dear baby, and see its dimpling smiles, and feel its elastic springs, I think how small is the sacrifice of such feelings for such a blessing. You enchant me by desiring more infantile biography. With what delight I shall obey such a call, and report progress of his wonders from letter to letter!

But—to business again. I like well the idea of giving no name at all,—why should not I have my mystery as well as Udolpho?[1]—but, . . . "now, don't fly, Dr. Burney!"—I own I do not like calling it a novel; it gives so simply the notion of a mere love story, that I recoil a little from it. I mean this work to be sketches of characters and morals put in action,—not a romance. I remember the word *novel* was long in the way of *Cecilia*, as I was told at the Queen's house; and it was not permitted to be read by the Princesses till sanctioned by a Bishop's recommendation,—the late Dr. Ross of Exeter.[2]

Will you then suffer *mon amour propre* to be

[1] Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho: A Romance*, 4 vols., had appeared in the previous year, 1794.

[2] John Ross, 1719-92, one of the King's chaplains; Bishop of Exeter from 1778 to 1792. He edited (1749) the *Familiar Epistles* of Cicero.

saved by the proposals running thus?—Proposals for printing by subscription, in six volumes duodecimo, a new work by the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia.*

How grieved I am you do not like my heroine's name![1]—the prettiest in nature! I remember how many people did not like that of Evelina, and called it "affected" and "missish,"[2] till they read the book, and then they got accustomed in a few pages, and afterwards it was much approved.

I must leave this for the present untouched; for the force of the name attached by the idea of the character, in the author's mind, is such, that I should not know how to sustain it by any other for a long while. In *Cecilia* and *Evelina* 'twas the same: the names of all the personages annexed, with me, all the ideas I put in motion with them. The work is so far advanced, that the personages are all, to me, as so many actual acquaintances, whose memoirs and opinions I am committing to paper. I will make it the best I can, my dearest father. I will neither be indolent, nor negligent, nor avaricious. I can never half answer the expectations that seemed excited. I must try to forget them, or I shall be in a continual quivering.

Mrs. Cooke, my excellent neighbour,[3] came in just now, to read me a paragraph of a letter from Mrs. Leigh, of Oxfordshire, her sister. . . . After much of civility about the new work and its author, it finishes thus:—"Mr. Hastings I saw just now: I told him what was going forward; he gave a great jump, and exclaimed, 'Well, then, now I can serve her, thank Heaven, and I will! I will

[1] The name was then *Ariella*, changed afterwards to *Camilla* [*Mrs. Barrett's note*].
[2] See vol. i. pp. 92-93.
[3] The wife of the rector of Great Bookham (see *ante*, p. 236).

write to Anderson to engage Scotland, and I will attack the East Indies myself!'"

F. D'A.

P.S.—The Bambino is half a year old this day.

N.B.—I have not heard the Park or Tower guns. I imagine the wind did not set right.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO THE COMTE DE NARBONNE (written during his embarrassments from the French Revolution, and in answer to a letter expressing bitter disappointment from repeated losses).

BOOKHAM, *December* 26, 1795.

What a letter, to terminate so long and painful a silence! It has penetrated us with sorrowing and indignant feelings. Unknown to M. d'Arblay, whose grief and horror are upon the point of making him quite ill, I venture this address to his most beloved friend; and before I seal it, I will give him the option to burn or underwrite it.

I shall be brief in what I have to propose: sincerity need not be loquacious, and M. de Narbonne is too kind to demand phrases for ceremony.

Should your present laudable but melancholy plan fail, and should nothing better offer, or till something can be arranged, will you, dear sir, condescend to share the poverty of our Hermitage? Will you take a little cell under our rustic roof, and fare as we fare? What to us two hermits is cheerful and happy, will to you, indeed, be miserable; but it will be some solace to the goodness of your heart to witness our contentment;—to dig with M. d'A. in the garden will be of service to your health; to nurse sometimes with me in the parlour will be a relaxation to your mind. You will not blush to own your little godson. Come,

then, and give him your blessing; relieve the wounded feelings of his father—oblige his mother—and turn hermit at Bookham, till brighter suns invite you elsewhere.[1]

F. D'ARBLAY.

You will have terrible dinners, alas!—but your godson comes in for the dessert.

[1] From the letter that follows at p. 268, it is clear that M. D'Arblay "underwrote" this invitation—an extraordinarily generous one from a pair whose income at this moment, as we learn from the closing pages of vol. vi., was about £125 per annum in all.

PART L

1796

Letter of Comte de Narbonne to Madame d'Arblay—Publication of *Camilla*—Madame d'Arblay's visit to Windsor—Interview with the Queen—Interest of the King in Madame d'Arblay's new work—Conversation with His Majesty—Another interview with the Queen—Conversation with Her Majesty, the Princesses Elizabeth and Augusta—Munificence of their Majesties—Conversation with the Princesses—The Royal Family on the terrace—The King's reception of M. d'Arblay—The Queen and the Duchess of York—Sale of *Camilla* compared with that of the writer's previous works—The Princess Royal and the Prince of Wurtemberg—Criticism on *Camilla*—Death of Dr. Burney's second wife—Visit to Norbury Park—The pursuits of literature—Unfavourable opinion of *Caleb Williams*—The Comte de Lally Tolendal and his daughter—Mason's name struck out of Mrs. Delany's will—The Pitt subscription.

The Comte de Narbonne to Monsieur and Madame d'Arblay

Gleresse, *ce* 24 *Janvier*, 1796.

Le sort aura beau faire: mon aimable sœur, il me paroît impossible que je sois jamais bien malheureux tant qu'il ne m'ôtera pas le bien inexprimable de recevoir des lettres comme celles que vous vous réunissiez pour m'écrire.[1] Quel trésor a trouvé mon d'Arblay! Vous croyez peut-être que c'est de *vous* dont je parle? Je ne dis pas tout à fait non—

[1] See *ante*, p. 266.

mais je parle aussi de ses richesses, que je partagerai sûrement, avec encore plus de bonheur que de reconnaissance, dès qu'il sera bien décidé qu'il faut que vous vous chargiez de moi. Mais je vais lui expliquer comme quoi votre adorable amitié s'est trop vivement alarmée, et que je ne suis pas tout à fait encore sans quelques petites ressources et espérances. A vous, ma sœur, je ne veux vous parler que de mon filleul, vous prier de lui apprendre à prononcer mon nom—à le confondre avec celui de nos amis de Norbury. Quel paradis vous faites et vous habitez! et que je serai heureux, si le sort peut jamais m'y donner une place où je ne vous sois pas par trop incommode.

Je ne vous remercie pas, mon ami, mais je vous dirai que rien dans la vie ne m'a fait une plus douce sensation de bonheur que votre lettre; aussi, ne doutez pas que je n'accepte *tout—tout* ce que vous voudriez faire pour moi, quand il ne me restera que vous dans le monde; car je suis bien sûr que vous ne me manquerez jamais. Mais, au vrai, je n'ai, pour le moment, aucun besoin de vous, et je suis même un peu plus près de quelques espérances: d'abord, Ferdinand,[1] qui est revenu en France, a déjà trouvé le moyen de me faire passer quelques louis, et il m'en promet quelques autres sous peu de tems. Voilà donc pour le présent,—et quant à l'avenir, il vient d'être rendu une loi, qui, en ôtant à mon père les deux tiers de son bien attendu l'émigration de ses deux enfans, assure, au moins, l'autre tiers à son héritier naturel, qui est ma fille, et qui, heureusement, je n'ai pas fait sortir; ainsi vous voyez que son avenir et le mien n'est pas tout à fait désespéré. Mais, pour veiller à tout cela, vous voyez que je ne dois pas m'éloigner des frontières de la France: ainsi, quelque appétit que vous me

[1] M. F. Ferdinand (see *ante*, p. 177) was one of the witnesses to the wedding in the Sardinian Chapel (*Juniper Hall*, 1904, p. 168).

donniez d'être pauvre avec vous, il faut que je le sois tout seul encore quelque temps.

Ne vous effrayez donc pas sur moi, mon ami ; je passe ici assez doucement ma vie entre Madame de la Chartre,[1] que vous aimez, et Madame de Laval,[2] que vous aimeriez. Nous nous étourdissons sur l'avenir, et je suis aussi heureux que ma situation le comporte. D'ailleurs en vérité, est-il permis de se plaindre, lorsqu'il existe tant d'infortunés sans aucun espoir ?

DE NARBONNE.

During the years 1794 and 1795, Madame d'Arblay finished and prepared for the press her third novel, *Camilla*, which was published partly by subscription in 1796 ;[3] the Dowager Duchess of Leinster, the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Lock, kindly keeping lists, and receiving the names of subscribers.[4]

This work having been dedicated by permission to the Queen, the authoress was desirous of presenting the first copy to Her Majesty, and made a journey to Windsor for that honour.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO DR. BURNEY

BOOKHAM, *July* 10, 1796.

If I had as much of time as of matter, my dear father, what an immense letter should I write you ! But I have still so many book oddments of accounts, examinations, directions, and little household affairs to arrange, that, with baby-kissing included, I expect I can give you to-day only part the first of

[1] See *ante*, p. 156.
[2] See *post*, under June 18, 1814.
[3] In July (see *post*, p. 294).
[4] Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth were both among the subscribers, as was Mrs. Schwellenberg. About a month after publication Dr. Burney told Walpole that his daughter had made £2000 ; and three months after publication only five hundred copies remained out of four thousand (see *post*, p. 293). The selling price of the five volumes was a guinea.

CAMILLA:

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

EVELINA AND *CECILIA.*

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for T. PAYNE, at the Mews-Gate; and
T. CADELL Jun and W. DAVIES (Succeſſors
to Mr. CADELL) in the Strand.

1796.

an excursion which I mean to comprise in four parts: so here begins.

The books were ready at eleven or twelve, but not so the tailor! The three Miss Thrales[1] came to a short but cordial hand-shaking at the last minute, by appointment; and at about half-past three we set forward. I had written the day before to my worthy old friend Mrs. Agnew, the housekeeper, erst, of my revered Mrs. Delany, to secure us rooms for one day and night, and to Miss Planta to make known I could not set out till late.

When we came into Windsor at seven o'clock, the way to Mrs. Agnew's was so intricate that we could not find it, till one of the King's footmen recollecting me, I imagine, came forward, a volunteer, and walked by the side of the chaise to show the postillion the house.—*N.B.* No bad omen to worldly augurers.

Arrived, Mrs. Agnew came forth with faithful attachment, to conduct us to our destined lodgings. I wrote hastily to Miss Planta, to announce to the Queen that I was waiting the honour of Her Majesty's commands; and then began preparing for my appearance the next morning, when I expected a summons; but Miss Planta came instantly herself from the Queen, with orders of immediate attendance, as Her Majesty would see me directly! The King was just gone upon the terrace, but Her Majesty did not walk that evening.

Mrs. Agnew was my maid, Miss Planta my arranger; my landlord, who was a hairdresser, came to my head, and M. d'Arblay was general superintendent. The haste and the joy went hand in hand, and I was soon equipped, though shocked at my own precipitance in sending before I was already

[1] "Queenie," Sophia, and Susan. Cecilia (vol. iv. p. 372) was living with the Piozzis.

visible. Who, however, could have expected such prompt admission? and in an evening?

M. d'Arblay helped to carry the books as far as to the gates. My lodgings were as near to them as possible. At the first entry towards the Queen's lodge we encountered Dr. Fisher[1] and his lady: the sight of me there, in a dress announcing indisputably whither I was hieing, was such an astonishment, that they looked at me rather as a recollected spectre than a renewed acquaintance. When we came to the iron rails poor Miss Planta, in much fidget, begged to take the books from M. d'Arblay, terrified, I imagine, lest French feet should contaminate the gravel within!—while he, innocent of her fears, was insisting upon carrying them as far as to the house, till he saw I took part with Miss Planta, and he was then compelled to let us lug in ten volumes[2] as we could.

The King was already returned from the terrace, the page in waiting told us. "Oh, then," said Miss Planta, "you are too late!" However, I went into my old dining-parlour; while she said she would see if any one could obtain the Queen's commands for another time. I did not stay five minutes ruminating upon the dinners, "gone where the chickens," etc., when Miss Planta returned, and told me the Queen would see me instantly.

The Queen was in her dressing-room, and with only the Princess Elizabeth. Her reception was the most gracious imaginable; yet, when she saw my emotion in thus meeting her again, she was herself by no means quite unmoved. I presented my little—yet not small—offering, upon one knee, placing them, as she directed, upon a table by her side, and expressing, as well as I could, my devoted gratitude for her invariable goodness to me. She then began a conversation, in her old style, upon

[1] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 20.

[2] Representing two copies.

various things and people, with all her former graciousness of manner, which soon, as she perceived my strong sense of her indulgence, grew into even all its former kindness. Particulars I have now no room for; but when, in about half an hour, she said, "How long do you intend to stay here, Madame d'Arblay?" and I answered, "We have no intentions, ma'am," she repeated, laughing, "You have no intentions!—Well, then, if you can come again to-morrow morning, you shall see the Princesses."

She then said she would not detain me at present; and, encouraged by all that had passed, I asked if I might presume to put at the door of the King's apartment a copy of my little work. She hesitated, but with smiles the most propitious; then told me to fetch the books; and whispered something to the Princess Elizabeth, who left the room by another door at the same moment that I retired for the other set.

Almost immediately upon my return to the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth, the King entered the apartment, and entered it to receive himself my little offering.

"Madame d'Arblay," said Her Majesty, "tells me that Mrs. Boscawen is to have the third set; but the first—your Majesty will excuse me—is mine."

This was not, you will believe, thrown away upon me. The King, smiling, said, "Mrs. Boscawen, I hear, has been very zealous."

I confirmed this, and the Princess Elizabeth eagerly called out, "Yes, Sir! and while Mrs. Boscawen kept a book for Madame d'Arblay, the Duchess of Beaufort kept one for Mrs. Boscawen."

This led to a little discourse upon the business, in which the King's countenance seemed to speak a benign interest; and the Queen then said,

"This book was begun here, Sir." Which already I had mentioned.

"And what did you write of it here?" cried he. "How far did you go?—Did you finish any part? or only form the skeleton?"

"Just that, Sir," I answered; "the skeleton was formed here, but nothing was completed. I worked it up in my little cottage."

"And about what time did you give to it?"

"All my time, Sir; from the period I planned publishing it, I devoted myself to it wholly. I had no episode[1] but a little baby. My subject grew upon me, and increased my materials to a bulk that I am afraid will be more laborious to wade through for the reader than for the writer."

"Are you much frightened?" cried he, smiling; "as much frightened as you were before?"

"I have hardly had time to know yet, Sir. I received the fair sheets of the last volume only last night. I have, therefore, had no leisure for fear. And sure I am, happen what may to the book from the critics, it can never cause me pain in any proportion with the pleasure and happiness I owe to it."

I am sure I spoke most sincerely; and he looked kindly to believe me.

He asked if Mr. Lock had seen it; and, when I said no, seemed comically pleased, as if desirous to have it in its first state. He asked next if Dr. Burney had overlooked it; and, upon the same answer, looked with the same satisfaction. He did not imagine how it would have passed current with my dearest father: he appeared only to be glad it would be a genuine work: but, laughingly, said, "So you kept it quite snug?"[2]

[1] Mme. D'Arblay here anticipates Artemus Ward, who was supposed to be the first to call a baby an episode.

[2] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 62.

"Not intentionally, Sir, but from my situation and my haste; I should else have been very happy to have consulted my father and Mr. Lock; but I had so much, to the last moment, to write, that I literally had not a moment to hear what could be said. The work is longer by the whole fifth volume than I had first planned; and I am almost ashamed to look at its size, and afraid my readers would have been more obliged to me if I had left so much out than for putting so much in."

He laughed; and inquired who corrected my proofs?

"Only myself," I answered.

"Why, some authors have told me," cried he, "that they are the last to do that work for themselves. They know so well by heart what ought to be, that they run on without seeing what is. They have told me, besides, that a mere plodding head is best and surest for that work; and that the livelier the imagination, the less it should be trusted to."

I must not go on thus minutely, or my four parts will be forty. But a full half-hour of graciousness, I could almost call kindness, was accorded me, though the King came from the concert to grant it; and it broke up by the Queen saying, "I have told Madame d'Arblay that, if she can come again to-morrow, she shall see the Princesses."

The King bowed gently to my grateful obeisance for this offer, and told me I should not know the Princess Amelia, she was so much grown, adding, "She is taller than you!"

I expressed warmly my delight in the permission of seeing their Royal Highnesses; and their Majesties returned to the concert-room. The Princess Elizabeth stayed, and flew up to me, crying, "How glad I am to see you here again, my

dear Miss Burney!—I beg your pardon, Madame d'Arblay I mean—but I always call all my friends by their maiden names when I first see them after they are married."

I warmly now opened upon my happiness in this return to all their sights, and the condescension and sweetness with which it was granted me; and confessed I could hardly behave prettily and properly at my first entrance after so long an absence. "Oh, I assure you I felt for you!" cried she; "I thought you must be agitated; it was so natural to you to come here—to Mamma!"

You will believe, my dearest father, how light-hearted and full of glee I went back to my expecting companion: Miss Planta accompanied me, and stayed the greatest part of the little remaining evening, promising to let me know at what hour I should wait upon their Royal Highnesses.

The next morning, at eight or nine o'clock, my old footman, Moss,[1] came with Mlle. Jacobi's compliments to M. and Madame d'Arblay, and an invitation to dine at the Queen's Lodge.

Miss Planta arrived at ten, with Her Majesty's commands that I should be at the Queen's Lodge at twelve. I stayed, meanwhile, with good Mrs. Agnew, and M. d'Arblay made acquaintance with her worthy husband, who is a skilful and famous botanist, and lately made gardener to the Queen for Frogmore[2]; so M. d'Arblay consulted him about our *cabbages!* and so, if they have not now a high flavour, we are hopeless.

At eleven M. d'Arblay again ventured to esquire me to the rails round the lodge, whence I showed him my *ci-devant* apartment, which he languished to view nearer. I made a visit to Mlle. Jacobi, who is a very good creature, and with whom I remained very comfortably till Her Majesty and

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 455.

[2] See *ante*, p. 216.

the Princesses returned from Frogmore, where they had passed two or three hours. Almost immediately I was summoned to the Queen by one of the pages. She was just seated to her hairdresser.

She conversed upon various public and general topics till the friseur was dismissed, and then I was honoured with an audience, quite alone, for a full hour and a half. In this, nothing could be more gracious than her whole manner and discourse. The particulars, as there was no pause, would fill a duodecimo volume at least. Among them was Mr. Windham, whom she named with great favour; and gave me the opportunity of expressing my delight upon his belonging to the Government.[1] We had so often conversed about him during the accounts I had related of Mr. Hastings's trial, that there was much to say upon the acquisition to the administration, and my former round assertions of his goodness of heart and honour. She inquired how you did, my dearest father, with an air of great kindness; and, when I said well, looked pleased, as she answered, "I was afraid he was ill, for I saw him but twice last year at our music."

She then gave me an account of the removal of the concert to the Haymarket since the time I was admitted to it. She talked of some books and authors, but found me wholly in the clouds as to all that is new. She then said, "What a very pretty book Dr. Burney has brought out upon Metastasio![2] I am very much pleased with it. Pray (smiling) what will he bring out next?"

"As yet, Madam, I don't know of any new plan."

[1] He was Secretary at War, with a seat in the Cabinet, under Pitt, 1794-1801.

[2] Dr. Burney's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Abbot Metastasio, with trans. of his Letters*, 3 vols. 8vo, was published in 1796.

"But he *will* bring out something else?"

"Most probably; but he will rest a little first, I fancy."

"Has he nothing in hand?"

"Not that I now know of, Madam."

"Oh, but he soon will!" cried she, again smiling.

"He has so active a mind, Ma'am, that I believe it quite impossible to him to be utterly idle; but, indeed, I know of no present design being positively formed."

We had then some discourse upon the new connection at Norbury Park—the FitzGeralds, etc.; and I had the opportunity to speak as highly as I believe her to deserve of Mrs. Charles. The Queen had thought Miss Angerstein was dead. From this she led to various topics of our former conferences, both in persons and things, and gave me a full description of her new house at Frogmore,[1] its fitting up, and the share of each Princess in its decoration.

She spoke with delight of its quiet and ease, and her enjoyment of its complete retirement. "I spend," she cried, "there almost constantly all my mornings. I rarely come home but just before dinner, merely to dress; but to-day I came sooner."

This was said in a manner so flattering, I could scarce forbear the air of thanking her; however, I checked the expression, though I could not the inference which urged it.

At two o'clock the Princess Elizabeth appeared. "Is the Princess Royal ready?" said the Queen. She answered, "Yes": and Her Majesty then told me I might go to her, adding, "You know the way, Madame d'Arblay." And, thus licensed, I went to the apartment of Her Royal Highness

[1] See *ante*, p. 216.

upstairs. She was just quitting it. She received me most graciously, and told me she was going to sit for her picture, if I would come and stay with her while she sat. Miss Bab Planta was in attendance, to read during this period. The Princess Royal ordered me a chair facing her; and another for Miss Bab and her book, which, however, was never opened. The painter was Mr. Dupont.[1] She was very gay and very charming; full of lively discourse and amiable condescension.

In about an hour the Princess Augusta came in; she addressed me with her usual sweetness, and, when she had looked at her sister's portrait, said, "Madame d'Arblay, when the Princess Royal can spare you, I hope you will come to me," as she left the room. I did not flout her; and when I had been an hour with the Princess Royal, she told me she would keep me no longer from Augusta, and Miss Planta came to conduct me to the latter.

This lovely Princess received me quite alone; Miss Planta only shut me in; and she then made me sit by her, and kept me in most bewitching discourse more than an hour. She has a gaiety, a charm about her, that is quite resistless; and much of true, genuine, and very original humour. She related to me the history of all the feats, and exploits, and dangers, and escapes of her brothers during last year; rejoicing in their safety, yet softly adding, "Though these trials and difficulties did them a great deal of good."

We talked a little of France, and she inquired of me what I knew of the late unhappy Queen, through M. d'Arblay; and spoke of her with the most virtuous discrimination between her foibles and her really great qualities, with her most barbarous end.

[1] Gainsborough Dupont, 1754-97, Gainsborough's nephew.

She then dwelt upon Madame Royale,[1] saying, in her unaffected manner, "It's very odd one never hears what sort of girl she is." I told her all I had gathered from M. d'Arblay.[2] She next spoke of my Bambino, indulging me in recounting his *faits et gestes*; and never moved till the Princess Royal came to summon her. They were all to return to Frogmore to dinner. "We have detained Madame d'Arblay between us the whole morning," said the Princess Royal, with a gracious smile. "Yes," cried Princess Augusta, "and I am afraid I have bored her to death; but when once I begin upon my poor brothers, I can never stop without telling all my little bits of glory." She then outstayed the Princess Royal to tell me that, when she was at Plymouth, at church, she saw so many officers' wives, and sisters, and mothers, helping their maimed husbands, or brothers, or sons, that she could not forbear whispering to the Queen, "Mamma, how lucky it is Ernest[3] is just come so seasonably with that wound in his face! I should have been quite shocked, else, not to have had one little bit of glory among ourselves!"

When forced away from this sweet creature, I went to Mlle. Jacobi, who said, "But where is M. d'Arblay?" Finding it too late for me to go to my lodging to dress before dinner, I wrote him a word, which immediately brought him to the Queen's Lodge: and there I shall leave my dear father the pleasure of seeing us, mentally, at dinner, at my ancient table,—both invited by the Queen's commands. Miss Gomm was asked to meet me, and the repast was extremely pleasant.

[1] Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte, "Madame Royale," 1778-1851, only daughter of Louis XVI., and afterwards Duchess of Angoulême (see *post*, vol. vi., under 1815).

[2] Napoleon declared she was the "only man in the family."

[3] Ernest Augustus, afterwards Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover, fifth son of George III., 1771-1851. He had been wounded at the first battle of Tournay in 1794.

Just before we assembled to dinner Mlle. Jacobi desired to speak with me alone, and, taking me to another room, presented me with a folded little packet, saying, "The Queen ordered me to put this into your hands, and said, 'Tell Madame d'Arblay it is from us both.'" It was an hundred guineas. I was confounded, and nearly sorry, so little was such a mark of their goodness in my thoughts. She added that the King, as soon as he came from the chapel in the morning, went to the Queen's dressing-room just before he set out for the levee, and put into her hands fifty guineas, saying, "This is for my set!" The Queen answered, "I shall do exactly the same for mine," and made up the packet herself. "'Tis only," she said, "for the paper, tell Madame d'Arblay—nothing for the trouble!" meaning she accepted that.

The manner of this was so more than gracious, so kind, in the words *us both*, that indeed the money at the time was quite nothing in the scale of my gratification; it was even less, for it almost pained me. However, a delightful thought that in a few minutes occurred made all light and blythesome. "We will come, then," I cried, "once a year to Windsor, to walk the Terrace, and see the King, Queen, and sweet Princesses. This will enable us, and I shall never again look forward to so long a deprivation of their sight." This, with my gratitude for their great goodness, was what I could not refrain commissioning her to report.

Our dinner was extremely cheerful; all my old friends were highly curious to see M. d'Arblay, who was in spirits, and, as he could address them in French, and at his ease, did not seem much disapproved of by them. I went to my lodging afterwards to dress, where I told my Monsieur this last and unexpected stroke, which gave him exactly my sensations, and we returned to tea.

We had hopes of the Terrace, as my Monsieur was quite eager to see all this beloved Royal House. The weather, however, was very unpromising. The King came from the lodge during our absence; but soon after we were in the levee three Royal coaches arrived from Frogmore: in the first were the Queen, the Princesses Royal and Augusta, and some lady in waiting. M. d'Arblay stood by me at a window to see them; Her Majesty looked up and bowed to me, and, upon her alighting, she looked up again. This, I am sure, was to see M. d'Arblay, who could not be doubted, as he wore his *croix* the whole time he was at Windsor. The Princesses bowed also, and the four younger, who followed, all severally kissed their hands to me, and fixed their eyes on my companion with an equal expression of kindness and curiosity; he therefore saw them perfectly.

In a few minutes a page came to say "The Princesses desire to see Madame d'Arblay," and he conducted me to the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, which is the most elegantly and fancifully ornamented of any in the Lodge, as she has most delight and most taste in producing good effects.

Here the fair owner of the chamber received me, encircled with the Princesses Mary and Amelia, and no attendant. They were exactly as I had left them—kind, condescending, open, and delightful, and the goodness of the Queen, in sparing them all to me thus, without any allay of ceremony, or *gêne* of listening mutes, I felt most deeply.

They were all very gay, and I not very sad, so we enjoyed a perfectly easy and even merry half-hour in divers discourses, in which they recounted to me who had been most anxious about "the book," and doubted not its great success, as every-

body was so eager about it. "And I must tell you one thing," cried the Princess Elizabeth; "the King is very much pleased with the dedication."

This was, you will be sure, a very touching hearing to me; and Princess Mary exclaimed, "And he is very difficult!"

"Oh yes, he's hardly ever pleased with a dedication," cried one of the Princesses. "He almost always thinks them so fulsome."

"I was resolved I would tell it you," cried Princess Elizabeth.

Can you imagine anything more amiable than this pleasure in giving pleasure?

. . . . . .

I now explained that politics were always left out; that once I had had an idea of bringing in such as suited me, but that, upon second thoughts, I returned to my more native opinion they were not a feminine subject for discussion, and that I even believed, should the little work sufficiently succeed to be at all generally read, it would be a better office to general readers to carry them wide of all politics to their domestic firesides, than to open new matter of endless debate.

Soon after the Princess Augusta came in, smiling and lovely. Princess Royal next appeared; Princess Augusta sat down and charged me to take a chair next her. Princess Royal did not stay long, and soon returned to summon her sister Augusta downstairs, as the concert was begun; but she replied she could not come yet; and the Princess Royal went alone. We had really a most delicious chat then.

They made a thousand inquiries about my book, and when and where it was written, etc., and how I stood as to fright and fidget. I answered all with openness, and frankly related my motives for the publication. Everything of housekeeping, I

told them, was nearly doubled in price at the end of the first year and half of our marriage, and we found it impossible to continue so near our friends and the capital with our limited income, though M. d'A. had accommodated himself completely, and even happily, to every species of economy, and though my dearest father had capitally assisted us; I then, therefore, determined upon adopting a plan I had formerly rejected, of publishing by subscription. I told them the former history of that plan, as Mr. Burke's, and many particulars that seemed extremely to interest them. My garden, our way of life, our house, our Bambino,—all were inquired after and related. I repeatedly told them the strong desire M. d'Arblay had to be regaled with a sight of all their House—a House to which I stood so every way indebted,—and they looked kindly concerned that the weather admitted no prospect of the Terrace.

I mentioned to the Princess Augusta my recent new obligation to their Majesties, and my amaze and even shame at their goodness. "Oh, I am sure," cried she, "they were very happy to have it in their power."

"Yes, and we were so glad!"

"So glad!" echoed each of the others.

"How enchanted should I have been," cried I, "to have presented my little book to each of your Royal Highnesses if I had dared! or if, after Her Majesty has looked it over, I might hope for such a permission, how proud and how happy it would make me!"

"Oh, I daresay you may," cried the Princess Augusta, eagerly.

I then intimated how deeply I should feel such an honour, if it might be asked, after Her Majesty had read it; and the Princess Elizabeth gracefully undertook the office.

She related to me, in a most pleasant manner, the whole of her own transaction, its rise and cause and progress, in *The Birth of Love*:[1] but I must here abridge, or never have done. I told them all my scheme for coming again next July, which they sweetly seconded. Princess Amelia assured me she had not forgotten me; and when another summons came for the concert, Princess Augusta, comically sitting still and holding me by her side, called out, "Do you little ones go!"

But they loitered also; and we went on, on, on, with our chat,—they as unwilling as myself to break it up,—till staying longer was impossible; and then, in parting, they all expressed the kindest pleasure in our newly adopted plan of a yearly visit.

"And pray," cried Princess Elizabeth, "write again immediately!"

"Oh, no," cried Princess Augusta, "wait half a year—to rest; and then—increase your family—*all ways*!"

"The Queen," said Princess Elizabeth, "consulted me which way she should read *Camilla*; whether quick, at once, or comfortably at Weymouth: so I answered, 'Why, mamma, I think, as you will be so much interested in the book, Madame d'Arblay would be most pleased you should read it now at once, quick, that nobody may be mentioning the events before you come to them; and then again at Weymouth, slow and comfortably.'"

In going, the sweet Princess Augusta loitered last but her youngest sister, Amelia, who came to take my hand when the rest were departed, and assure me she should never forget me.

[1] *The Birth and Triumph of Cupid*, a series of engravings by P. W. Tomkins, Engraver to Queen Charlotte, after designs by the Princess Elizabeth, was published in 1795 at the King's expense. It was re-issued in 1796 with poetical letterpress by Sir James Bland Burges. New editions appeared in 1822 and 1823.

We spent the remnant of Wednesday evening with my old friends, determining to quit Windsor the next day, if the weather did not promise a view of the Royal Family upon the Terrace for M. d'Arblay.

Thursday morning was lowering, and we determined upon departing, after only visiting some of my former acquaintances. We met Miss Planta in our way to the Lodge, and took leave; but when we arrived at Mlle. Jacobi's we found that the Queen expected we should stay for the chance of the Terrace, and had told Mlle. Jacobi to again invite us to dinner.

. . . . . .

We left the friendly Miss Goldsworthy for other visits;—first to good old Mrs. Planta[1]; next to the very respectable Dr. Fisher and his wife. The former insisted upon doing the honours himself of St. George's Cathedral to M. d'Arblay, which occasioned his seeing that beautiful antique building to the utmost advantage. Dr. Fisher then accompanied us to a spot to show M. d'Arblay Eton in the best view.

Dinner passed as before, but the evening lowered, and all hopes of the Terrace were weak, when the Duke and Duchess of York arrived. This seemed to determine against us, as they told us the Duchess never went upon the Terrace but in the finest weather, and the Royal Family did not choose to leave her. We were hesitating therefore whether to set off for Rose Dale,[2] when Mlle. Jacobi gave an intimation to me that the King, herself, and the Princess Amelia, would walk on the Terrace.

Thither instantly we hastened, and were joined by Dr. and Mrs. Fisher. The evening was so raw and cold that there was very little company, and

[1] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 184.

[2] Mrs. Boscawen's house at Richmond (see *post*, p. 291).

scarce any expectation of the Royal Family; and when we had been there about half an hour the musicians retreated, and everybody was preparing to follow, when a messenger suddenly came forward, helter skelter, running after the horns and clarionets, and hallooing to them to return. This brought back the straggling parties, and the King, Duke of York, and six Princesses soon appeared.

I have never yet seen M. d'Arblay agitated as at this moment; he could scarce keep his steadiness, or even his ground. The recollections, he has since told me, that rushed upon his mind of his own King and Royal House were so violent and so painful as almost to disorder him.

His Majesty was accompanied by the Duke, and Lord Beaulieu,[1] Lord Walsingham,[2] and General Manners[3]; the Princesses were attended by Lady Charlotte Bruce,[4] some other lady, and Miss Goldsworthy. The King stopped to speak to the Bishop of Norwich[5] and some others at the entrance, and then walked on towards us, who were at the further end. As he approached, the Princess Royal said, loud enough to be heard by Mrs. Fisher, "Madame d'Arblay, Sir"; and instantly he came on a step, and then stopped and addressed me, and, after a word or two of the weather, he said, "Is that M. d'Arblay?" and most graciously bowed to him, and entered into a little conversation; demanding how long he had been in England, how long in the country, etc. etc., and with a sweetness, an air of wishing us well, that will never, never be erased from our hearts.

[1] Edward H. Montagu, afterwards Lord and Earl Beaulieu.

[2] Thomas, second Baron Walsingham, 1748-1818. He was long Chairman of the Committees of the House of Lords.

[3] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 242.

[4] Daughter of Charles Bruce, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine. She was married in 1799 to Admiral Sir Philip Charles H. Durham, and died in 1816.

[5] Dr. Charles Manners Sutton, 1755-1828.

M. d'Arblay recovered himself immediately upon this address, and answered with as much firmness as respect.

Upon the King's bowing and leaving us, the Commander-in-Chief[1] most courteously bowed also to M. d'Arblay, and the Princesses all came up to speak to me, and to curtsey to him; and the Princess Elizabeth cried, "I've got leave! and mamma says she won't wait to read it first!"[2]

After this the King and Duke never passed without taking off their hats, and the Princesses gave me a smile and a curtsey at every turn: Lord Walsingham came to speak to me, and Mr. Fairly,[3] and General Manners, who regretted that more of our old tea-party were not there to meet me once more.

As soon as they all re-entered the Lodge we followed to take leave of Mlle. Jacobi; but, upon moving towards the passage, the Princess Royal appeared, saying, "Madame d'Arblay, I come to waylay you!" and made me follow her to the dressing-room, whence the voice of the Queen, as the door opened, called out, in mild accents, "Come in, Madame d'Arblay!"

Her Majesty was seated at the upper end of the room, with the Duchess of York on her right, and the Princesses Sophia and Amelia on her left. She made me advance, and said, "I have just been telling the Duchess of York that I find Her Royal Highness's name the first upon this list,"—producing *Camilla*.

"Indeed," said the Duchess, bowing to me, "I was so very impatient to read it, I could not but try to get it as early as possible. I am very eager for it, indeed!"

"I have read," said the Queen, "but fifty pages

[1] The Duke of York was not Commander-in-Chief until 1798.
[2] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 33. [3] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 441.

yet; but I am in great uneasiness for that poor little girl, that I am afraid will get the small-pox! and I am sadly afraid that sweet little other girl will not keep her fortune! but I won't peep! I read quite fair. But I must tell Madame d'Arblay I know a country gentleman, in Mecklenburg, exactly the very character of that good old man the uncle!"[1]

She seemed to speak as if delighted to meet him upon paper.

The King now came in, and I could not forbear making up to him, to pour forth some part of my full heart for his goodness! He tried to turn away, but it was smilingly; and I had courage to pursue him, for I could not help it.

He then slightly bowed it off, and asked the Queen to repeat what she had said upon the book.

"Oh, your Majesty," she cried, "I must not anticipate!" yet told him of her pleasure in finding an old acquaintance.

"Well!" cried the King, archly, "and what other characters have you seized?"

None, I protested, from life.

"Oh!" cried he, shaking his head, "you must have some!"

"Indeed your Majesty will find none!" I cried.

"But they may be a little better, or a little worse," he answered, "but still, if they are not like somebody, how can they play their parts?"

"Oh, yes, Sir," I cried, "as far as general nature goes, or as characters belong to classes, I have certainly tried to take them. But no individuals!"

My account must be endless if I do not now

[1] This is also Charles Lamb's phrase for Sir Hugh Tyrold:—

> . . . that good
> Old man, who, as CAMILLA's guardian, stood
> In obstinate virtue clad like coat of mail.
>
> *Sonnet to Sarah Harriet Burney*, 1820.

curtail. The Duke of York, the other Princesses, General Manners, and all the rest of the group, made way to the room soon after, upon hearing the cheerfulness of the voice of the King, whose graciousness raised me into spirits that set me quite at my ease. He talked much upon the book, and then of Mrs. Delany, and then of various others that my sight brought to his recollection, and all with a freedom and goodness that enabled me to answer without difficulty or embarrassment, and that produced two or three hearty laughs from the Duke of York.

After various other topics, the Queen said, "Duchess, Madame d'Arblay is aunt of the pretty little boy you were so good to."[1]

The Duchess understood her so immediately, that I fancy this was not new to her. She bowed to me again, very smilingly, upon the acknowledgments this encouraged me to offer; and the King asked an explanation.

"Sir," said the Duchess, "I was upon the road near Dorking, and I saw a little gig overturned, and a little boy was taken out, and sat down upon the road. I told them to stop and ask if the little boy was hurt, and they said yes; and I asked where he was to go, and they said to a village just a few miles off; so I took him into my coach, Sir, and carried him home."

"And the benedictions, Madam," cried I, "of all his family have followed you ever since!"

"And he said your Royal Highness called him a very pretty boy," cried the Queen, laughing, to whom I had related it.

"Indeed, what he said is very true," answered she, nodding.

[1] Norbury Phillips, the son of Captain Phillips. His portrait by Edward Burney is at Kilmore, Rich Hill, Co. Armagh, the residence of Lt.-Col. Johnston, to whose brother, Mr. Henry A. Johnston, the picture belongs.

"Yes; he said," quoth I, again to the Queen, "that he saw the Duchess liked him."

This again the Queen repeated, and the Duchess again nodded, and pointedly repeated, "It is very true."

"He was a very fine boy—a very fine boy indeed!" cried the King; "what is become of him?"

I was a little distressed in answering, "He is—in Ireland, Sir."[1]

"In Ireland! What does he do in Ireland? what does he go there for?"

"His father took him, Sir," I was forced to answer.

"And what does his father take him to Ireland for?"

"Because—he is an Irishman, Sir," I answered, half laughing.

When at length, every one deigning me a bow of leave-taking, their Majesties, and sons and daughters, retired to the adjoining room, the Princess Amelia loitered to shake hands, and the Princess Augusta returned for the same condescension, reminding me of my purpose for next year.

While this was passing, the Princess Royal had repaired to the apartment of Mlle. Jacobi, where she had held a little conversation with M. d'Arblay.

We finished the evening very cheerfully with Mlle. Jacobi and Mlle. Montmollin, whom she invited to meet us, and the next morning left Windsor and visited Rose Dale.[2]

Mrs. Boscawen received us very sweetly, and the little offering[3] as if not at all her due. Mrs.

[1] Captain Phillips left Mickleham for Ireland during the Rebellion.

[2] Rosedale House, in Kew Foot Lane, Richmond, where Thomson the poet lived, and where he died, August 27, 1748. Altered and much enlarged, it became, in 1786, the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, who was succeeded, for forty years, by Lady Shaftesbury. It is now (1905) the Richmond Royal Hospital.

[3] *Camilla* (see *ante*, p. 273).

Levison Gower was with her, and showed us Thomson's temple.[1] Mrs. Boscawen spoke of my dearest father with her usual true sense of how to speak of him. She invited us to dinner, but we were anxious to return to Bambino, and M. d'Arblay had, all this time, only fought off being ill with his remnant cold. Nevertheless, when we came to Twickenham, my good old friend Mr. Cambridge was so cordial and so earnest that we could not resist him, and were pressed in to staying dinner.

. . . . . .

At a little before eleven we arrived at our dear cottage, and to our sleeping Bambino.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *Friday, October* 1796.

How well I know and feel the pang of this cruel day[2] to my beloved father! My heart seems visiting him almost every minute in grief and participation; yet I was happy to see it open with a smiling aspect, and encourage a superstition of hoping it portentous of a good conclusion.

I am almost afraid to ask how my poor mother bore the last farewell. Indeed, I hope she was virtuously cheated of a leave-taking. I advised Susan to avoid it if possible, as the parting impression would be lighter by such management; and, much as she is recovered from her very terrible state, she cannot be too cautious of emotions of almost any sort, much less of such a separation.

[1] A summer-house or alcove in the grounds, supposed to have been the poet's favourite retreat.

[2] Captain (now Major) Phillips, who, during the Rebellion, felt bound to live upon his Irish property (see *ante*, p. 166), had returned to England to fetch his wife and remaining children, Willy and Fanny. This was, no doubt, the day of departure.

Our sorrow, however, here, has been very considerably diminished by the major's voluntary promises to Mrs. Lock of certain and speedy return. I shall expect him at the peace—not before. I cannot think it possible he should appear here during the war, except, as now, merely to fetch his family.

But I meant to have begun with our thanks for my dear kind father's indulgence of our extreme curiosity and interest in the sight of the reviews. I am quite happy in what I have escaped of greater severity, though my mate cannot bear that the palm should be contested by *Evelina* and *Cecilia*; his partiality rates the last as so much the highest; so does the newspaper I have mentioned, of which I long to send you a copy. But those immense men, whose single praise was fame and security—who established, by a word, the two elder sisters—are now silent. Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua are no more, and Mr. Burke is ill, or otherwise engrossed; yet, even without their powerful influence, to which I owe such unspeakable obligation, the essential success of *Camilla* exceeds that of the elders. The sale is truly astonishing. Charles has just sent to me that five hundred only remain of four thousand, and it has appeared scarcely three months.

The first edition of *Evelina* was of eight hundred,[1] the second of five hundred, and the third of a thousand. What the following have been I have never heard. The sale from that period became more flourishing than the publisher cared to announce. Of *Cecilia* the first edition was reckoned enormous at two thousand; and as a part of payment was reserved for it, I remember our

[1] Lowndes, the publisher, who should have known, made it only 500 (Unpublished Letter to Dr. Burney, Appendix I. vol. ii. p. 481). Moreover, he told Charlotte Burney that five hundred was the common number for a novel (*Early Diary*, 1889, ii. 307).

dear Daddy Crisp thought it very unfair. It was printed, like this, in July,[1] and sold in October, to every one's wonder. Here, however, the sale is increased in rapidity more than a third. Charles says,—

> Now heed no more what critics thought 'em,
> Since this you know, all people bought 'em.

We have resumed our original plan, and are going immediately to build a little cottage for ourselves. We shall make it as small and as cheap as will accord with its being warm and comfortable. We have relinquished, however, the very kind offer of Mr. Lock, which he has renewed, for his park.[2] We mean to make this a property saleable or letable for our Alex, and in Mr. Lock's park we could not encroach any tenant, if the youth's circumstances, profession, or inclination should make him not choose the spot for his own residence. M. d'Arblay, therefore, has fixed upon a field of Mr. Lock's, which he will rent, and of which Mr. Lock will grant him a lease of ninety years. By this means, we shall leave the little Alex a little property, besides what will be in the funds, and a property likely to rise in value, as the situation of the field is remarkably beautiful. It is in the valley, between Mr. Lock's park and Dorking, and where land is so scarce, that there is not another possessor within many miles who would part, upon any terms, with half an acre. My kindest father will come and give it, I trust, his benediction. I am now almost jealous of Bookham for having received it.

Imagine but the extacy of M. d'Arblay in training, all his own way, an entire new garden. He dreams now of cabbage-walks, potato-beds, bean-perfumes, and peas-blossoms. My mother should

[1] In June (see vol. ii. p. 93 *n.*).

[2] See *ante*, p. 208.

send him a little sketch to help his flower-garden, which will be his second favourite object.

Alex has made no progress in phrases, but pronounces single words a few more. Adieu, most dear Sir. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

1796.

You are too good, my dearest friend, almost literally too good; which, you know, like all extremes, is naught.

My mate wants to send you a daisy, but says he will carry it. What can I send you? Only what you have got already, which is very Irish, for I have but my old heart, with not one new thing in it for you these many years.

I have had this morning a letter that has quite melted me with grateful sensations, written by command. I will show it you when these eternal rains will take a little rest.

A private letter from Windsor tells me the Prince of Wurtemberg has much pleased in the Royal House, by his manners and address upon his interview, but that the poor Princess Royal was almost dead with terror, and agitation, and affright, at the first meeting.[1] She could not utter a word. The Queen was obliged to speak her answers. The Prince said he hoped this first would be the last disturbance his presence would ever occasion her. She then tried to recover, and so far conquered her tumult as to attempt joining in a general discourse from time to time. He paid his court successfully, I am told, to the sisters, who all determine to like him; and the Princess Royal is quite revived in her spirits again, now this tremendous opening sight is over.

[1] Charlotte Augusta Maria, Princess Royal, was married, May 18, 1797, to Frederick, Duke (and afterwards King) of Würtemberg.

You will be pleased, and my dearest Mr. Lock, at the style of my summons: 'tis so openly from the Queen herself. Indeed, she has behaved like an angel to me, from the trying time to her of my marriage with a Frenchman. "So odd, you know," as Lady Inchiquin said.[1]

. . . . . .

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

Wednesday night, November 1796.

My dear Fanny—I must thank you for your prompt letter and "Babiniana," though I am too tired and languid to say much. I have been writing melancholy heart-rending letters this day or two,[2] which have oppressed me sadly; yet I am still more heartless and miserable in doing nothing. The author of the poem on the *Spleen*, says, "Fling but a stone, the giant dies";[3] but such stones as I have to fling will not do the business.

James and Charles dined here, and kept the monster at a little distance, but he was here again the moment they were gone. I try to read, and pronounce the words "without understanding one of them," as Johnson said in reading my dissertation on the music of the ancients.

The *Monthly Review*[4] has come in to-day, and

[1] Miss Austen probably intended to echo this popular wonderment when, in *Northanger Abbey*, ch. vii., she makes John Thorpe refer to Mme. D'Arblay as "that woman they made such a fuss about, she who married the French emigrant." But speaking in her own person in ch. v., she classes *Camilla* with *Cecilia* and Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda* in terms which are certainly not faint praise.

[2] The second Mrs. Burney died October 20, 1796 (*Gentleman's Magazine*). She was interred in the burying-ground of Chelsea College.

[3] *The Spleen*, by Matthew Green, 1737, l. 92.

[4] For October 1796, pp. 156-163. The review was a long one (over seven pages), fully recognising Mme. D'Arblay's power of characterisation and her moral purpose; but it touched upon the curiously stilted language which now, either from her French environment, or the writing of blank verse, began to be a pronounced feature of her literary style. Walpole, who had been disappointed in *Cecilia*, thought *Camilla* a deplorable falling-off (Letter to Hannah More, Aug. 16, 1796).

it does not satisfy me, or raise my spirits, or anything but my indignation. James has read the remarks in it on *Camilla*, and we are all dissatisfied. Perhaps a few of the verbal criticisms may be worth your attention in the second edition; but these have been picked out and displayed with no friendly view, and without necessity, in a work of such length and intrinsic sterling worth. *J'enrage! Morbleu!*

I thought when I began that I should not be able to write three lines, but this subject has been both a whip and a spur to me. God bless you, my dear Fanny! Pray, always remember me kindly and cordially to our dear chevalier, and talk of me at least to the cherub. I want some employment that will interest me like my canons during the rheumatism, and make me forget myself and my sorrows; but I have not yet found such an opiate. Once more, God bless you, my ever dear Fanny!

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *November* 1796.

I had intended writing to my dearest father by a return of goods, but I find it impossible to defer the overflowings of my heart at his most kind and generous indignation with the Reviewer. What censure can ever so much hurt as such compensation can heal? And, in fact, the praise is so strong that, were it neatly put together, the writer might challenge my best enthusiasts to find it insufficient. The truth, however, is, that the criticisms come forward, and the panegyric is entangled, and so blended with blame as to lose almost all effect.

The Reviews, however, as they have not made, will not, I trust, mar me. *Evelina* made its way all by itself; it was well spoken of, indeed, in all

the Reviews, compared with general novels, but it was undistinguished by any quotation, and only put in the Monthly Catalogue, and only allowed a short single paragraph. It was circulated only by the general public, till it reached, through that unbiased medium, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, and thence it wanted no patron. Works of this kind are judged always by the many; works of science, history and philosophy, voyages and travels, and poetry, frequently owe their fate to the sentiments of the first critics who brand or extol them.

Miss Cambridge asked me, early, if I should not take some care about the Reviews? "No," I said, "none. There are two species of composition which may nearly brave them—politics and novels; for these will be sought and will be judged by the various multitude, not the fastidious few. With the latter, indeed, they may be aided or injured, by criticism, but it will not stop their being read, though it may prejudice their readers. They want no recommendation for being handed about but that of being new, and they frequently become established, or sunk into oblivion, before that high literary tribunal has brought them to a trial."

She laughed at my composure; but, though I am a good deal chagrined, it is not broken. If I had begun by such a perusal I might, indeed, have been disturbed, but it has succeeded to so much solace and encouragement that it cannot penetrate deeply.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips

Bookham, *November* 7, 1796.

Yes, my beloved Susan safe landed at Dublin[1] was indeed all-sufficient for some time; nor, indeed, could I even read any more for many minutes.

[1] See *ante*, p. 292.

That, and the single sentence at the end, "My Norbury is with me,"—completely overset me, though only with joy. After your actual safety, nothing could so much touch me as the picture I instantly viewed of Norbury in your arms. Yet I shall hope for more detail hereafter.

The last letter I had from you addressed to myself shows me your own sentiment of the fatal event[1] which so speedily followed your departure, and which my dear father has himself announced to you, though probably the newspapers will anticipate his letter. I am very sorry, now, I did not write sooner; but while you were still in England, and travelling so slowly, I had always lurking ideas that disqualified me from writing to Ireland.

The minute I received, from Sally, by our dearest father's desire, the last tidings, I set out for Chelsea. I was much shocked by the news, long as it has been but natural to look forward to it. My better part spoke even before myself upon the propriety of my instant journey, and promised me a faithful nursing attendance during my absence. I went in a chaise, to lose no time; but the uncertainty how I might find my poor father made me arrive with a nervous seizure upon my voice that rendered it as husky as Mr. Rishton's.[2]

While I settled with the postillion, Sally, James, Charlotte, and Marianne, came to me. Esther and Charles had been there the preceding day; they were sent to as soon as the event had happened. My dearest father received me with extreme kindness, but though far, far more calm and quiet than I could expect, he was much shaken, and often very faint. However, in the course of the evening, he suffered me to read to him various passages

[1] See *ante*, p. 296.

[2] Martin Folkes Rishton, who had married Fanny's half-sister, Maria Allen.

from various books, such as conversation introduced, and, as his nature is as pure from affectation as from falsehood, encouraged in himself, as well as permitted in us, whatever could lead to cheerfulness.

Let me not forget to record one thing that was truly generous in my poor mother's last voluntary exertions. She charged Sally and her maid both not to call my father when she appeared to be dying; and not disturb him if her death should happen in the night, nor to let him hear it till he arose at his usual time. I feel sensibly the kindness of this sparing consideration and true feeling.

Yet, not so would I be served! Oh never should I forgive the misjudged prudence that should rob me of one little instant of remaining life in one who was truly dear to me! Nevertheless, I shall not be surprised to have his first shock succeeded by a sorrow it did not excite, and I fear he will require much watching and vigilance to be kept as well as I have quitted him. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *November* 14, '96.

I covet much to hear that the melancholy task of ransacking, examining, depositing, or demolishing regretful records is over. Sometimes I wish this search could be mixed with collecting for copying your numerous—and so many of them beautiful—manuscript poems. Some particular pursuit is absolutely necessary. How I wish we could engage in any conjointly! If Mr. Twining and two or three other such—(only, where are they to be found?)—would bear a part, I know nothing that might better interest my dearest father, nor

in which he would more, and in a thousand ways, excel, than in superintending some periodical work.

Upon a second reading the *Monthly Review* upon *Camilla*,[1] I am in far better humour with it, and willing to confess to the criticisms, if I may claim by that concession any right to the eulogies. They are stronger and more important, upon re-perusal, than I had imagined, in the panic of a first survey and an unprepared-for disappointment in anything like severity from so friendly an editor. The recommendation at the conclusion of the book, as a warning guide to youth, would recompense me, upon the least reflection, for whatever strictures might precede it. I hope my kind father has not suffered his generous—and to me most cordial—indignation against the reviewer to interfere with his intended answer to the affectionate letter of Dr. Griffiths.[2]

I must now inform you of a grand event: Alex has made his entrance into the polite circle. Last week he accompanied me in returning about the sixth visit for one of Lady Rothes.[3] I left him in Mr. Lock's carriage, which I had borrowed for the occasion, till I was preparing to take leave, and then I owned I had a little beau in waiting. You will suppose he was immediately demanded.

The well, for water, seems impervious. I grow rather uneasy about it; it is now at near ninety feet depth. M. d'Arblay works all day long at his new garden and orchard, and only comes home to a cold spoiled dinner, at tea-time. Baby and I are just going to take a peep at him at his work, which various affairs of *ménage*, joined to frequent evenings at Norbury, to meet the excellent and most

[1] See *ante*, p. 296.
[2] Ralph Griffiths, 1720-1802, proprietor of the *Monthly Review*. He was an LL.D. of Philadelphia.
[3] See *post*, under August 1798.

worthy Count de Lally Tolendal, have hitherto prevented.

Adieu, my dear, dear father! F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips

Bookham, *November* 25, 1796.

Never was a sweeter letter written, my dearest Susanna, than that I have this moment read; and though my *quinze jours* are but half over, I cannot forbear answering it immediately, to tell you of my delight in all your accounts, especially of the Kiernan family, which is so peculiarly interesting to you. I was well prepared to love it from the fine branch I saw at Mickleham; pray make her remember me, and assure her she has a friend in England who, though but of a few hours' growth, thinks of her always with pleasure, and every sort of presentiment of good.

The anxiety I have been in to know how the weather agreed with you, in so trying a journey, makes what you say a relief, though, alas! anxiety must still live in such a season! I want to know more of Belcotton;[1] a description of every room, when nothing else occurs more pressing, would much gratify me, by giving me a nearer view, in idea, of how and where my dearest Susan is seated, standing, or walking. The interview, as you describe it, with Mrs. Hill, brings fresh to me my tendency of loving that respectably singular and amiable character.

You will have heard that the Princesse d'Henin and M. de Lally have spent a few days at Norbury Park. We went every evening regularly to meet them, and they yet contrive to grow higher and

[1] This was Major Phillips's Irish estate (see *ante*, p. 292) in Co. Louth, near the sea coast, about six miles to the north of Drogheda. It now belongs to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, whose father bought it from Phillips.

higher in our best opinions and affections; they force that last word; none other is adequate to such regard as they excite.

M. de Lally read us a pleading for *émigrés* of all descriptions, to the people and government of France, for their re-instalment in their native land, that exceeds in eloquence, argument, taste, feeling, and every power of oratory and truth united, anything I ever remember to have read. It is so affecting in many places, that I was almost ill from restraining my nearly convulsive emotions. My dear and honoured partner gives me, perhaps, an interest in such a subject beyond what is its mere natural due and effect, therefore I cannot be sure such will be its universal success; yet I shall be nothing less than surprised to live to see his statue erected in his own country, at the expense of his own restored exiles. 'Tis, indeed, a wonderful performance.[1] And he was so easy, so gay, so unassuming, yet free from condescension, that I almost worshipped him. M. d'Arblay cut me off a bit of the coat in which he read his pleading, and I shall preserve it, labelled!

The Princess was all that was amiable and attractive, and she loves my Susanna so tenderly, that her voice was always caressing when she named her. She would go to Ireland, she repeatedly said, on purpose to see you, were her fortune less miserably cramped. The journey, voyage, time, difficulties, and sea-sickness, would be nothing for obstacles. You have made, there, that rare and exquisite acquisition — an ardent friend for life.

I have not heard very lately of my dearest father; all accounts speak of his being very much lower in spirits than when I left him. I sometimes

[1] *Defense des Emigrés Français, adressée au peuple Français*, 1797. It was translated into English, the same year, by John Gifford.

am ready to return to him, for my whole heart yearns to devote itself to him; but the babe, and the babe's father—and there is no going *en famille* uninvited—and my dear father does not feel equal to making the invitation.

One of the Tichfield dear girls[1] seems to be constantly with Sally, to aid the passing hours; but our poor father wants something more than cheerfulness and affection, though nothing without them could do; he wants some one to find out pursuits—to entice him into reading, by bringing books, or starting subjects; some one to lead him to talk of what he thinks, or to forget what he thinks of, by adroitly talking of what may catch other attention. Even where deep sorrow is impossible, a gloomy void must rest in the total breaking up of such a long and such a last connection.

I must always grieve at your absence at such a period. Our Esther has so much to do in her own family, and fears so much the cold of Chelsea, that she can be only of day and occasional use, and it is nights and mornings that call for the confidential companion that might best revive him. He is more amiable, more himself, if possible, than ever. God long preserve him to bless us all!

Our new house is stopped short in actual building, from the shortness of the days, etc., but the master surveyor has still much to settle there, and three workmen to aid preparing the ground for agricultural purposes. The foundation is laid, and on the 1st of March the little dwelling will begin to be run up. The well is just finished; the water is a hundred and odd feet deep, and it costs near £22, which, this very morning, thank Heaven! has been paid.

Your old acquaintance, Miss ——, has been

[1] Esther Burney's children.

passing ten days in this neighbourhood. She is become very pleasingly formed in manners, whereever she wishes to oblige, and all her roughnesses and ruggednesses are worn off. I believe the mischief done by her education, and its wants, not cured, if curable, *au fond*; but much amended to all, and apparently done away completely to many. What really rests is a habit of exclusively consulting just what she likes best, not what would be or prove best for others. She thinks, indeed, but little of anything except with reference to herself, and that gives her an air, and will give her a character, for inconstancy, that is in fact the mere result of seeking her own gratification alike in meeting or avoiding her connections. If she saw this, she has understanding sufficient to work it out of her; but she weighs nothing sufficiently to dive into her own self. She knows she is a very clever girl, and she is neither well contented with others, nor happy in herself, but where this is evidently acknowledged.

We spent an evening together at Norbury Park; she was shown all Mr. William's pictures and drawings. I knew her expectations of an attention she had no chance of exciting, and therefore devoted myself to looking them over with her; yet, though Mr. Lock himself led the way to see them, and explained several, and though Amelia addressed her with the utmost sweetness, and Mrs. Lock with perfect good breeding, I could not draw from her one word relative to the evening, or the family, except that she did not think she had heard Mr. William's voice once. A person so young, and with such good parts, that can take no pleasure but in personal distinction, which is all her visit can have wanted, will soon cut all real improvement short, by confining herself to such society alone as elevates herself. There she will always

make a capital figure, for her conversation is sprightly and entertaining, and her heart and principles are both good: she has many excellent qualities, and various resources in herself; but she is good enough to make me lament that she is not modest enough to be yet better.

. . . . . .

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *Nov.* 29, 1796.

Our cottage-building stops now, from the shortness of the days, till the beginning of March. The foundation is laid, and it will then be run up with great speed. The well, at length, is finished, and it is a hundred and odd feet deep. The water is said to be excellent, but M. d'Arblay has had it now stopped to prevent accidents from hazardous boys, who, when the field is empty of owners, will be amusing themselves there. He has just completed his grand plantations; part of which are in evergreens, part in firewood for future time, and part in an orchard.

But, my dearest sir, I think I would risk my new cottage against sixpence, that I have guessed the author of *The Pursuits of Literature.* Is it not Mr. Mason?[1] The verses I think equal to anybody; those on Shakspeare, "His pen he dipt

[1] The four Dialogues called *The Pursuits of Literature* were not by Mason; but by another lover of Gray, T. J. Mathias, Mme. D'Arblay's old Court colleague in the Royal Household (see *ante*, vol. iii. p. 142). The first Dialogue had been published in May 1794; the second and third Dialogues, which Mme. D'Arblay, from her quotations, had evidently just been reading, in May 1796. In a note on "Romances or Novels" added in 1798 to the first Dialogue, Mathias thus refers to the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia.* "Much knowledge of life and ingenuity are seen in Miss Burney, now Mrs. D'Arblay; but her propensity to high colouring and broad farce have [has?] lessened the effect of her works. It is a fatal error in this species of writing to overstep the boundaries of nature and real life."

in mind," are demi-divine. And who else could so well interweave what concerns music?—could so well attack Dr. Parr for his severity against Dr. Hurd, who had to himself addressed his Essay on the marks of imitation?—Who be so interested, or so difficult to satisfy, about the exquisite Gray?—Who know so well how to appreciate works upon gardening?—Who, so singularly, be for *the sovereign —the government*, yet, palpably, not for George the Third, nor for William Pitt? And then, the lines which form his sort of epitaph seem for *him* (Mason) alone designed. How wickedly he has flogged all around him, and how cleverly!

But I am very angry about the excellent Marchioness of Buckingham.[1] The fear of popery in these days seems to me most marvellous; the fears of infidelity seem a thousand times more rational. 'Tis, however, a very first-rate production. The hymns, in his open name, are most gratefully accepted by my excellent neighbour, Mr. Cooke.

We have not yet read Le Vaillant.[2] We are not much struck with *The Creole*: it is too full of trite observations introduced sententiously. *Clarentine*[3] is written with much better taste. We have just been lent *Caleb Williams, or Things as they are.*[4] Mr. Lock, who says its *design* is execrable, avers that one little word is omitted in its

[1] The Marchioness of Buckingham was a main promoter of the subscription in aid of the French priests (see *ante*, p. 227), a course which Mathias criticises in his third Dialogue.

[2] François Le Vaillant, 1753-1824. His *Second Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Afrique*, 1783-85, 3 vols., had just been imported from Paris.

[3] *Clarentine*, 1796, 3 vols., was an anonymous novel by Mme. D'Arblay's half-sister, Sarah Harriet Burney. Closing a review of it in December 1796, the *Monthly Review* says (probably with instructed acuteness), "We observe in it that sort of resemblance to the novels of Miss Burney (now Mrs. D'Arblay) which in the features of the human countenance we should term *a family likeness*" (p. 456).

[4] *Things as They Are; or, the Adventures of Caleb Williams*, by William Godwin. It was published in May 1794, and is characterised as "a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism by which man becomes the destroyer of man." Colman's *Iron Chest* was dramatised from it.

title, which should be thus—*or Things as they are* NOT.

Adieu, most dear sir; I shall be very unquiet till I have some news of your health.

Most dutifully and affectionately,
Ever yours,
F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *December* 16, 1796.

What cruel and most unnecessary disturbance might I have been spared if accident had not twice stood my enemy! All's well that ends well, however; and I will forget the inquietude, and all else that is painful, to dwell upon the sweet meeting in store, and the sight that my eye's mind, equally with my mind's eye, presents to me continually, of my innocent Alic restoring, by his playful spirits, the smiles of his dearest grandfather, whose heart, were it as hard as it is soft, could not resist what all mankind consent to find irresistible—the persuasive gaiety of happy childhood.

M. le Comte de Lally Tolendal, who has been on a visit to Norbury Park, says he can never forgive me the laugh I have brought against him by the scene of Sir Hugh[1] on the birthday, 'tis so exactly the description of himself when an amiable child comes in his way. He left an only daughter in Paris, where she is now at school, under the superintendence of la Princesse de Poix, whose infirmities and constant illness have detained her in that wretched city during the whole Revolution, though under the compulsion of a pretended divorce from le Prince,[2] who is in London. M. de Lally had just received, by a private hand, a letter from his daughter, now eleven years old, extremely

[1] Sir Hugh Tyrold in *Camilla*.

[2] See *ante*, p. 187.

pretty and touching, half in French, half in broken English, which language he has particularly ordered she may study, and enclosed a ribbon with her height and breadth. She tells him she has just learnt by heart his translation of Pope's *Universal Prayer*,[1] and she hopes, when he comes to fetch her, he will meet her upon the Terrace, where she walks with her companions, and know her at once from everybody.

I, too, thought the prose of the *Pursuits of Literature* too spirited and good for Mr. Mason,[2] when compared with what I have seen of his general letters; but he has two styles, in prose as well as poetry, and I have seen compositions, rather than epistles, which he wrote formerly to Mrs. Delany, so full of satire, point, and epigrammatic severity and derision, upon those of their mutual acquaintance whom he confidentially named, that I feel not the least scruple for my opinion. In those letters with which that revered old friend intrusted me, when her eyesight failed for reading them herself, there were also many ludicrous sketches of certain persons, and caricatures as strong of the pencil[3] as of the pen. They were written in his season of democracy, and my dear Mrs. Delany made me destroy all that were mischievous. The highest personages, with whom she was not then peculiarly, as afterwards, connected, were held up to so much ridicule, that her early regard and esteem diminished as her loyalty increased; and immediately upon taking possession of the house given her at Windsor by the King, she struck the name of Mr. Mason from her will, in which she had bequeathed him her "Sacharissa,"[4]

[1] M. de Lally Tollendal's translation of Pope's *Universal Prayer* was printed in 1821 with Delille's version of the *Essay on Man*.

[2] See *ante*, p. 306.

[3] Mason was an amateur artist (see vol. ii. p. 462).

[4] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 119.

which he had particularly admired, and left it to me. I did not know this till she was no more, when Mrs. Agnew informed me of the period of the alteration.

My little man waits for your lessons to get on in elocution: he has made no further advance but that of calling out, as he saw our two watches hung on two opposite hooks over the chamber chimney-piece, "Watch, papa,—watch, mamma"; so, though his first speech is English, the idiom is French. We agree this is to avoid any heartburning in his parents. He is at this moment so exquisitely enchanted with a little penny trumpet, and finding he can produce such harmony his own self, that he is blowing and laughing till he can hardly stand. If you could see his little swelling cheeks, you would not accuse yourself of a misnomer in calling him cherub. I try to impress him with an idea of pleasure in going to see grandpapa, but the short visit to Bookham is forgotten, and the permanent engraving remains, and all his concurrence consists in pointing up to the print over the chimney-piece, and giving it one of his concise little bows.

Are not people a little revived in the political world by this unexampled honour paid to Mr. Pitt? Mr. Lock has subscribed £3000.[1]

How you rejoiced me by what you say of poor Mr. Burke! for I had seen the paragraph of his death with most exceeding great concern.[2]

The Irish reports are, I trust, exaggerated; few things come quite plainly from Hibernia: yet what a time, in all respects, to transport thither, as you too well term it, our beloved Susan! She writes serenely, and Norbury seems to repay a world of

[1] Pitt had asked for a loan of eighteen millions. It was opened on the 5th December, and in 15 hours and 20 minutes it was all subscribed (*Times*, Dec. 6, 1796).

[2] Burke did not die until the following year (see *post*, p. 330).

Camilla Cottage, West Humble

sufferings:[1] it is delightful to see her so satisfied there, at least; but they have all, she says, got the brogue.

Our building is to be resumed the 1st of March; it will then soon be done, as it is only of lath and plaster, and the roof and wood-work are already prepared. My indefatigable superintendent goes every morning for two, three, or four hours to his field, to work at a sunk fence that is to protect his garden from our cow. I have sent Mrs. Boscawen, through Miss Cambridge, a history of our plan. The dwelling is destined by M. d'Arblay to be called the Camilla Cottage.[2] F. D'A.

[1] Her (Mrs. Phillips's) son, from whom she had been temporarily separated.

[2] In the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 259, this name is attributed to him. "This small residence . . . had, playfully, received from himself the name of Camilla Cottage; which name was afterwards adopted by all the Friends of the Hermits." It was completed for habitation in December 1797 (see *post*, p. 352), when they removed to it after four years' residence at Great Bookham. The house, which is at West Humble, in the parish of Mickleham, now belongs to Mr. F. Leverton Harris, M.P. for Tynemouth, who inherited it from his uncle, Mr. J. L. Wylie. It is much enlarged; and is called Camilla Lacey. It contains many interesting Burney relics. At Camilla Cottage the D'Arblays lived until 1802, after which date they never again resided in Surrey.

PART LI

1797

Perils of travelling—Invasion of Ireland—Dr. Burney's lines to Madame d'Arblay—Her drama of *Cerulia*—Illness of Lord Orford—Dr. Burney's poem *Astronomy*—Vaccination School founded by Mr. Burke for the sons of French emigrants—His funeral—Character of Edmund Burke—News of M. d'Arblay's relatives—Etruria—Visit to Lichfield—Dr. James, inventor of the fever powder—Visit to Dr. Herschel—Conversations on Astronomy—Letter of Lafayette—Removal of M. and Madame d'Arblay to their new house—Visit from the Princess d'Henin and M. de Lally Tolendal—Madame d'Arblay visits the Royal Family—The mutiny and the honest sailor—Admiral Duncan's victory—Interview with the Queen—Conversation with Her Majesty—The Princess and the King—The Prince of Orange—Prince Ernest (King of Hanover)—Miss Farren—Mrs. Siddons and Sadler's Wells—Prince William (William IV.)—Condescension of the Royal Family.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *January* 8, '97.

I was extremely vexed at missing our uncertain post yesterday, and losing, unavoidably, another to-day, before I return my dearest father our united thanks for the kind and sweet fortnight passed under his roof.

Our adventures in coming back were better adapted to our departure than our arrival, for they were rather rueful. One of the horses did not like his business, and wanted to be off, and we

were stopped by his gambols continually, and, if I had not been a soldier's wife, I should have been terribly alarmed; but my soldier does not like to see himself disgraced in his other half, and so I was fain to keep up my courage, till, at length, after we had passed Fetcham,[1] the frisky animal plunged till he fastened the shaft against a hedge, and then, little Betty,[2] beginning to scream, I inquired of the postillion if we had not better alight. If it were not, he said, for the dirt, yes. The dirt then was defied, and I prevailed, though with difficulty, upon my chieftain to consent to a general dismounting. And he then found it was not too soon, for the horse became inexorable to all menace, caress, chastisement, or harangue, and was obliged to be loosened.

Meanwhile, Betty, Bab,[3] and I trudged on, vainly looking back for our vehicle, till we reached our little home—a mile and a half. Here we found good fires, though not a morsel of food; this, however, was soon procured, and our walking apparel changed for drier raiment; and I sent forth our nearest cottager, and a young butcher, and a boy, towards Fetcham, to aid the vehicle, or its contents, for my Chevalier had stayed on account of our chattels: and about two hours after the chaise arrived, with one horse, and pushed by its hirer, while it was half dragged by its driver. But all came safe; and we drank a dish of tea, and ate a mutton chop, and kissed our little darling, and forgot all else of our journey but the pleasure we had had at Chelsea with my dearest father and dear Salkin.

And just now I received a letter from our Susanna, which tells me the invasion has been

[1] Fetcham lies to the north-east of Bookham, and one mile west of Leatherhead. See map at p. 116.

[2] The nurse (see *post*, p. 390).

[3] See *post*, p. 353.

made in a part of Ireland where all is so loyal there can be no apprehension from any such attempt;[1] but she adds, that if it had happened in the north everything might have been feared. Heaven send the invaders far from all the points of the Irish compass! and that's an Irish wish for expression, though not for meaning. All the intelligence she gathers is encouraging, with regard to the spirit and loyalty of all that surround her. But Mr. Brabazon[2] is in much uneasiness for his wife, whose situation is critical, and he hesitates whether or not to convey her to Dublin, as a place of more security than her own habitation. What a period this for the usual journey of our invaluable Susan!

. . . . . .

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *January* 26, '97.

How is it, my dearest, kindest father, you have made me so in love with my own tears that no laughter ever gave my heart such pleasure as those I have shed—even plentifully—over these sweet lines? How do they endear to me my little books—which, with the utmost truth, I can aver, never, in all their circle of success, have procured me any satisfaction I can put on a par with your approbation of them! My little boy will be proud hereafter, however poor a gentleman now, to read such lines, addressed by such a grandfather to his mother. M. d'Arblay himself could not keep the

[1] At Bantry Bay. This was the expedition under De Galle and Hoche, of which, in consequence of the December gales, a portion only reached its destination. This portion was not even disembarked; and "such of the vessels as escaped wreck or capture, straggled back to France" (*Cornhill Magazine*, February 1860, pp. 139-40).

[2] Mr. Wallop Brabazon of Rath House near Belcotton, 1770-1831, was a relative of Major Phillips. He married Jane, *d.* 1800, daughter of Josias Dupré of Wilton, Bucks.

tears within his eyes—hard as is his heart—when he perused what so much touched me. He confesses your English grows upon him; and he does not much wonder if I, like Mr. Courtney, class it with the very first class—though I cannot boast quite as disinterested a generosity as that democratical friend.[1]

By the way, I hope soon to receive some copies of some of the early effusions of my partner. After he had left you yesterday, he saw a lady formerly very high in his good graces, who told him she had brought over with her, in her flight from her unhappy country, several of his juvenile pieces; and he begged them for his hermit. She thought him, probably, horribly John Bullified, yet promised to look them out. Indeed, she asked him if he did not find her *bien changée*? and he replied, "*Ma foi, je ne peux pas vous le cacher.*"

I delight in the reference my dearest father has made to the Queen's trust for her daughters in his most sweet lines. I am quite enchanted to hear of the two hundred additionals to my very favourite poem on Astronomy, or rather its history.[2] Yet I am provoked you have found no scattered verses to help on; for so many could never have been completed and refined without many more sketched and imagined—at least, not if you compose like anybody else. Pope had always myriads half-finished, and dispersed, for future parts, while he corrected and polished the preceding. Dr. Johnson told me that.

I am very glad indeed you proceed with this design, which is likely, according to the best of my

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 403.

[2] This poem, to which there are many subsequent references (see especially *post*, pp. 346-47 and 407-8), was eventually burned in MS. by its author during Mme. D'Arblay's residence in France (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 415). Astronony had always been one of Dr. Burney's hobbies, and in 1769 he had issued a pamphlet on the comet of that year.

judgment, such as it is, to add very considerably to the stock of literature, and in a walk perhaps the most unhackneyed. To conduct to any science by a path strewed over with flowers is giving beauty to labour, and making study a luxury.

When left alone the other day with the "poor gentleman,"[1] in the interval of our sports I took it into my mind to look at a certain melancholy ditty of four acts, which I had once an idea of bringing forth upon the stage, and which you may remember Kemble had accepted,[2] but which I withdrew before he had time to show it to Sheridan, from preferring to make trial of *Edwy and Elgiva*, because it was more dramatic—but which *Edwy and Elgiva*, I must always aver, never was acted. This other piece you have seen, and it lost you, you told me, a night's rest—which, in the spirit of the black men in the funeral, made me all the gayer. However, upon this re-perusal, after near three years' interment, I feel fixed never to assay it for representation. I shall therefore restore it to its first form, that of a tale in dialogue, and only revise and endeavour to make it readable for a fireside. And this will be my immediate occupation in my episodical moments taken from my two companions and my *maisonnette*: for since *Camilla* I have devoted myself, as yet, wholly to them, as the solace of the fatigue that my engagement with time occasioned me—an engagement which I earnestly hope never more to make; for the fright and anxiety attending it can scarce be repaid.

I rejoice Mrs. Crewe is in town. I hope you will see her often. No one can be more genial to you. I rejoice, too, Mr. Coxe[3] has got hold of

[1] Her son (see *ante*, p. 314).

[2] *Cerulia*, says Mrs. Barrett. It is possible, from what follows, that this, and not *Edwy and Elgiva*, was the work referred to at p. 246.

[3] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 60.

you. I know his friendly zeal will be at work to do all that is in his power to cheer you, and my dearest father has all the kind consideration for others that leads to accepting good offices. Nothing is so cruel as rejecting them. My Monsieur was very sorry to see so little of you, but he would not disappoint my expectations of his return. He did not imagine what a gem he brought me into the bargain. My own "little gem," as Etty (ill-naturedly) calls the poor gentleman, is blithe and well. F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

Monday, February 6, '97.

My dear Fanny—I shall prepare a scrap for parcellina, which will contain a communication of Mrs. Crewe's further ideas about a periodical paper.[1] You have her first sketch, and here she displays great fertility of resources. All I ever said to her about your notions was that you thought her plan a good one, and pregnant with much matter for putting it in execution. She is very eager about it, and talks to Windham, the Duchess of Portland, etc., about it; and thinks, without being political, it may improve taste, morals, and manners. Her notion is that Sir Hugh would be an admirable successor to Sir Roger de Coverley. He is quite popular; and traits of his character, and benevolence and simplicity, sayings and "bothers," now and then would be delightful. I told her that I thought you would never have courage or activity sufficient to be the principal editor of such a paper; but that, if well arranged and under an able conductor, you would have no objection to contribute your mite now and then: did I go too far?

[1] It was to be an anti-Jacobin weekly journal with the title of *The Breakfast Table* (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 231-37).

The answer to inquiries of poor Lord Orford on Saturday were bad, and to-day the papers say there is little hope of his recovery.[1] His papers are left (say the news-writers) to the care of Lord Cholmondely, Mr. Owen Cambridge, and Mr. Jerningham.

I am glad you like my *varses*. If they should be good for anything, people would say, "you have met with your desert."

I shall like to see some of our Chevalier's effusions before he was John Bullified—I believe I have a few in an old *Almanac des Muses*.

I think I can report (a little) progress in my astronomic poem, but am more and more frightened every day in seeing more of the plan of the building I have to construct, of which little more than a corner had caught my eye at first. Above six hundred lines are now added to what I read to you, and yet I am now only arrived at Ptolemy. To describe his system in verse will be very difficult, as technical Greek words are unwieldy in our monosyllabic measures. I think, if I could a little get up my spirits and perseverance, this business would fasten on me. But, alas, 'tis too late in the day for amendment of any sort!

I am glad you have taken up your tale in dialogue. It pleased me, I remember, but seemed too simple for our stage; but, as a tale, I have no doubt but you will make it most pleasantly interesting. On! on!

How does the poor dear little gentleman? You cannot be so dull with him as we are without him. However backward in speech, he is certainly eloquent in countenance and tones of voice. Give him, with my benediction, as many kisses as you

[1] He died at his house in Berkeley Square, on March 2, 1797, being then in his eightieth year, and was buried at the family seat of Houghton in Norfolk.

think his due, and as I should give him if on my knee. C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *February* '97.

I hardly know whether I am most struck with the fertility of the ideas Mrs. Crewe has started, or most gratified by their direction: certainly I am flattered where most susceptible of pleasure, when a mind such as hers would call me forth from my retirement to second views so important in their ends, and demanding such powers in their progress. But though her opinion would give me courage, it cannot give me means. I am too far removed from the scene of public life to compose anything of public utility in the style she indicates. The "manners as they rise," the morals or their deficiencies, as they preponderate, should be viewed, for such a scheme, in all their variations, with a diurnal eye. For though it may not be necessary this gentleman-author should be a frequenter himself of public places, he must be sufficiently in the midst of public people, to judge the justice of what is communicated to him by his correspondents. The plan is so excellent it ought to be well adopted, and really fulfilled. Many circumstances would render its accomplishment nearly impossible for me: wholly to omit politics would mar all the original design; yet what would be listened to unabused from a writer who is honoured by a testimony such as mine of having resigned royal service without resigning royal favour?[1] Personal abuse would make a dreadful breach into the peace of my happiness; though censure of my works I can endure with tolerable firmness: the latter I submit to as the public right, by prescription; the former

[1] She had certainly achieved this delicate task.

I think authorised by no right, and recoil from with mingled fear and indignation.

I could mention other embarrassments as to politics—but they will probably occur to you, though they may escape Mrs. Crewe, who is not so well versed in the history and strong character of M. d'Arblay, to whom the misfortunes of his general and friend are but additional motives to invincible adherence. And how would Mr. Windham, after his late speech, endure a paper in which M. de Lafayette could never be named but with respect and pity? You will feel, I am sure, for his constancy and his honour; his *profession de foi* in politics is exactly, he says, what you have so delightfully drawn in what you call your Lilliputian verses, and his attachment, his reverence, his gratitude for our King, are like my own. His arm, his life is at his service—as I have told the Princess Augusta, and he has told Lord Leslie.[1]

To a paper of such a sort, upon a plan less extensive, I feel no repugnance, though much apprehension. I have many things by me that, should I turn my thoughts upon such a scheme, might facilitate its execution; and there *my* admirable mother's—and, let me proudly say, *her* admirable godmother's[2]—work might and should, as I know she wishes, appear with great propriety; but even this is a speculation from which my agitated and occupied heart at present turns aside, from incapability of attention; for I am just now preparing our little darling for his first sufferings and first known danger: he is to be inoculated about a week hence.

Do, I entreat, dearest Sir, tell Mrs. Crewe I am made even the happier by her kind partiality.

[1] Lady Rothes' son, George William, Lord Leslie, afterwards tenth Earl of Rothes (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 112).

[2] This would seem as if the first Mrs. Burney (Esther Sleepe) had been godmother (or godmother's proxy) to Lady Crewe.

Had matters been otherwise situated, how I should have delighted in any scheme in which she would have taken a part!

I long to see the six hundred lines: pray work up Ptolemy, but don't ask me how! I can hardly imagine anything more difficult for poetry.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *March* 16, '97.

My dearest Padre—Relieved at length from a terror that almost from the birth of my little darling has hung upon my mind,[1] with what confidence in your utmost kindness do I call for your participation in my joy that all alarm is over, and Mr. Ansel has taken his leave! I take this large sheet, to indulge in a Babiana which "dea gandpa" will, I am sure, receive with partial pleasure, upon this most important event to his poor little gentleman.

When Mr. Ansel came to perform the dreaded operation, he desired me to leave the child to him and the maid: but my agitation was not of that sort. I wished for the experiment upon the most mature deliberation; but while I trembled with the suspense of its effect, I could not endure to lose a moment from the beloved little object for and with whom I was running such a risk.

He sat upon my lap, and Mr. Ansel gave him a bit of barley-sugar, to obtain his permission for pulling off one sleeve of his frock and shirt. He was much surprised at this opening to an acquaintance—for Mr. Ansel made no previous visit, having sent his directions by M. d'Arblay. However, the barley-sugar occupied his mouth, and inclined him

[1] Inoculation (see *ante*, vol. iv. p. 415).

to a favourable interpretation, though he stared with upraised eyebrows. Mr. Ansel bid Betty hold him a plaything at the other side, to draw off his eyes from what was to follow; and I began a little history to him of the misfortunes of the toy we chose, which was a drummer, maimed in his own service, and whom he loves to lament, under the name of "the poor man that has lost his face." But all my pathos and all his own ever-ready pity were ineffectual to detain his attention when he felt his arm grasped by Mr. Ansel; he repulsed Betty, the soldier, and his mamma, and turned about with a quickness that disengaged him from Mr. Ansel, who now desired me to hold his arm. This he resisted; yet held it out himself, with unconscious intrepidity, in full sight of the lancet, which he saw hovering over it, without the most remote suspicion of its slaughtering design, and with a rather amused look of curiosity to see what was intended. When the incision was made he gave a little scream, but it was momentary, and ended in a look of astonishment at such an unprovoked infliction, that exceeds all description, all painting—and in turning an appealing eye to me, as if demanding at once explanation and protection.

My fondest praises now made him understand that non-resistance was an act of virtue, and again he held out his little arm, at our joint entreaty, but resolutely refused to have it held by any one. Mr. Ansel pressed out the blood with his lancet again and again, and wiped the instrument upon the wound for two or three minutes, fearing, from the excessive strictness of his whole life's regimen, he might still escape the venom. The dear child coloured at sight of the blood, and seemed almost petrified with amazement, fixing his wondering eyes upon Mr. Ansel with an expression that

sought to dive into his purpose, and then upon me, as if inquiring how I could approve of it.

When this was over, Mr. Ansel owned himself still apprehensive it might not take, and asked if I should object to his inoculating the other arm. I told him I committed the whole to his judgment, as M. d'Arblay was not at home. And now, indeed, his absence from this scene, which he would have enjoyed with the proudest forebodings of future courage, became doubly regretted; for my little hero, though probably aware of what would follow, suffered me to bare his other arm, and held it out immediately, while looking at the lancet; nor would he again have it supported or tightened; and he saw and felt the incision without shrinking, and without any marks of displeasure.

But though he appeared convinced by my caresses that the thing was right, and that his submission was good, he evidently thought the deed was unaccountable as it was singular; and all his faculties seemed absorbed in profound surprise. I shall never cease being sorry his father did not witness this, to clear my character from having adulterated the chivalric spirit and courage of his race. Mr. Ansel confessed he had never seen a similar instance in one so very young, and, kissing his forehead when he had done, said, "Indeed, little Sir, I am in love with you."

Since this, however, my stars have indulged me in the satisfaction of exhibiting his native bravery where it gives most pride as well as pleasure; for his father was in the room when, the other day, Mr. Ansel begged leave to take some matter from his arm for some future experiments. And the same scene was repeated. He presented the little creature with a bonbon, and then showed his lancet: he let his arm be bared unresistingly, and suffered him to make four successive cuts, to take matter for four

lancets, never crying, nor being either angry or frightened; but only looking inquisitively at us all in turn, with eyes you would never have forgotten had you beheld, that seemed disturbed by a curiosity they could not satisfy, to find some motive for our extraordinary proceedings.

Immediately before the inoculation, the faculty of speech seemed most opportunely accorded him, and that with a sudden facility that reminds me of your account of his mother's first, though so late, reading. At noon he repeated after me, when I least expected it, "How do do?" and the next morning, as soon as he awoke, he called out, "How do, mamma? How do, papa?" I give you leave to guess if the question was inharmonious. From that time he has repeated readily whatever we have desired; and yesterday, while he was eating his dry toast, perceiving the cat, he threw her a bit, calling out, "Eat it, Buff!" Just now, taking the string that fastens his gown round the neck, he said, "Ett's [Let's] tie it on, mamma." And when, to try him, I bid him say, Naughty papa, he repeated, "Naughty papa," as if mechanically; but the instant after, springing from mine to his arms, he kissed him, and said, "Dood papa," in a voice so tender it seemed meant as an apology.

. . . . . .

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney

April 3, '97.

Launcelot Gobbo—or Gobbo Launcelot—was never more cruelly tormented by the struggles between his conscience and the fiend than I between mine and the pen. Says my conscience, "Tell dear Etty you have conquered one of your

worst fears for your little pet." Says my pen, "She will have heard it at Chelsea." Says my conscience, "She knows what you must have suffered, call, therefore, for her congratulations." Says my pen, "I am certain of her sympathy; and the call will be only a trouble to her." Says my conscience, "Are you sure this is not a delicate device to spare yourself?" Says my pen, "Mr. Conscience, you are a terrible bore. I have thought so all my life, for one odd quirk or another that you are always giving people when once you get possession of them, never letting them have their own way, unless it happens to be just to your liking, but pinching and grating, and snarling, and causing bad dreams, for every little private indulgence they presume to take without consulting you. There is not a more troublesome inmate to be found. Always meddling and making, and poking your nose into everybody's concerns. Here's me, for example; I can't be four or five months without answering a letter, but what you give me as many twitches as if I had committed murder; and often and often you have consumed me more time in apologies, and cost me more plague in repentance, than would have sufficed for the most exact punctuality. So that either one must lead the life of a slave in studying all your humours, or be used worse than a dog for following one's own. I tell you, Mr. Conscience, you are an inconceivable bore."

Thus they go on, wrangling and jangling, at so indecent a rate I can get no rest for them—one urging you would like to hear from myself something of an event so deeply interesting to my happiness; the other assuring me of the pardon of perfect coincidence in my aversion to epistolary exertion. And, hitherto, I have listened, whether I would or not, to one, and yielded, whether I

would or not, to the other. And how long the contest might yet have endured I know not, if Mrs. Lock had not told me, yesterday, she should have an opportunity of forwarding some letters to town to-morrow. So now—

"I wish you were further!" I hear you cry; so now you get out of your difficulties just to make me get into them."

"But consider, my dear Esther, the small-pox——"

"I have considered it at least six times, in all its stages, Heaven help me!"

"But then so sweet a bantling!——"

"I have half-a-dozen, every one of which would make three of him."

I was interrupted in this my pathetic appeal, and now I must finish off-hand, or lose my conveyance.

I entreat, whenever you see Mrs. Chapone, you will present my affectionate respects to her, and ask if she received a long letter I directed to her in Francis Street.

. . . . . .

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ——

June 1797.

It was a very sweet thought to make my little namesake write to me, and I beg her dear mamma to thank her for me, and to tell her how pleased I should have been at the sight of her early progress, had it not proved the vehicle of anxious intelligence.

It is but lately I have thought my little boy entirely recovered, for his appetite had never returned since the eruptive fever till this last fortnight. Thank Heaven! he is now completely

restored to all his strength and good looks, and to all my wishes, for 'tis the gayest and most companionable little soul I ever saw.

And now, what shall I tell you? You ask me "what information any of my late letters have given you, except of my health and affection?" None, I confess!—Yet they are such as all my other friends have borne with, since my writing-weariness has seized me, and such as I still, and upon equally shabby morsels of paper, continue to give them. Nor have I yet thought, that to accept was to abuse their indulgence. When they understood that writing was utterly irksome to me, except as a mere vehicle to prevent uneasiness on their part, and to obtain intelligence on mine, they concurred not to make my silence still more oppressive to me than my writing, by a kind reception of a few words, and returning me letters for notes.

And why are you so much more severe and tenacious?

Why, rather, you will perhaps ask, should you, because you see me thus spoilt, join in spoiling me?

My faithful attachment I am sure you cannot doubt; and why should that affection in your estimation be so little, which in mine, where I dare believe I possess it, predominates over all things, save my opinion of the worth of the character from which I may receive it?—by little, I only mean little satisfactory, unless unremittingly and regularly proved by length of letters. I do not imagine you to slight it in itself; but I see you utterly dissatisfied without its constant manifestation.

It appears to me, perhaps wrongly, you have wrought yourself into a fit of fancied resentment against a succession of short letters, which could only have been merited by letters that were unfriendly. You forget, meanwhile, the numerous

letters I have, at various epochs, received from yourself, not merely of half-pages, but of literally three lines; and you forget them because they were never received with reproach, nor answered with coldness. By me they were equally valued with the longest, though they gave me not equal entertainment, for I prized them as marks of affection, and I required them as bulletins of health. Entertainment, or information, I never considered as a basis of correspondence, though no one, you may believe, can more delight to meet with them. The basis of letters, as of friendship, must be *kindness*, which does not count lines or words, but expressions and meaning; which is indulgent to brevity, puts a favourable construction upon silence, grants full liberty to inclination, and makes every allowance for convenience. Punctuality, with respect to writing, is a quality in which I know myself deficient; but which, also, I have to no one ever promised. To two persons only I have practised it,—my father, and my sister Phillips; there is a third whose claims are still higher; but uninterrupted intercourse has spared all trial to my exactness. My other friends, however near, and however tender, have all accepted my letters, like myself, for better and for worse, and, finding my heart unalterable, have left my pen to its own propensities.

Nor am I quite aware what species of "information" you repine at not receiving. *An elaborate composition*, written for admiration, and calculated to be exhibited to strangers, I should not be more the last to write than you—quick and penetrating to whatever is ridiculous—would be the first to deride and despise. *A gay and amusing rattle*, you must be sensible, can flow only from the humour of the moment, which an idea of raised expectation represses rather than promotes.

A communication of private affairs . . . no,—the very letter which produced this complaint contained a statement of personal concerns the most important I have had to write since my marriage.

From all this, which reluctantly, though openly, I have written, you will deduce, that, while you think me unkind (as I apprehend), I think you unjust.

But I have *written*, now, as well as *read*,—and have emptied my mind of all ungenial thoughts; hasten, then, dear ——, to fill up the space once more with those fairer materials which the estranged style of your late letters has wofully compressed. You will think of me, you say, always *as you ought*: if you do, I may venture to send you again the shabby paper, or wide margin, you have received so indignantly, by reminding you, in the first place, that the zealous advocate for public liberty must not be an imposer of private exactions; and in the second, that, though the most miserable of correspondents, I am the most unchangeable of friends.

And now, if I could draw, I would send you the olive-branch, with our arms mutually entwining it. Enclose me the design, and I will return you its inscriptions. F. D'A.

I find my father has heard just the same high character of the supereminent powers and eloquence of the Abbé Legard that you sent me in a former letter.

The Lock family have not yet returned from town. They did not go thither till late in April. Have you seen Mr. Williams's[1] beautiful sketch of Lady Templetown's two eldest daughters?[2]

[1] Mr. William Locke must be intended. Lady Templetown was his relative.

[2] Elizabeth Albinia, afterwards Marchioness of Bristol, *d.* 1844; Caroline, *d.* 1862.

We have begun, at last, the little Hermitage we have so long purposed rearing for our residence; and M. d'Arblay, who is his own architect and surveyor, is constantly with his workmen, whom Bab and I do not spare visiting and admiring. God bless you!

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

Saturday Night, July 20, 1797.

My dear Fanny—The close of the season is always hurry-scurry. I shall begin a letter to-night, and leave it on the stocks, that is, the table, to stare me in the face, lest in the hurry I am and shall be in, you should lose your turn. I was invited to poor Mr. Burke's funeral,[1] by Mrs. Crewe and two notes from Beaconsfield. Malone and I went to Bulstrode together in my car, this day sevennight, with two horses added to mine. Mrs. Crewe had invited me thither when she went down first. We found the Duke of P.[2] there; and the Duke of Devonshire and Windham came to dinner. The Chancellor and Speaker of the House of Commons could not leave London till four o'clock, but arrived a little after seven. We all set off together for Beaconsfield, where we found the rest of the pall-bearers—Lord Fitzwilliam,[3] Lord Inchiquin, and Sir Gilbert Eliot, with Drs. King and Lawrence, Fred North, Dudley North, and many of the deceased's private friends, though by his repeated injunction the funeral was to be very private. We had all hatbands, scarfs, and gloves; and he left a list to whom rings of remembrance are to be sent, among whom my name

[1] Edmund Burke died July 9, 1797, at his seat of Butler's Court, and is buried in the little church at Beaconsfield, Bucks.

[2] Portland.

[3] William Wentworth Fitzwilliam, second Earl Fitzwilliam, 1748-1833. He had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1795 (see *ante*, p. 247).

occurred; and a jeweller has been here for my measure. I went back to Bulstrode, by invitation, with the two Dukes, the Chancellor, and Speaker, Windham, Malone, and Secretary King. I stayed there till Sunday evening, and got home just before the dreadful storm. The Duke was extremely civil and hospitable,—pressed me much to stay longer and go with them, the Chancellor, Speaker, Windham, and Mrs. Crewe, to Penn,[1] to see the school, founded by Mr. Burke, for the male children of French emigrant nobles; but I could not with prudence stay, having a couple of ladies waiting for me in London, and two extra horses with me.

So much for poor Mr. Burke, certainly one of the greatest men of the present century; and I think I might say the best orator and statesman of modern times. He had his passions and prejudices to which I did not subscribe; but I always admired his great abilities, friendship, and urbanity; and it would be ungrateful in you and me, to whom he was certainly partial, not to feel and lament his loss.

. . . . . .

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *July* 27, '97.

My dearest Padre — A letter of so many dates is quite delicious to me; it brings me so

[1] "At Penn [Bucks], a college, since demolished, was established for the benefit of the French *émigrés* during the Revolutionary War. It stood near a still-existing row of fine elms. Burke took a great interest in this college, and often walked over from Gregories [the first name of Butler's Court] to visit its inmates. A meadow is still known as French School Meadow" (Murray's *Bucks*, 1903, p. 45). To this may be added from Morley's *Burke*, 1882, p. 205, that the school in question was "for sixty French boys, principally the orphans of Quiberon, and the children of other emigrants who had suffered in the cause."

close to you from day to day, that it seems nearest to verbal intercourse. How "agreeable" I should be to your keeping one upon the stocks for me thus in your journey! And how I should like to receive a letter from Shrewsbury! Nevertheless, I am sensible Shrewsbury will be but a melancholy view now, but interest does not dwell alone with merriment, merry as we all like to be.

Your most kind solicitude for Alex makes me never like to take a letter in hand to you when his health gives me inquietude; his health alone can do it, for his disposition opens into all our fondest hopes could form, either for our present gratification or future prospects. 'Tis the most enjoyable little creature, Norbury Phillips excepted, I ever saw at so early an age.

I was surprised, and almost frightened, though at the same time gratified, to find you assisted in paying the last honours to Mr. Burke. How sincerely I sympathise in all you say of that truly great man! That his enemies say he was not perfect is nothing compared with his immense superiority over almost all those who are merely exempted from his peculiar defects. That he was upright in heart, even where he acted wrong, I do truly believe; and it is a great pleasure to me that Mr. Lock believes it too, and that he asserted nothing he had not persuaded himself to be true, from Mr. Hastings's being the most rapacious of villains, to the King's being incurably insane. He was as generous as kind, and as liberal in his sentiments as he was luminous in intellect and extraordinary in abilities and eloquence. Though free from all little vanity, high above envy, and glowing with zeal to exalt talents and merit in others, he had, I believe, a consciousness of his own greatness, that shut out those occasional and useful self-doubts which keep our judgment in

order, by calling our motives and our passions to account. I entreat you to let me know how poor Mrs. Burke supports herself in this most desolate state, and who remains to console her when Mrs. Crewe will be far off.

Our cottage is now in the act of being rough cast. Its ever imprudent and *téméraire* builder made himself very ill t'other day, by going from the violent heat of extreme hard work in his garden to drink out of a fresh-drawn pail of well-water, and dash the same over his face. A dreadful headache ensued; and two days' confinement, with James's powders,[1] have but just reinstated him. In vain I represent he has no right now to make so free with himself—he has such a habit of disdaining all care and precaution, that, though he gives me the fairest promises, I find them of no avail. Mr. Angerstein[2] went to see his field lately, and looked everywhere for him, having heard he was there; but he was not immediately to be known, while digging with all his might and main, without coat or waistcoat, and in his green leather cap.

Imagine my surprise the other day, my dearest Padre, at receiving a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld![3] We had never visited, and only met one evening at Mr. Burrows's, by appointment, whither I was carried to meet her by Mrs. Chapone. They are at Dorking, on a visit to Dr. Aikin,[4] her brother, who is there at a lodging for his health. I received them with great pleasure, for I think highly both of her talents and her character, and he seems a very gentle, good sort of man.

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 317.

[2] John Angerstein, M.P., of Westing, Norfolk, who married Mr. Locke's daughter Amelia.

[3] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 239.

[4] John Aikin, M.D., 1747-1822. He stayed at Dorking four months, and wrote an "animated description" of the surrounding country in the *Monthly Magazine*. At Dorking, too, he composed part of his *Letters from a Father to his Son* (*Memoirs of John Aikin, M.D.*, 1823, pp. 211, 212).

I am told, by a French priest who occasionally visits M. d'Arblay, that the commanding officer at Dorking says he knows you very well, but I cannot make out his name. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *August* 10, '97.

My dearest Father will, I know, be grieved at any grief of M. d'Arblay's, though he will be glad his own truly interesting letter should have arrived by the same post. You know, I believe, with what cruel impatience and uncertainty my dear companion has waited for some news of his family, and how terribly his expectations were disappointed upon a summons to town some few months since, when the hope of intelligence carried him thither under all the torment of his recently wounded foot, which he could not then put to the ground; no tidings, however, could he procure, nor has he ever heard from any part of it till last Saturday morning, when two letters arrived by the same post, with information of the death of his only brother.

Impossible as it has long been to look back to France without fears amounting even to expectation of horrors, he had never ceased cherishing hopes some favourable turn would, in the end, unite him with this last branch of his house; the shock, therefore, has been terribly severe, and has cast a gloom upon his mind and spirits which nothing but his kind anxiety to avoid involving mine can at present suppress. He is now the last of a family of seventeen, and not one relation of his own name now remains but his own little English son. His father was the only son of an only son, which drives all affinity on the paternal side into fourth and fifth kinsmen.

On the maternal side, however, he has the happiness to hear that an uncle, who is inexpressibly dear to him, who was his guardian and best friend through life, still lives, and has been permitted to remain unmolested in his own house, at Joigny,[1] where he is now in perfect health, save from rheumatic attacks, which though painful are not dangerous. A son, too, of this gentleman, who was placed as a *commissaire-de-guerre* by M. d'Arblay during the period of his belonging to the War Committee, still holds the same situation, which is very lucrative, and which M. d'A. had concluded would have been withdrawn as soon as his own flight from France was known.

He hears, too, that M. de Narbonne is well and safe, and still in Switzerland, where he lives, says the letter, "très modestement, obscurément, et tranquillement," with a chosen small society forced into similar retreat. This is consolatory, for the long and unaccountable silence of this his beloved friend had frequently filled him with the utmost uneasiness.

The little property of which the late Chevalier d'Arblay died possessed, this same letter says, has been "vendu pour la nation," because his next heir was an *émigré*; though there is a little niece, Mlle. Girardin, daughter of an only sister, who is in France, and upon whom the succession was settled, if her uncles died without immediate heirs.

Some little matter, however, what we know not, has been reserved by being bought in by this respectable uncle, who sends M. d'Arblay word he has saved him what he may yet live upon, if he can find means to return without personal risk, and who solicits to again see him with urgent fondness, in which he is joined by his aunt with as much warmth

[1] Joigny—M. D'Arblay's birthplace—is on the Yonne, being the chief town of the *arrondissement* of that name.

as if she, also, was his relation by blood, not alliance. The letter is written from Switzerland by a person who passed through Joigny, from Paris, at the request of M. d'Arblay, to inquire the fate of his family, and to make known his own. The commission, though so lately executed, was given before the birth of our little Alex. The letter adds that no words can express the tender joy of this excellent uncle and his wife in hearing M. d'Arblay was alive and well.

The late Chevalier, my M. d'A. says, was a man of the softest manners and most exalted honour; and he was so tall and so thin, he was often nicknamed Don Quixote; but he was so completely aristocratic with regard to the Revolution, at its very commencement, that M. d'A. has heard nothing yet with such unspeakable astonishment as the news that he died, near Spain, of his wounds from a battle in which he had fought for the Republic. "How strange," says M. d'A., "is our destiny! that that Republic which I quitted, determined to be rather an hewer of wood and drawer of water all my life than serve, he should die for." The secret history of this may some day come out, but it is now inexplicable, for the mere fact, without the smallest comment, is all that has reached us. In the period, indeed, in which M. d'A. left France, there were but three steps possible for those who had been bred to arms—flight, the guillotine, or fighting for the Republic. "The former this brother," M. d'A. says, "had not energy of character to undertake in the desperate manner in which he risked it himself, friendless and fortuneless, to live in exile as he could. The guillotine no one could elect; and the continuing in the service, though in a cause he detested, was, probably, his hard compulsion. No one was allowed to lay down his arms and retire."

A gentleman born in the same town as M. d'A.,

Joigny, has this morning found a conductor to bring him to our Hermitage. He confirms the account that all in that little town has been suffered to remain quiet, his own relations there still existing undisturbed. M. d'Arblay is gone to accompany him back as far as Ewell. He has been evidently much relieved by the visit, and the power of talking over, with an old townsman as well as countryman, early scenes and connections. It is a fortunately timed rencounter, and I doubt not but he will return less sad.

. . . . . .

F. D'A.

Our new habitation will very considerably indeed exceed our first intentions and expectations. I suppose it has ever been so, and so ever must be; for we sought as well as determined to keep within bounds, and M. d'A. still thinks he has done it; however, I am more aware of our tricks upon travellers than to enter into the same delusion.

The pleasure, however, he has taken in this edifice is my first joy, for it has constantly shown me his heart has invariably held to those first feelings which, before our union, determined him upon settling in England. Oh! if you knew how he has been assailed, by temptations of every sort that either ambition, or interest, or friendship could dictate, to change his plan,—and how his heart sometimes yearns towards those he yet can love in his native soil, while his firmness still remains unshaken, nay, not even one moment wavering or hesitating,—you would not wonder I make light of even extravagance in a point that shows him thus fixed to make this object a part of the whole system of his future life.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

Friday Night, September 13, 1797.

My dear Fanny—Where did I leave off?—hang me if I know!—I believe I told you, or all when with you, of the Chester and Liverpool journey and voyage.[1] On Saturday, 26th August, the day month from leaving London, M. le Président de Frondeville[2] and I left Crewe Hall on our way back. The dear Mrs. Crewe kindly set us in our way as far as Hetruria. We visited Trentham Hall, in Staffordshire, the famous seat of the Marquis of Stafford,—a very fine place—fine piece of water—fine hanging woods,—the valley of Tempe—and the river Trent running through the garden. Mrs. C. introduced us to the Marchioness, who did us the honour of showing us the house herself; it has lately been improved and enlarged by Wyatt:—fine pictures, library, etc.

After a luncheon here, we went to Hetruria, which I had never seen. Old Mr. Wedgwood is dead,[3] and his son and successor not at home; but we went to the pottery manufacture, and saw the whole process of forming the beautiful things which are dispersed all over the universe from this place. Mrs. C. offered to send you a little hand churn for your breakfast butter; but I should have broke it to pieces, and durst not accept of it. But if it would be of any use, when you have a cow, I will get you one at the Wedgwood warehouse in London. Here we parted.

[1] There is an account of this "journey and voyage" in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 244. Dr. Burney was on a visit to Mrs. Crewe at Crewe Hall in Cheshire.

[2] Thomas-Louis-César, Marquis de Lambert de Frondeville, 1757-1816, an *émigré*, who married in England. He had been President of the Parliament of Rouen.

[3] Josiah Wedgwood died in January 1795. Etruria is the name of the village he built for his workmen.

The President and I got to Lichfield by about ten o'clock that night. In the morning, before my companion was up, I strolled about the city with one of the waiters, in search of Frank Barber, who I had been told lived there; but on inquiry I was told his residence was in a village three or four miles off.[1] I however soon found the house where dear Dr. Johnson was born, and his father's shop. The house is stuccoed, has five sash-windows in front, and pillars before it. It is the best house thereabouts, near St. Mary's Church, in a broad street, and is now a grocer's shop.[2]

I went next to the Garrick House, which has been lately repaired, stuccoed, enlarged, and sashed. Peter Garrick, David's eldest brother, died about two years ago, leaving all his possessions to the apothecary that had attended him. But the will was disputed and set aside not long since, it having appeared at a trial that the testator was insane at the time the will was made; so that Mrs. Doxie, Garrick's sister, a widow with a numerous family, recovered the house and £30,000. She now lives in it with her family, and has been able to set up a carriage. The inhabitants of Lichfield were so pleased with the decision of the Court on the trial, that they illuminated the streets, and had public rejoicings on the occasion.

After examining this house well, I tried to find the residence of Dr. James, inventor of the admirable fever powders,[3] which have so often saved the life of our dear Susey, and others without number. But the ungrateful inhabitants knew nothing about him. I could find but one old man who remem-

[1] Francis Barber, the black servant to whom Johnson had left nearly £1500, had retired to Lichfield upon his master's recommendation.

[2] It stands in the market-place. It is now the property of the Corporation of Lichfield, and was opened as a museum and library on July 6, 1901.

[3] Dr. Robert James, 1705-76. He patented his powder and pill in 1746 (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 317).

bered that he was a native of that city!—that man "who has lengthened life, whose skill in physic will be long remembered," to be forgotten at Lichfield! I felt indignant, but went round the cathedral, which has been lately thoroughly repaired internally, and is the most complete and beautiful Gothic building I ever saw. The outside was *très mal traité* by the fanatics of the last century; but there are three beautiful spires still standing, and more than fifty whole-length figures of saints in their original niches. The choir is exquisitely beautiful. A fine new organ is erected, and was well played, and I never heard the cathedral service so well performed to that instrument only before. The services and anthems were middle-aged music, neither too old and dry, nor too modern and light; the voices subdued, and exquisitely softened and sweetened by the building.

While the lessons were reading, which I could not hear, I looked for monuments, and found a beautiful one to Garrick, and another just by it to Johnson; the former erected by Mrs. Garrick, who has been daily abused for not erecting one to her husband in Westminster Abbey; but sure that was a debt due to him from the public, and that due from his widow best paid here. Johnson's has been erected by his friends:—both are beautiful, and alike in every particular.[1]

There is a monument here to Johnson's first patron, Mr. Walmsley, whose amplitude of learning and copiousness of communication were such, that our revered friend said "it might be doubted

[1] This, and several of the preceding paragraphs (with variations) are worked into vol. iii. of the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 247-49. In a Note Book of 1797 he had written, "I beg that my pilgrimage to Litchfield, in 1797, may somewhere be recorded in my Memoirs, from memorandums made on the spot, after visiting the house where Dr. Johnson was born, and his father kept a bookseller's shop; the house where Garrick lived, and his elder brother died; and seeking in vain for the birth-place, or at least residence, of Dr. James."

whether a day passed in which he had not some advantage from his friendship."[1] There is a monument likewise to Lady M. W. Montagu, and to the father of Mr. Addison, etc.

We left Lichfield about two o'clock, and reached Daventry that night, stopping a little at Coventry to look at the great church and Peeping Tom. Next day got to St. Alban's time enough to look at the church and neighbouring ruins. Next morning breakfasted at Barnet, where my car met me, and got to Chelsea by three o'clock, leaving my agreeable *compagnon de voyage*, M. le Président, at his apartments in town.

I only stayed at home a week, after which I went to Richmond for four or five days;—slept at Charlotte's, but dined with her but once; Tuesday, Wednesday, with dear good Mrs. Boscawen;[2] visiting first Mrs. Gell, at Twickenham, and Dr. Morton;[3] Mrs. Garrick, at Hampton; and Lady Polly,[4] at Hampton Court, with whom Hetty and I dined and spent a very laughing and agreeable day on Thursday, hearing the band of the 11th regiment play in the gardens to the Prince and Princess of Orange during their *lonchon*—then saw the palace, in which Lady M. performed the part of cicerone.

Thursday dine with Mrs. Ord in Sir Joshua Reynolds's house; on Friday morning go with her and Mrs. Otley, a sister of Sir W. Young, to see Mrs. Garrick, but she was gone to London; however, Mrs. Ord being a privileged person, we saw the house, pictures, and gardens.

I visited the Cambridges, and they me. Mr. C.

[1] Gilbert Walmsley, *d.* 1751, Register of the Prerogative Court at Lichfield. Dr. Burney's quotation is from Johnson's character of him in the *Life of Edmund Smith* (Hill's *Boswell*, 1887, i. 81).

[2] See *post*, p. 342.

[3] Dr. Charles Morton, 1716-1799, Principal Librarian of the British Museum,

[4] Lady Mary Duncan (see *ante*, vol. ii. p. 222).

is as active and lively as ever. Dined again with Mrs. Bos. on Saturday.

On Sunday went with Hetty and Mrs. B. to Richmond Gardens to see the kangaroos, then carried them to town, and carried to Chelsea, myself, a miserable cold, which I have been nursing ever since. But I am now thinking of my visit to Lord Chesterfield and Herschel. I have just received a very polite and friendly letter from the latter, just returned from Ramsgate, who "will be happy to talk over with me any subject of astronomy that I may be pleased to lead him to."

But when is your Windsor visit to take place? The Royal Family return, 'tis said, the 16th. A levee is announced for Wednesday next week, and a drawing-room on Thursday. If this very dreadful weather does not continue, I think of going to Bailie[1] next week. If we should meet at Windsor, how nice it would be! *Pensez-y.* C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Bookham, *September* 25, '97.

I must not vex my dearest Padre with my vexation, especially as the season is so much further advanced than when we had regaled our fancies with seeing him, that many fears for what is still more precious to me than his sight—his health—would mix with the joy of his presence.

The return of Lord M.[2] has been a terrible stroke to every fond hope of M. d'Arblay of embracing his venerable uncle. Not even a line, now, must again pass between them! This last dreadful

[1] Baylis, Stoke Poges (Lord Chesterfield's), a mile and a half from Stoke Church, towards Salt Hill. It is now a Roman Catholic educational establishment.

[2] Lord Malmesbury had gone to Lisle as Plenipotentiary in July; but the French demands were outrageous, and he had returned on the 18th September.

revolution shook him almost as violently as the loss of his brother; but constant exercise and unremitting employment are again, thank Heaven! playing the part of philosophy. Indeed, he has the happiest philosophy to join to them—that of always endeavouring to balance blessings against misfortunes. Many for whom he had a personal regard are involved in this inhuman banishment, though none with whom he was particularly connected. Had the Parisians not all been disarmed in a former epoch, it is universally believed they would have risen in a mass to defend the legislators from this unheard-of proscription. Such is the report of a poor returned *émigré*. But such measures had been taken, that there is little doubt but that military government will be now finally established. M. d'Arblay had been earnestly pressed to go over, and pass *les vendanges* at Joigny,[1] and try what he could recover from the shipwreck of his family's fortune: but not, thank God! by his uncle: that generous, parental friend crushes every personal wish while danger hangs upon its indulgence.

. . . . . .

Dear, kind, deserving Kitty Cooke![2] I was

[1] Joigny is a noted red wine district.

[2] Papilian Catherine Cooke of Thames Ditton, spinster, the "Kitty Cooke" so often referred to in these pages, died August 17, 1797, aged 66, and was buried at Chessington. She left a portrait of "Daddy" Crisp to Mme. D'Arblay. She was the niece and companion of Mrs. (*i.e.* Miss) Sarah Hamilton, to whom Chessington Hall belonged, and who had died on the 14th January preceding, aged ninety-two, having been born July 4, 1705. Mrs. Hamilton had succeeded her brother, Crisp's friend, whom Mrs. Barrett in her "Introduction" (vol. i. p. 11), following Mme. D'Arblay in her *Memoirs* of her father, calls Christopher Hamilton. His real Christian name, however, was Chrysostome. He was born in 1698, and died in 1759, having inherited Chessington Hall from his mother Rebecca Hatton, whose first husband was a Hamilton. After Mrs. Sarah Hamilton's death, Chessington Hall passed to other members of her family, coming eventually to the Rev. Henry Penny of Kensington, who pulled down the ruinous old Hall and erected the existing building in its stead, on the old foundation. By Mr. Penny's son it was sold to the present proprietors, the Chancellor family. (The above particulars are mainly derived from an interesting paper on the "Genealogy of the Family of Hamilton of Ypres in Flanders" (*Genealogist*, N.S. vol. xiv.), by the Editor, Mr. Henry W. Forsyth Harwood.)

struck quite at heart with concern at her sudden and unexpected death.

I pity Mrs. R. with all my soul. She could have been so happy under your protection! And now two are unhappy, for those tyrants who rob others wilfully of all comfort take what they never enjoy. I question if even a vicious character is as internally wretched as an ill-natured one.

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

Chelsea College, *Thursday, 2 o'clock, September 28.*

My dear Fanny—I read your letter pen in hand, and shall try to answer it by to-day's post. But first let me tell you that it was very unlikely to find me at home, for on Tuesday I went to Lord Chesterfield's at Bailie's,[1] and arrived there in very good time for a four o'clock dinner; when, behold! I was informed by the porter that "both my Lord and Lady were in town, and did not return till Saturday!" Lord Chesterfield had unexpectedly been obliged to go to town by indisposition. Though I was asked to alight and take refreshment, I departed immediately, intending to dine and lie at Windsor, to be near Dr. Herschel,[2] with whom a visit had been arranged by letter. But as I was now at liberty to make that visit at any time of the day I pleased, I drove through Slough in my way to Windsor, in order to ask at Dr. Herschel's door when my visit would be least inconvenient to him—that night or next morning. The good soul was at dinner, but came to the door himself, to press me to alight immediately and partake of his family repast; and this he did so heartily that I could not resist. I was introduced to the family at table, four ladies, and a little boy

[1] See *ante*, p. 342.

[2] See *ante*, p. 342.

about the age and size of Martin.[1] I was quite shocked at seeing so many females: I expected (not knowing that Herschel was married) only to have found Miss Herschel;[2] but there was a very old lady, the mother, I believe, of Mrs. Herschel, who was at the head of the table herself, and a Scots lady (a Miss Wilson, daughter of Dr. Wilson, of Glasgow,[3] an eminent astronomer), Miss Herschel, and the little boy. I expressed my concern and shame at disturbing them at this time of the day; told my story, at which they were so cruel as to rejoice, and went so far as to say they rejoiced at the accident which had brought me there, and hoped I would send my carriage away, and take a bed with them. They were sorry they had no stables for my horses. I thought it necessary, you may be sure, to *faire la petite bouche*, but in spite of my blushes I was obliged to submit to my trunk being taken in, and the car sent to the inn just by.

We soon grew acquainted,—I mean the ladies and I; and before dinner was over we seemed old friends just met after a long absence. Mrs. Herschel is sensible, good-humoured, unpretending, and well-bred; Miss Herschel all shyness and virgin modesty; the Scots lady sensible and harmless, and the little boy entertaining, promising, and comical. Herschel, you know, and everybody knows, is one of the most pleasing and well-bred natural characters of the present age, as well as the greatest astronomer.

Your health was drunk after dinner (put that into your pocket); and after much social conversation and a few hearty laughs, the ladies proposed to take a walk, in order, I believe, to leave Herschel

[1] Martin Burney, James Burney's son (see Appendix, vol. vi. "Admiral Jem").
[2] See *ante*, vol. iii. pp. 18 and 322.
[3] Alexander Wilson, 1714-86, Professor of Astronomy at Glasgow University.

and me together. We walked and talked round his great telescopes till it grew damp and dusk, then retreated into his study to philosophise.

I had a string of questions ready to ask, and astronomical difficulties to solve, which, with looking at curious books and instruments, filled up the time charmingly till tea, which being drank with the ladies, we two retired again to the *starry*. Now having paved the way, we began to talk of my poetical plan, and he pressed me to read what I had done. Heaven help his head! my eight books, of from 400 to 820 lines, would require two or three days to read. He made me unpack my trunk for my MS., from which I read him the titles of the chapters, and begged he would choose any book or character of a great astronomer he pleased. "Oh, let us have the beginning." I read him the first eighteen or twenty lines of the exordium, and then said I rather wished to come to modern times; I was more certain of my ground in high antiquity than after the time of Copernicus, and began my eighth chapter, entirely on Newton and his system. He gave me the greatest encouragement; said repeatedly that I perfectly understood what I was writing about; and only stopped me at two places: one was at a word too strong for what I had to describe, and the other at one too weak. The doctrine he allowed to be quite orthodox, concerning gravitation, refraction, reflection, optics, comets, magnitudes, distances, revolutions, etc. etc., but made a discovery to me which, had I known sooner, would have overset me, and prevented my reading any part of my work: he said he had almost always had an aversion to poetry, which he regarded as the arrangement of fine words, without any useful meaning or adherence to truth; but that, when truth and science were united to these fine words,

he liked poetry very well; and next morning, after breakfast, he made me read as much of another chapter on Des Cartes, etc., as the time would allow, as I had ordered my carriage at twelve. I read, talked, asked questions, and looked at books and instruments till near one, when I set off for Chelsea. C. B.

Général de Lafayette to the Chevalier d'Arblay

Trilmuld près Ploen, 16*me Oct.* 1797.

Je savois bien d'avance que votre intérêt nous suivroit partout, mon cher d'Arblay, et je n'ai pas été surpris d'apprendre que vous avez été sans cesse occupé de vos amis prisonniers;[1] ils ne vous oublioient pas dans leur captivité, et soit dans les premiers tems où nous fûmes quelquefois réunis, soit pendant les derniers quarante mois où nous avons été totalement et constamment separés,—Maubourg[2] et moi pensions avec la plus tendre amitié au sentiment que vous nous conserviez, et au bonheur dont vous jouissiez.

C'est dans la prison de Magdebourg que nous[3] apprîmes votre mariage; j'avois joint au tribut de l'admiration universelle pour Miss Burney un hommage de reconnoissance particulier pour celle qui presque seule avoit pu me faire oublier momentanément mon sort; c'est au milieu des jouissances de cette illusion enchanteresse que je sçus tout à coup les nouveaux droits qu'elle avoit à mon sentiment pour elle, et qui me donnaient à moi-même quelques droits à ses bontés. Toute

[1] La Fayette was imprisoned by the Austrians until Buonaparte, by order of the Directory, obtained his liberation in 1797.

[2] Marie-Charles-César de Fay, Comte de Latour-Maubourg, *maréchal de camp*, 1756-1831. He was imprisoned with La Fayette at Magdeburg and Olmütz.

[3] His wife (*née* Adrienne-Françoise de Noailles, daughter of the Duc d'Ayen) had shared his captivity.

ma famille serait bien heureuse de lui être présentée, et la prie de vouloir bien agréer le vœu qu'elles forment toutes trois de mériter son amitié. Recevez aussi, mon cher d'Arblay, les tendres complimens de ma femme et de mes filles.

Nous sommes pour quelques jours chez Madame de Tessé;[1] Maubourg et Puzy[2] sont restés à Altona, mais Maubourg arrivera ici aujourd'hui ou demain, et nous allons passer l'hiver dans une campagne solitaire, à vingt-deux lieues d'Hambourg, sur le territoire Danois du Holstein, où nous soignerons tranquillement nos santés délabrées. Celle de ma femme est surtout dans le plus déplorable état. Maubourg a beaucoup souffert, mais se rétablit depuis la délivrance; et quoique j'aie été à la mort, j'ai résisté mieux que personne aux épreuves de la captivité, et je crois que bientôt, à la maigreur près, il n'y paroîtra plus. Mons fils[3] étoit en Amérique, mais va, je pense, arriver avec la Colombe, parce que sur la nouvelle des premières promesses données il y a plusieurs mois par la Cour de Vienne à la République, ils se sont déterminés à venir nous trouver.

Adieu, mon cher d'Arblay; présentez mes hommages à Madame d'Arblay; donnez-moi de vos nouvelles, et aimez toujours votre ancien compagnon d'armes et ami, qui vous est à jamais bien tendrement attaché. LAFAYETTE.

MADAME D'ARBLAY TO MRS. FRANCIS

WESTHAMBLE, *November* 16, 1797.

Your letter was most welcome to me, my dearest Charlotte, and I am delighted Mr.

[1] Sister of the Duc d'Ayen. She was the aunt of Mme. de La Fayette.
[2] Captain Jean-Xavier Bureaux de Pusy, 1750-1805, another fellow-prisoner with La Fayette.
[3] George-Louis-Gilbert-Washington Du Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, 1779-1849.

Broome[1] and my dear father will so speedily meet. If they steer clear of politics, there can be no doubt of their immediate exchange of regard and esteem. At all events, I depend upon Mr. B.'s forbearance of such subjects, if their opinions clash. Pray let me hear how the interview went off.

I need not say how I shall rejoice to see you again, nor how charmed we shall both be to make a nearer acquaintance with Mr. Broome; but, for Heaven's sake, my dear girl, how are we to give him a dinner?—unless he will bring with him his poultry, for ours are not yet arrived from Bookham; and his fish, for ours are still at the bottom of some pond we know not where; and his spit, for our jack is yet without one; and his kitchen grate, for ours waits for Count Rumford's next pamphlet; —not to mention his table-linen;—and not to speak of his knives and forks, some ten of our poor original twelve having been massacred in M. d'Arblay's first essays in the art of carpentering;— and to say nothing of his large spoons, the silver of our plated ones having feloniously made off under cover of the whitening-brush;—and not to talk of his cook, ours being not yet hired;—and not to start the subject of wine, ours, by some odd accident, still remaining at the wine-merchant's!

With all these impediments, however, to convivial hilarity, if he will eat a quarter of a joint of meat (his share, I mean), tied up by a packthread, and roasted by a log of wood on the bricks,—and declare no potatoes so good as those dug by M. d'Arblay out of our garden,—and protest our small beer gives the spirits of champagne,—and make no inquiries where we have deposited the hops he will conclude we have emptied out of our table-cloth,—and pronounce that bare walls are superior

[1] Captain Ralph Broome, of the Bengal Army, to whom Charlotte Francis was married early in 1798.

to tapestry,—and promise us the first sight of his epistle upon visiting a new-built cottage,—we shall be sincerely happy to receive him in our Hermitage; where I hope to learn, for my dearest Charlotte's sake, to love him as much as, for his own, I have very long admired him.

Manage all this, my dear girl, but let us know the day, as we have resumed our Norbury Park excursions, where we were yesterday. God bless you, my love, and grant that your happiness may meet my wishes!

Ever and ever yours most affectionately,

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips

Westhamble, *December* '97.

This moment I receive, through our dearest friend, my own Susanna's letter. I grieve to find she ever waits anxiously for news; but always imagine all things essential perpetually travelling to her, from so many of our house, all in nearly constant correspondence with her. This leads me to rest quiet as to her, when I do not write more frequently; but as to myself, when I do not hear I am saddened even here, even in my own new paradise,—for such I confess it is to me; and were my beloved Susan on this side the Channel, and could I see her dear face, and fold her to my breast, I think I should set about wishing nothing but to continue just so. For circumstances—pecuniary ones I mean—never have power to distress me, unless I fear exceeding their security; and that fear these times will sometimes inflict. The new threefold assessment of taxes has terrified us rather seriously; though the necessity, and therefore justice, of them, we mutually feel. My father thinks his own share will amount to £80 a year!

We have, this very morning, decided upon parting with four of our new windows,—a great abatement of *agrémens* to ourselves, and of ornament to our appearance; and a still greater sacrifice to *l'amour propre* of my architect, who, indeed,—his fondness for his edifice considered,—does not ill deserve praise that the scheme had not his mere consent, but his own free proposition.

Your idea that my builder was not able to conduct us hither, I thank God, is unfounded. His indiscretion was abominable, but so characteristic that I will tell it you. Some little time before, he brought me home a dog, a young thing, he said, which had hit his fancy at Ewell, where he had been visiting M. Bourdois,[1] and that we should educate it for our new house-guard. It is a *barbette*,[2] and, as it was not perfectly precise in cleanliness, it was destined to a kitchen residence till it should be trained for the parlour: this, however, far from being resented by the young stranger as an indignity, appeared to be still rather too superb; for "Muff" betook to the coal-hole, and there seemed to repose with native ease. The purchaser, shocked at the rueful appearance of the curled coat, and perhaps piqued by a few flippancies upon the delicacy of my present, resolved one night to prepare me a divine surprise the following morning; and, when I retired to my downy pillow, at eleven o'clock, upon a time severely cold, he walked forth with the unfortunate delinquent to a certain lake, you may remember, nearly in front of our Bookham habitation, not very remarkable for its lucid purity,[3] and there immersed poor Muff, and

[1] M. Bourdois, an early friend of M. D'Arblay, had been aide-de-camp to Dumouriez and fought at Jemappes. He married Anna Maria, the eldest child of Charles Rousseau Burney.

[2] Water-spaniel.

[3] This Great Bookham "lake," which once stood—says Mr. Bousfield—"at the junction of the main and side roads," in close proximity to the stocks and parish pound, no longer exists.

stood rubbing him, curl by curl, till each particular one was completely bathed. This business was not over till near midnight, and the impure water which he agitated, joined to the late hour and unwholesome air, sent him in shivering with a dreadful pain in the head and a violent feverish and rheumatic cold.

This happened just as we were beginning to prepare for our removal. You will imagine, untold, all its alarm and all its inconveniences; I thank God, it is long past, but it had its full share, at the moment, of disquieting and tormenting powers.

We quitted Bookham with one single regret—that of leaving our excellent neighbours the Cookes.[1] The father is so worthy, and the mother so good, so deserving, so liberal, and so infinitely kind, that the world certainly does not abound with people to compare with them. They both improved upon us considerably since we lost our dearest Susan—not, you will believe, as substitutes, but still for their intrinsic worth and most friendly partiality and regard.

We languished for the moment of removal with almost infantine fretfulness at every delay that distanced it; and when at last the grand day came, our final packings, with all their toil and difficulties and labour and expense, were mere acts of pleasantry: so bewitched were we with the impending change, that, though from six o'clock to three we were hard at work, without a kettle to boil the breakfast, or a knife to cut bread for a luncheon, we missed nothing, wanted nothing, and were as insensible to fatigue as to hunger.

M. d'Arblay set out on foot, loaded with remaining relics of things, to us precious, and Betty afterwards with a remnant glass or two; the other maid

[1] See *ante*, p. 236.

had been sent two days before.[1] I was forced to have a chaise for my Alex and me, and a few looking-glasses, a few folios, and not a few other oddments; and then, with dearest Mr. Lock, our founder's portrait, and my little boy, off I set, and I would my dearest Susan could relate to me as delicious a journey.

My mate, striding over hedge and ditch, arrived first, though he set out after, to welcome me to our new dwelling; and we entered our new best room, in which I found a glorious fire of wood, and a little bench, borrowed of one of the departing carpenters: nothing else. We contrived to make room for each other, and Alex disdained all rest. His spirits were so high upon finding two or three rooms totally free for his horse (alias any stick he can pick up) and himself, unincumbered by chairs and tables and such-like lumber, that he was as merry as a little Andrew and as wild as twenty colts. Here we unpacked a small basket containing three or four loaves, and, with a garden-knife, fell to work; some eggs had been procured from a neighbouring farm, and one saucepan had been brought. We dined, therefore, exquisitely, and drank to our new possession from a glass of clear water out of our new well.

At about eight o'clock our goods arrived. We had our bed put up in the middle of our room, to avoid risk of damp walls, and our Alex had his dear Willy's[2] crib at our feet.

We none of us caught cold. We had fire night and day in the maids' room, as well as our own—or rather in my Susan's room; for we lent them that, their own having a little inconvenience against a fire, because it is built without a chimney.

We continued making fires all around us the

[1] This shows that they had two servants (see *ante*, p. 313).
[2] Willy Phillips.

first fortnight, and then found wood would be as bad as an apothecary's bill, so desisted; but we did not stop short so soon as to want the latter to succeed the former, or put our calculation to the proof.

Our first week was devoted to unpacking, and exulting in our completed plan. To have no one thing at hand, nothing to eat, nowhere to sit—all were trifles, rather, I think, amusing than incommodious. The house looked so clean, the distribution of the rooms and closets is so convenient, the prospect everywhere around is so gay and so lovely, and the park of dear Norbury is so close at hand, that we hardly knew how to require anything else for existence than the enjoyment of our own situation.

At this period I received my summons. I believe I have already explained that I had applied to Miss Planta for advice whether my best chance of admission would be at Windsor, Kew, or London. I had a most kind letter of answer, importing my letter had been seen, and that Her Majesty would herself fix the time when she could admit me. This was a great happiness to me, and the fixture was for the Queen's house in town.

The only drawback to the extreme satisfaction of such graciousness as allowing an appointment to secure me from a fruitless journey, as well as from impropriety and all fear of intrusion, was, that exactly at this period the Princesse d'Henin and M. de Lally[1] were expected at Norbury. I hardly could have regretted anything else, I was so delighted by my summons; but this I indeed lamented. They arrived to dinner on Thursday: I was involved in preparations, and unable to meet them, and my mate would not be persuaded to relinquish aiding me.

The next morning, through mud, through mire,

[1] See *ante*, p. 187.

they came to our cottage. The poor Princesse was forced to change shoes and stockings. M. de Lally is more accustomed to such expeditions. Nothing could be more sweet than they both were, nor indeed, more grateful than I felt for my share in their kind exertion. The house was reviewed all over, even the little *pot au feu* was opened by the Princesse, excessively curious to see our manner of living in its minute detail.

I have not heard if your letter has been received by M. de Lally; but I knew not then you had written, and therefore did not inquire. The Princesse talked of nothing so much as you, and with a softness of regard that quite melted me. I always tell her warmly how you feel about her. M. de Lally was most melancholy about France: the last new and most barbarous revolution has disheartened all his hopes—alas! whose can withstand it? They made a long and kind visit, and in the afternoon we went to Norbury Park, where we remained till near eleven o'clock, and thought the time very short.

Madame d'Henin related some of her adventures in this second flight from her terrible country, and told them with a spirit and a power of observation that would have made them interesting if a tale of old times; but now, all that gives account of those events awakens the whole mind to attention.

M. de Lally after tea read us a beginning of a new tragedy, composed upon an Irish story, but bearing allusion so palpable to the virtues and misfortunes of Louis XVI. that it had almost as strong an effect upon our passions and faculties as if it had borne the name of that good and unhappy Prince.[1] It is written with great pathos, noble

[1] Perhaps this was the never-printed *Tuathal Tamar; ou, la Restauration de la Monarchie en Irlande*, a five-act tragedy. Lally Tollendal, it should be remembered, had an interest in Ireland, his father's Irish title having been Baron Tullendally.

sentiment, and most eloquent language. I parted from them with extreme reluctance—nay, vexation.

I set off for town early the next day, Saturday. My time was not yet fixed for my Royal interview, but I had various preparations impossible to make in this dear, quiet, obscure cottage. *Mon ami* could not accompany me, as we had still two men constantly at work, the house without being quite unfinished; but I could not bear to leave his little representative, who, with Betty, was my companion to Chelsea. There I was expected, and our dearest father came forth with open arms to welcome us. He was in delightful spirits, the sweetest humour, and perfectly good looks and good health. My little rogue soon engaged him in a romp, which conquered his rustic shyness, and they became the best friends in the world.

Thursday morning I had a letter from Miss Planta, written with extreme warmth of kindness, and fixing the next day at eleven o'clock for my Royal admission.

I went upstairs to Miss Planta's room, where, while I waited for her to be called, the charming Princess Mary passed by, attended by Mrs. Cheveley. She recollected me, and turned back, and came up to me with a fair hand graciously held out to me. "How do you do, Madame d'Arblay?" she cried: "I am vastly glad to see you again; and how does your little boy do?"

I gave her a little account of the rogue, and she proceeded to inquire about my new cottage, and its actual state. I entered into a long detail of its bare walls and unfurnished sides, and the gambols of the little man unincumbered by cares of fractures from useless ornaments, that amused her good-humoured interest in my affairs very much; and she did not leave me till Miss Planta came to usher me to Princess Augusta.

That kind Princess received me with a smile so gay, and a look so pleased at my pleasure in again seeing her, that I quite regretted the etiquette which prevented a chaste embrace. She was sitting at her toilette having her hair dressed. The Royal Family were all going at night to the play. She turned instantly from the glass to face me, and insisted upon my being seated immediately. She then wholly forgot her attire and ornaments and appearance, and consigned herself wholly to conversation, with that intelligent animation which marks her character. She inquired immediately how my little boy did, and then with great sweetness after his father, and after my father.

My first subject was the Princess Royal, and I accounted for not having left my Hermitage in the hope of once more seeing Her Royal Highness before her departure.[1] It would have been, I told her, so melancholy a pleasure to have come merely for a last view, that I could not bear to take my annual indulgence at a period which would make it leave a mournful impression upon my mind for a twelvemonth to come. The Princess said she could enter into that, but said it as if she had been surprised I had not appeared. She then gave me some account of the ceremony; and when I told her I had heard that Her Royal Highness the bride had never looked so lovely, she confirmed the praise warmly, but laughingly added, "'Twas the Queen dressed her! You know what a figure she used to make of herself, with her odd manner of dressing herself; but mamma said, 'Now really, Princess Royal, this one time is the last, and I cannot suffer you to make such a quiz of yourself; so I will really have you dressed properly.' And indeed the Queen was quite in the right, for everybody said she had never looked so well in her life."

[1] After her marriage to the Duke of Würtemburg (see *ante*, p. 295).

The word *quiz*, you may depend, was never the Queen's. I had great comfort, however, in gathering, from all that passed on that subject, that the Royal Family is persuaded this estimable Princess is happy. From what I know of her disposition I am led to believe the situation may make her so. She is born to preside, and that with equal softness and dignity; but she was here in utter subjection, for which she had neither spirits nor inclination. She adored the King, honoured the Queen, and loved her sisters, and had much kindness for her brothers; but her style of life was not adapted to the royalty of her nature, any more than of her birth; and though she only wished for power to do good and to confer favours, she thought herself out of her place in not possessing it.

I was particularly happy to learn from the Princess Augusta that she has already a favourite friend in her new court, in one of the Princesses of Wirtemberg, wife of a younger brother of the Hereditary Prince, and who is almost as a widow, from the Prince, her husband, being constantly with the army. This is a delightful circumstance, as her turn of mind, and taste, and employments, accord singularly with those of our Princess.

I have no recollection of the order of our conversation, but will give you what morsels occur to me as they arise in my memory.

The terrible mutiny[1] occupied us some time. She told me many anecdotes that she had learnt in favour of various sailors, declaring, with great animation, her security in their good hearts, however drawn aside by harder and more cunning heads. The sweetness with which she delights to get out of all that is forbidding in her rank is truly adorable. In speaking of a sailor on board the

[1] The mutiny of the fleets at Spithead and the Nore, which lasted from April 15 to June 13, 1797.

St. Fiorenzo, when the Royal Family made their excursion by sea from Weymouth, she said, "You must know this man was a great favourite of mine, for he had the most honest countenance you can conceive, and I have often talked with him, every time we have been at Weymouth, so that we were good friends; but I wanted now in particular to ask him concerning the mutiny, but I knew I should not get him to speak out while the King and Queen and my sisters were by; so I told Lady Charlotte Bellasyse to watch an opportunity when he was upon deck, and the rest were in the cabin, and then we went up to him and questioned him; and he quite answered my expectations, for, instead of taking any merit to himself from belonging to the *St. Fiorenzo*, which was never in the mutiny, the good creature said he was sure there was not a sailor in the navy that was not sorry to have belonged to it, and would not have got out of it as readily as himself, if he had known but how."

We had then a good deal of talk about Weymouth, but it was all local; and as my Susan has not been there, it would be too long to scribble.

"One thing," cried she, her eyes brightening as she spoke, "I must tell you, though I am sure you know it a great deal better than me, that is about Mr. Lock's family, and so I think it will give you pleasure. General and Mrs. Harcourt went lately to see Norbury Park, and they were in the neighbourhood somewhere near Guildford some time, the General's regiment being quartered thereabouts; and the family they were with knew the Locks very well, and told them they were the best people in the world. They said Mr. Lock was always employed in some benevolent action, and all the family were good; and that there was one daughter

quite beautiful,[1] and the most amiable creature in the world, and very like Mrs. Lock."

"The very representative," cried I, "of both parents"; and thus encouraged I indulged myself, without restraint or conciseness, in speaking of the sweet girl and her most beloved and incomparable parents, and Mr. William, and all the house in general.

The Princess Elizabeth now entered, but she did not stay. She came to ask something of her sister relative to a little fête she was preparing, by way of a collation, in honour of the Princess Sophia, who was twenty this day. She made kind inquiries after my health, etc., and, being mistress of the birthday fête, hurried off, and I had not the pleasure to see her any more.

I must be less minute, or I shall never have done.

My charming Princess Augusta renewed the conversation.

Admiral Duncan's noble victory[2] became the theme, but it was interrupted by the appearance of the lovely Princess Amelia, now become a model of grace, beauty, and sweetness, in their bud. She gave me her hand with the softest expression of kindness, and almost immediately began questioning me concerning my little boy, and with an air of interest the most captivating. But again Princess Augusta declined any interruptors: "You shall have Madame d'Arblay all to yourself, my dear, soon," she cried, laughingly; and, with a smile a little serious, the sweet Princess Amelia retreated.

It would have been truly edifying to young ladies living in the great and public world to have assisted in my place at the toilette of this exquisite

[1] Amelia.

[2] The battle off Camperdown, October 11, 1797, in which Admiral Duncan, afterwards Lord Camperdown, beat the Dutch Admiral, De Winter.

Princess Augusta. Her ease, amounting even to indifference, as to her ornaments and decoration, showed a mind so disengaged from vanity, so superior to mere personal appearance, that I could with difficulty forbear manifesting my admiration. She let the hairdresser proceed upon her head without comment and without examination, just as if it was solely his affair; and when the man, Robinson, humbly begged to know what ornaments he was to prepare the hair for, she said, "Oh, there are my feathers, and my gown is blue, so take what you think right." And when he begged she would say whether she would have any ribbons or other things mixed with the feathers and jewels, she said, "You understand all that best, Mr. Robinson, I'm sure; there are the things, so take just what you please." And after this she left him wholly to himself, never a moment interrupting her discourse or her attention with a single direction.

She had just begun a very interesting account of an officer that had conducted himself singularly well in the mutiny, when Miss Planta came to summon me to the Queen. I begged permission to return afterwards for my unfinished narrative, and then proceeded to the White Closet.

The Queen was alone, seated at a table, and working. Miss Planta opened the door and retired without entering. I felt a good deal affected by the sight of Her Majesty again, so graciously accorded to my request; but my first and instinctive feeling was nothing to what I experienced when, after my profoundly respectful reverence, I raised my eyes, and saw in hers a look of sensibility so expressive of regard, and so examining, so penetrating into mine, as to seem to convey, involuntarily, a regret I had quitted her. This, at least, was the idea that struck me, from the species of look which met me; and it touched me to the

heart, and brought instantly, in defiance of all struggle, a flood of tears into my eyes. I was some minutes recovering; and when I then entreated her forgiveness, and cleared up, the voice with which she spoke, in hoping I was well, told me she had caught a little of my sensation, for it was by no means steady. Indeed, at that moment, I longed to kneel and beseech her pardon for the displeasure I had felt in her long resistance of my resignation; for I think, now, it was from a real and truly honourable wish to attach me to her for ever. But I then suffered too much from a situation so ill adapted to my choice and disposition, to do justice to her opposition, or to enjoy its honour to myself. Now that I am so singularly, alas! nearly singularly happy, though wholly from my perseverance in that resignation, I feel all I owe her, and I feel more and more grateful for every mark of her condescension, either recollected or renewed.

She looked ill, pale, and harassed. The King was but just returned from his abortive visit to the Nore,[1] and the inquietude she had sustained during that short separation, circumstanced many ways alarmingly, had evidently shaken her: I saw with much, with deep concern, her sunk eyes and spirits; I believe the sight of me raised not the latter. Mrs. Schwellenberg had not long been dead,[2] and I have some reason to think she would not have been sorry to have had me supply the vacancy; for I had immediate notice sent me of her death by Miss Planta, so written as to persuade me it was a letter by command. But not all my

[1] "[Oct.] 30th.—His Majesty set out from town with intention of reviewing the North Sea fleet, and the Dutch prizes at the Nore; but owing to the tempestuousness of the weather, was, after having gone some way, obliged to return without having effected his purpose" (*Annual Register*, 1797, 2nd ed. 53, *Chronicle*).

[2] Mrs. Schwellenberg died suddenly at Buckingham House, March 7, 1797, while preparing to attempt "to divert herself at cards." Her age is given as sixty-nine. She was buried on March 16 in the vault of the German Chapel in the Savoy (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1797, 261, 348).

duty, all my gratitude, could urge me, even one short fleeting moment, to weigh any interest against the soothing serenity, the unfading felicity, of a Hermitage such as mine.

We spoke of poor Mrs. Schwelly,—and of her successor, Mlle. Backmeister,—and of mine, Mrs. Bremyere; and I could not but express my concern that Her Majesty had again been so unfortunate, for Mlle. Jacobi had just retired to Germany, ill and dissatisfied with everything in England. The Princess Augusta had recounted to me the whole narrative of her retirement, and its circumstances. The Queen told me that the King had very handsomely taken care of her. But such frequent retirements are heavy weights upon the royal bounty. I felt almost guilty when the subject was started; but not from any reproach, any allusion,—not a word was dropped that had not kindness and goodness for its basis and its superstructure at once.

"How is your little boy?" was one of the earliest questions. "Is he here?" she added.

"Oh yes," I answered, misunderstanding her, "he is my shadow; I go nowhere without him."

"But *here*, I mean?"

"Oh no! ma'am, I did not dare presume——"

I stopped, for her look said it would be no presumption. And Miss Planta had already desired me to bring him to her next time; which I suspect was by higher order than her own suggestion.

She then inquired after my dear father, and so graciously, that I told her not only of his good health, but his occupations, his new work, a *Poetical History of Astronomy*, and his consultations with Herschel.

She permitted me to speak a good deal of the Princess of Wirtemberg, whom they still all call

Princess Royal. She told me she had worked her wedding garment, and entirely, and the real labour it had proved, from her steadiness to have no help, well knowing that three stitches done by any other would make it immediately said it was none of it by herself. "As the bride of a widower," she continued, "I know she ought to be in white and gold; but as the King's eldest daughter she had a right to white and silver, which she preferred."

A little then we talked of the late great naval victory, and she said it was singularly encouraging to us that the three great victories at sea had been "against our three great enemies, successively: Lord Howe against the French,[1] Lord St. Vincent against the Spaniards,[2] and Lord Duncan against the Dutch."[3]

She spoke very feelingly of the difficult situation of the Orange family,[4] now in England, upon this battle; and she repeated me the contents of a letter from the Princess of Orange, whose character she much extolled, upon the occasion, to the Princess Elizabeth, saying she could not bear to be the only person in England to withhold her congratulations to the King upon such an occasion, when no one owed him such obligations; but all she had to regret was that the Dutch had not fought with, not against, the English, and that the defeat had not fallen upon those who ought to be their joint enemies. She admired and pitied, inexpressibly, this poor fugitive Princess.

I told her of a note my father had received from Lady Mary Duncan, in answer to his wishing her joy of her relation's prowess and success, in which

[1] Off Ushant, June 1, 1794.
[2] Off Cape St. Vincent, February 14, 1797.
[3] Off Camperdown, October 11, 1797.
[4] The Hereditary Statholder, William V., *d.* 1806, had fled from Holland early in 1795 on the invasion of the French, reaching Harwich in an open boat.

he says, "Lady Mary has been, for some days past, like the rest of the nation, drunk for joy." This led to more talk of this singular lady, and reciprocal stories of her oddities.

She then deigned to inquire very particularly about our new cottage,—its size, its number of rooms, and its grounds. I told her, honestly, it was excessively comfortable, though unfinished and unfitted up, for that it had innumerable little contrivances and conveniencies, just adapted to our particular use and taste, as M. d'Arblay had been its sole architect and surveyor. "Then I dare-say," she answered, "it is very commodious, for there are no people understand enjoyable accommodations more than French gentlemen, when they have the arranging them themselves."

This was very kind, and encouraged me to talk a good deal of my partner, in his various works and employments; and her manner of attention was even touchingly condescending, all circumstances considered. And she then related to me the works of two French priests, to whom she has herself been so good as to commit the fitting up of one of her apartments at Frogmore. And afterwards she gave me a description of what another French gentleman—elegantly and feelingly avoiding to say emigrant—had done in a room belonging to Mrs. Harcourt, at Sophia Farm, where he had the sole superintendence of it, and has made it beautiful.

When she asked about our field, I told her we hoped in time to buy it, as Mr. Lock had the extreme kindness to consent to part with it to us, when it should suit our convenience to purchase instead of renting it. I thought I saw a look of peculiar satisfaction at this, that seemed to convey pleasure in the implication thence to be drawn, that England was our decided, not forced or eventual

residence. And she led me on to many minute particulars of our situation and way of living, with a sweetness of interest I can never forget.

Nor even here stopped the sensations of gratitude and pleasure she thus awoke. She spoke then of my beloved Susan; asked if she were still in Ireland, and how the "pretty Norbury" did. She then a little embarrassed me by an inquiry "why Major Phillips went to Ireland?" for my answer, that he was persuaded he should improve his estate by superintending the agriculture of it himself, seemed dissatisfactory; however, she pressed it no further. But I cannot judge by what passed whether she concludes he is employed in a military way there, or whether she has heard that he has retired. She seemed kindly pleased at all I had to relate of my dear Norbury, and I delighted to call him back to her remembrance.

She talked a good deal of the Duchess of York, who continues the first favourite of the whole Royal Family. She told me of her beautiful works, lamented her indifferent health, and expatiated upon her admirable distribution of her time and plan of life, and charming qualities and character.

She asked me about Mr. Lock and his family, and honoured me with an ear of uninterrupted attention while I made an harangue of no small length upon the chief in particular, and the rest in general. She seems always to take pleasure in the quick gratification this subject affords me.

Of her own Royal daughters she permitted me also to talk, especially of my two peculiar idols. And she gave me a copious description of the new improvements still going on at Frogmore, with a detail of some surprises the King had given her, by orders and buildings erected in the gardens during her absence.

But what chiefly dwells upon me with pleasure is, that she spoke to me upon some subjects and persons that I know she would not for the world should be repeated, with just the same confidence, the same reliance upon my grateful discretion for her openness, that she honoured me with while she thought me established in her service for life. I need not tell my Susan how this binds me more than ever to her.

Very short to me seemed the time, though the whole conversation was serious, and her air thoughtful almost to sadness, when a page touched the door, and said something in German. The Queen, who was then standing by the window, turned round to answer him, and then, with a sort of congratulatory smile to me, said, "Now you will see what you don't expect—the King!"

I could indeed not expect it, for he was at Blackheath at a review, and he was returned only to dress for the levee.

. . . . . .

The King related very pleasantly a little anecdote of Lady ——. "She brought the little Princess Charlotte,"[1] he said, "to me just before the review. 'She hoped,' she said, 'I should not take it ill, for, having mentioned it to the child, she built so upon it that she had thought of nothing else!' Now this," cried he, laughing heartily, "was pretty strong! How can she know what a child is thinking of before it can speak?"

I was very happy at the fondness they both expressed for the little Princess. "A sweet little creature," the King called her; "A most lovely child," the Queen turned to me to add; and the King said he had taken her upon his horse, and

[1] Charlotte Augusta, 1796-1817, only daughter of George, Prince of Wales, and Caroline of Brunswick. She was brought up at Carlton House by Lady Elgin until 1804.

given her a little ride, before the regiment rode up to him. "'Tis very odd," he added, "but she always knows me on horseback, and never else." "Yes," said the Queen, "when His Majesty comes to her on horseback she claps her little hands, and endeavours to say 'Gan-pa!' immediately." I was much pleased that she is brought up to such simple and affectionate acknowledgment of relationship.

The King then inquired about my father, and with a look of interest and kindness that regularly accompanies his mention of that most dear person. He asked after his health, his spirits, and his occupations, waiting for long answers to each inquiry. The Queen anticipated my relation of his astronomic work, and he seemed much pleased with the design, as well as at hearing that his *protégé*, Dr. Herschel, had been consulted.

I was then a little surprised by finding he had heard of *Clarentine*.[1] He asked me, smilingly, some questions about it, and if it were true, what he suspected, that my youngest sister had a mind to do as I had done, and bring out a work in secret? I was very much pleased then when the Queen said, "I have seen it, sir, and it is very pretty."

There was time but for little more, as he was to change his dress for the levee; and I left their presence more attached to them, I really think, than ever.

I then, by her kind appointment, returned to my lovely and loved Princess Augusta. Her hairdresser was just gone, and she was proceeding in equipping herself. "If you can bear to see all this work," cried she, "pray come and sit with me, my dear Madame d'Arblay."

Nothing could be more expeditious than her attiring herself,—nothing more careless than her

[1] See *ante*, p. 307.

examination how it succeeded. But judge my confusion and embarrassment, when, upon my saying I came to petition for the rest of the story she had just begun, and her answering by inquiring what it was about, I could not tell! It had entirely escaped my memory; and though I sought every way I could suggest to recall it, I so entirely failed, that, after her repeated demands, I was compelled honestly to own that the commotion I had been put in by my interview with their Majesties had really driven it from my mind.

She bore this with the true good humour of good sense; but I was most excessively ashamed.

She then resumed the reigning subject of the day, Admiral Duncan's victory; and this led to speak again of the Orange family; but she checked what seemed occurring to her about them, till her wardrobe-woman had done and was dismissed; then, hurrying her away, while she sat down by me, putting on her long and superb diamond earrings herself, and without even turning towards a glass, she said, "I don't like much to talk of that family before the servants, for I am told they already think the King too good to them."

The Princess of Orange[1] is, I find, a great favourite with them all; the Prince Frederick also,[2] I believe, they like very much; but the Prince[3] himself, she said, "has never, in fact, had his education finished. He was married quite a boy; but, being married, concluded himself a man, and not only turned off all his instructors, but thought it unnecessary to ask, or hear, counsel or advice of any one. He is like a fallow field,—that

[1] Frederica Louisa Wilhelmina, daughter of Frederick William II. of Prussia, married to the Prince of Orange in 1791, when he was nineteen.

[2] Brother of the Prince of Orange, *d.* 1799, afterwards a general in the Austrian service.

[3] William Frederick, Prince of Orange, 1772-1843, afterwards King of the Netherlands.

is, not of a soil that can't be improved, but one that has been left quite to itself, and therefore has no materials put in it for improvement."

She then told me that she had hindered him, with great difficulty, from going to a great dinner, given at the Mansion House, upon the victory of Admiral Duncan. It was not, she said, that he did not feel for his country in that defeat, but that he never weighed the impropriety of his public appearance upon an occasion of rejoicing at it, nor the ill effect the history of his so doing would produce in Holland. She had the kindness of heart to take upon herself preventing him; "for no one," says she, "that is about him dares ever speak to him, to give him any hint of advice; which is a great misfortune to him, poor man, for it makes him never know what is said or thought of him." She related with a great deal of humour her arguments to dissuade him, and his *naïve* manner of combating them. But though she conquered at last, she did not convince.

The Princess of Orange, she told me, had a most superior understanding, and might guide him sensibly and honourably; but he was so jealous of being thought led by her counsel, that he never listened to it at all. She gave me to understand that this unhappy Princess had had a life of uninterrupted indulgence and prosperity till the late revolution; and that the suddenness of such adversity had rather soured her mind, which, had it met sorrow and evil by any gradations, would have been equal to bearing them even nobly; but so quick a transition from affluence, and power, and wealth, and grandeur, to a fugitive and dependent state, had almost overpowered her.

A door was now opened from an inner apartment, where, I believe, was the grand collation for the Princess Sophia's birthday, and a tall thin

young man appeared at it, peeping and staring, but not entering.

"How do you do, Ernest?"[1] cried the Princess; "I hope you are well; only pray do shut the door."

He did not obey, nor move, either forwards or backwards, but kept peering and peeping. She called to him again, beseeching him to shut the door; but he was determined to first gratify his curiosity, and, when he had looked as long as he thought pleasant, he entered the apartment; but Princess Augusta, instead of receiving and welcoming him, only said, "Good-bye, my dear Ernest; I shall see you again at the play."

He then marched on, finding himself so little desired, and only saying, "No, you won't; I hate the play."

I had risen when I found it one of the Princes, and with a motion of readiness to depart; but my dear Princess would not let me.

When we were alone again, "Ernest," she said, "has a very good heart; only he speaks without taking time to think."

She then gave me an instance. The Orange family by some chance were all assembled with our Royal Family when the news of the great victory at sea arrived; or at least upon the same day. "We were all," said she, "distressed for them upon so trying an occasion: and at supper we talked, of course, of every other subject; but Ernest, quite uneasy at the forbearance, said to me, 'You don't think I won't drink Admiral Duncan's health to-night?' 'Hush!' cried I. 'That's very hard indeed!' said he, quite loud. I saw the Princess of Orange looking at him, and was sure she had heard him; I trod upon his foot, and made him turn to her. She looked so disturbed, that he saw she had understood him, and

[1] The Duke of Cumberland (see *ante*, p. 280).

he coloured very high. The Princess of Orange then said, 'I hope my being here will be no restraint upon anybody: I know what must be the subject of everybody's thoughts, and I beg I may not prevent its being so of their discourse.' Poor Ernest now was so sorry, he was ready to die, and the tears started into his eyes; and he would not have given his toast after this for all the world."

The play they were going to was *The Merchant of Venice*, to see a new actress, just now much talked of—Miss Betterton;[1] and the indulgent King, hearing she was extremely frightened at the thoughts of appearing before him, desired she might choose her own part for the first exhibition in his presence. She fixed upon Portia.

In speaking of Miss Farren's marriage with the Earl of Derby,[2] she displayed that sweet mind which her state and station has so wholly escaped sullying; for, far from expressing either horror, or resentment, or derision at an actress being elevated to the rank of second countess of England, she told me, with an air of satisfaction, that she was informed she had behaved extremely well since her marriage, and done many generous and charitable actions.

She spoke with pleasure, too, of the high marriage made by another actress, Miss Wallis,[3] who has preserved a spotless character, and is now the wife of a man of fortune and family, Mr. Campbell.

In mentioning Mrs. Siddons, and her great and affecting powers, she much surprised me by intelligence that she had bought the proprietorship

[1] From Bath. She appeared for the first time at Covent Garden, October 13, as Elwina in Hannah More's *Percy*; for the second (October 21) as Charlotte Rusport in Cumberland's *West Indian*; and for the third (November 3) as Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*, here referred to.

[2] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 239. The marriage took place on May 1, 1797.

[3] Miss Wallis, *fl.* 1789-1814. She left the stage on her marriage; but returned to it later—without success.

of Sadler's Wells. I could not hear it without some amusement; it seemed, I said, so extraordinary a combination—so degrading a one, indeed,—that of the first tragic actress, the living Melpomene, and something so burlesque as Sadler's Wells. She laughed, and said it offered her a very ludicrous image, for "Mrs. Siddons and Sadler's Wells," said she, "seems to me as ill fitted as the dish they call a toad in a hole; which I never saw, but always think of with anger,—putting a noble sirloin of beef into a poor, paltry batter-pudding!"

The door now again opened, and another Royal personage put in his head; and upon the Princess saying, "How d'ye do, William?" I recollected the Duke of Clarence.

I rose, of course, and he made a civil bow to my courtesy. The Princess asked him about the House of Lords the preceding evening, where I found he had spoken very handsomely and generously in eulogium of Admiral Duncan.

Finding he was inclined to stay, the Princess said to me, "Madame d'Arblay, I beg you will sit down."

"Pray, madam," said the Duke, with a formal motion of his hand, "let me beg you to be seated."

"You know—you recollect Madame d'Arblay, don't you, William?" said the Princess.

He bowed civilly an affirmative, and then began talking to me of Chesington. How I grieved poor dear Kitty was gone! How great would have been her gratification to have heard that he mentioned her, and with an air of kindness, as if he had really entered into the solid goodness of her character. I was much surprised and much pleased, yet not without some perplexity and some embarrassment, as his knowledge of the excellent Kitty was from her being the dupe of the mistress of his aide-de-camp.

The Princess, however, saved me any confusion beyond apprehension, for she asked not one question. He moved on towards the next apartment, and we were again alone.

She then talked to me a great deal of him, and gave me, admirably, his character. She is very partial to him, but by no means blindly. He had very good parts, she said, but seldom did them justice. "If he has something of high importance to do," she continued, "he will exert himself to the utmost, and do it really well; but otherwise, he is so fond of his ease, he lets everything take its course. He must do a great deal, or nothing. However, I really think, if he takes pains, he may make something of a speaker by and by in the House."

She related a visit he had made at Lady Mary Duncan's, at Hampton Court, upon hearing Admiral Duncan was there; and told me the whole and most minute particulars of the battle, as they were repeated by his Royal Highness from the Admiral's own account. But you will dispense with the martial detail from me. "Lady Mary," cried she, "is quite enchanted with her gallant nephew. 'I used to look,' says she, 'for honour and glory from my other side, the T——s; but I receive it only from the Duncans! As to the T——s, what good do they do their country?—why, they play all day at tennis, and learn with vast skill to notch and scotch and go one! And that's what their country gets from them!'"

I thought now I should certainly be dismissed, for a page came to the door to announce that the Duke of York was arrived: but she only said, "Very well; pray shut the door"; which seemed her gentle manner of having it understood she would not be disturbed, as she used the same words when messages were brought her from the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary.

She spoke again of the Duchess of York with the same fondness as at Windsor. "I told you before," she said, "I loved her like one of my own sisters, and I can tell you no more: and she knows it; for one day she was taken ill, and fainted, and we put her upon one of our beds, and got her everything we could think of ourselves, and let nobody else wait upon her; and when she revived she said to my brother, 'These are my sisters—I am sure they are! they must be my own!'"

Our next and last interruption, I think, was from a very gentle tap at the door, and a "May I come in?" from a soft voice, while the lock was turned, and a youthful and very lovely female put in her head.

The Princess immediately rose, and said, "Oh yes," and held out her two hands to her; turning at the same time to me, and saying, "Princess Sophia."[1]

I found it was the Duke of Gloucester's daughter. She is very fat, with very fine eyes, a bright, even dazzling bloom, fine teeth, a beautiful skin, and a look of extreme modesty and sweetness.

She courtesied to me so distinguishingly, that I was almost confused by her condescension, fearing she might imagine, from finding me seated with the Princess Augusta, and in such close conference, I was somebody.

"You look so fine and so grand," cried she, examining the Princess's attire, which was very superb in silver and diamonds, "that I am almost afraid to come near you!"

Her own dress was perfectly simple, though remarkably elegant.

"Oh!—I hate myself when so fine!" cried Princess Augusta; "I cannot bear it; but there

[1] Sophia Matilda, 1773-1844, elder daughter of William Henry, first Duke of Gloucester. She became Ranger of Greenwich Park.

is no help—the people at the play always expect it."

They then conversed a little while, both standing; and then Princess Augusta said, "Give my love to the Duke" (meaning of Gloucester), "and I hope I shall see him by and bye; and to William"[1] (meaning the Duke's son).

And this, which was not a positive request that she would prolong her visit, was understood; and the lovely cousin made her courtesy and retired.

To me, again, she made another, so gravely low and civil, that I really blushed to receive it, from added fear of being mistaken. I accompanied her to the door, and shut it for her; and the moment she was out of the room, and out of sight of the Princess Augusta, she turned round to me, and with a smile of extreme civility, and a voice very soft, said, "I am so happy to see you!—I have longed for it a great, great while—for I have read you with such delight and instruction, so often!"

I was very much surprised indeed: I expressed my sense of her goodness as well as I could; and she courtesied again, and glided away.

"How infinitely gracious is all your Royal Highness's House to me!" cried I, as I returned to my charming Princess; who again made me take my seat next her own, and again renewed her discourse.

I stayed on with this delightful Princess till near four o'clock, when she descended to dinner. I then accompanied her to the head of the stairs, saying, "I feel quite low that this is over! How I wish it might be repeated in half a year instead of a year!"

"I'm sure, and so do I!" were the last kind words she condescendingly uttered.

I then made a little visit to Miss Planta, who

[1] William Frederick, afterwards second Duke of Gloucester, 1776-1834.

was extremely friendly, and asked me why I should wait another year before I came. I told her I had leave for an annual visit, and could not presume to encroach beyond such a permission. However, as she proposed my calling upon her, at least when I happened to be in town or at Chelsea, I begged her to take some opportunity to hint my wish of admission, if possible, more frequently.

In the evening I went to the play with James and Marianne. It was a new comedy called *Cheap Living*,[1] by Reynolds or Morton, and full of absurdities, but at times irresistibly comic.

Very soon afterwards I had a letter from Miss Planta, saying she had mentioned to Her Majesty my regret of the long intervals of annual admissions; and that Her Majesty had most graciously answered, "She should be very glad to see me whenever I came to town."

[1] *Cheap Living*, acted at Drury Lane in 1797, was by Frederic Reynolds, 1764-1841. Its leading character is a "cheap liver," or *pique-assiette*, called Sponge.

PART LII

1798

Talleyrand — Madame d'Arblay's interview with the Queen in behalf of her father—The Princesses—The Duke of Norfolk and the majesty of the people—Queen Charlotte's benevolence—Royal contributions in support of the war—Madame Schwellenberg's successor—The Royal party at the theatre —*Secrets Worth Knowing*—Mrs. Chapone—Lady Strange—Mysterious donation — Sheridan seconding Dundas — Last moments of Louis XVI.—Professor Young—Rogers the poet —French emigrants—Sir Lucas Pepys and Lady Rothes—Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld—Mr. Strachan the printer—Carnot's pamphlet—Madame d'Arblay visits the Princess Amelia—Her Royal Highness's condescension — Herschel — Lord Macartney.

Diary resumed

Addressed to Mrs. Phillips

Westhamble.

January 18.—I am very impatient to know if the invasion threat affects your part of Ireland. Our "Oracle" is of opinion the French soldiers will not go to Ireland, though there flattered with much help, because they can expect but little advantage, after all the accounts spread by the Opposition of its starving condition; but that they will come to England, though sure of contest, at least, because there they expect the very road to be paved with gold.

Nevertheless, how I wish my heart's beloved

here! to share with us at least the same fears, instead of the division of apprehension we must now mutually be tormented with. I own I am sometimes affrighted enough. These sanguine and sanguinary wretches will risk all for the smallest hope of plunder; and Barras[1] assures them they have only to enter England to be lords of wealth unbounded.

But Talleyrand!—how like myself must you have felt at his conduct! indignant—amazed—ashamed! Our first prepossession against him was instinct—he conquered it by pains indefatigable to win us, and he succeeded astonishingly, for we became partial to him almost to fondness. The part he now acts against England may be justified, perhaps, by the spirit of revenge; but the part he submits to perform of coadjutor with the worst of villains—with Barras—Rewbel—Merlin[2]—marks some internal atrocity of character that disgusts as much as disappoints me. And now, a last stroke, which appears in yesterday's paper, gives the finishing hand to his portrait in my eyes. He has sent (and written) the letter which exhorts the King of Prussia to order the Duke of Brunswick to banish and drive from his dominions all the emigrants there in asylum; and among these are the Archbishop of Rennes (his uncle) and—his own mother!

Poor M. de Narbonne! how will he be shocked and let down! where he now is we cannot conjecture: all emigrants are exiled from the Canton of Berne, where he resided; I feel extremely disturbed about him. If that wretch Talleyrand has not given him some private intimation to escape, and where to be safe, he must be a monster.

[1] Paul-François-Jean-Nicolas, Vicomte de Barras, 1755-1829. He was practically dictator in 1797-99.

[2] Jean-François Rewbell, 1747-1807, became a member of the Directory, November 1, 1795; Philippe-Antoine, Comte Merlin (de Douai), 1754-1828, succeeded to Barthélemy, September 5, 1797.

We have no further news from France of any sort.

This very day, I thank God! we paid the last of our workmen. Our house now is our own fairly; that it is our own madly too you will all think, when I tell you the small remnant of our income that has outlived this payment. However, if the Carmagnols do not seize our walls, we despair not of enjoying, in defiance of all straitness and strictness, our dear dwelling to our hearts' content. But we are reducing our expenses and way of life, in order to go on, in a manner you would laugh to see, though almost cry to hear.

But I never forget Dr. Johnson's words. When somebody said that a certain person "had no turn for economy," he answered, "Sir, you might as well say that he has no turn for honesty."[1]

We know nothing yet of our taxes—nothing of our assessments; but we are of good courage, and so pleased with our *maisonnette*, we think nothing too dear for it, provided we can but exist in it.

I should like much to know how you stand affected about the assessment, and about the invasion.

Oh that all these public troubles would accelerate your return! private blessings they would then, at least, prove. Ah, my Susan, how do I yearn for some little ray upon this subject!

Charles and his family are at Bath, and Charlotte is gone to them for a fortnight. All accounts that reach me of all the house and race are well. Mr. Lock gives us very frequent peeps indeed, and looks with such benevolent pleasure at our dear cottage and its environs! and seems to say, "I brought all this to bear!" and to feel happy in the noble trust he placed in our self-belief that he might venture to show that kind courage without

[1] Mr. Langton (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 68).

which we could never have been united. All this retrospection is expressed by his penetrating eyes at every visit. He rarely alights; but I frequently enter the phaeton, and take a conversation in an airing. And when he comes without his precious Amelia,[1] he indulges my Alex in being our third.

. . . . . .

And now I have to prepare another Court relation for my dearest Susanna.

I received on Wednesday morn a letter from our dearest father, telling me he feared he should be forced to quit his Chelsea apartments, from a new arrangement among the officers, and wishing me to represent his difficulties, his books, health, time of life, and other circumstances, through Miss Planta, to the Queen. M. d'Arblay and I both thought that, if I had any chance of being of the smallest use, it would be by endeavouring to obtain an audience—not by letter; and as the most remote hope of success was sufficient to urge every exertion, we settled that I should set out instantly for Chelsea; and a chaise, therefore, we sent for from Dorking, and I set off at noon. M. d'A. would not go, as we knew not what accommodation I might find; and I could not, uninvited and unexpected, take my little darling boy; so I went not merrily, though never more willingly.

My dear father was at home, and, I could see, by no means surprised by my appearance, though he had not hinted at desiring it. Of course he was not very angry nor sorry, and we communed together upon his apprehensions, and settled our plan. I was to endeavour to represent his case to the Queen, in hopes it might reach His Majesty, and procure some order in his favour.

I wrote to Miss Planta, merely to say I was come to pass three days at Chelsea, and, presuming

[1] Mr. Locke's second daughter (see *ante*, pp. 333 and 360).

upon the gracious permission of Her Majesty, I ventured to make known my arrival, in the hope it might possibly procure me the honour of admittance.

The next morning, Thursday, I had a note from Miss Planta, to say that she had the pleasure to acquaint me Her Majesty desired I would be at the Queen's house next day at ten o'clock.

Miss Planta conducted me immediately, by order, to the Princess Elizabeth, who received me alone, and kept me *tête-à-tête* till I was summoned to the Queen, which was near an hour. She was all condescension and openness, and inquired into my way of life and plans, with a sort of kindness that I am sure belonged to a real wish to find them happy and prosperous. When I mentioned how much of our time was mutually given to books and writing, M. d'Arblay being as great a scribbler as myself, she good-naturedly exclaimed, "How fortunate he should have so much the same taste!"

"It was that, in fact," I answered, "which united us; for our acquaintance began, in intimacy, by reading French together, and writing themes, both French and English, for each other's correction."[1]

"Pray," cried she, "if it is not impertinent, may I ask to what religion you shall bring up your son?"

"The Protestant," I replied; telling her it was M. d'Arblay's own wish, since he was an Englishman born, he should be an Englishman bred,—with much more upon the subject that my Susan knows untold.

She then inquired why M. d'Arblay was not naturalised.

[1] If it were not for the evidence of this *Diary*, one might fancy that these exercises had something to do with the degradation of Mme. D'Arblay's style.

This was truly kind, for it looked like wishing our permanently fixing in this his adopted country. I answered that he found he could not be naturalised as a Catholic, which had made him relinquish the plan; for though he was firmly persuaded the real difference between the two religions was trifling, and such as even appeared to him, in the little he had had opportunity to examine, to be in favour of Protestantism, he could not bring himself to study the matter with a view of changing that seemed actuated by interest; nor could I wish it, earnest as I was for his naturalisation. But he hoped, ere long, to be able to be naturalised as an Irishman, that clause of religion not being there insisted upon; or else to become a denizen, which was next best, and which did not meddle with religion at all. She made me talk to her a great deal of my little boy, and my father, and M. d'Arblay; and when Miss Planta came to fetch me to Her Majesty, she desired to see me again before my departure.

The Queen was in her White Closet,[1] working at a round table, with the four remaining Princesses, Augusta, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. She received me most sweetly, and with a look of far better spirits than upon my last admission. She permitted me, in the most gracious manner, to inquire about the Princess Royal, now Duchess of Wirtemberg, and gave me an account of her that I hope is not flattered; for it seemed happy, and such as reconciled them all to the separation. When she deigned to inquire, herself, after my dear father, you may be sure of the eagerness with which I seized the moment for relating his embarrassment and difficulties. She heard me with a benevolence that assured me, though she made no speech, my history would not be forgotten, nor remembered

[1] In Buckingham House.

vainly. I was highly satisfied with her look and manner.

The Princesses Mary and Amelia had a little opening between them; and when the Queen was conversing with some lady who was teaching the Princess Sophia some work, they began a whispering conversation with me about my little boy. How tall is he?—how old is he?—is he fat or thin?—is he like you or M. d'Arblay? etc. etc.—with sweet vivacity of interest,—the lovely Princess Amelia finishing her listening to my every answer with a "dear little thing!" that made me long to embrace her as I have done in her childhood. She is now full as tall as Princess Royal, and as much formed; she looks seventeen, though only fourteen, but has an innocence, an Hebe blush, an air of modest candour, and a gentleness so caressingly inviting, of voice and eye, that I have seldom seen a more captivating young creature.

Then they talked of my new house, and inquired about every room it contained; and then of our grounds, and they were mightily diverted with the mixtures of roses and cabbages, sweet briers and potatoes, etc.

The Queen, catching the domestic theme, presently made inquiries herself, both as to the building and the child, asking, with respect to the latter, "Is he here?" as if she meant in the palace. I told her I had come so unexpectedly myself upon my father's difficulties, that I had not this time brought my little shadow. I believed, however, I should fetch him, as, if I lengthened my stay, M. d'Arblay would come also. "To be sure!" she said, as if feeling the trio's full objections to separating.

She asked if I had seen a play just come out, called *He's Much to Blame*;[1] and, on my negative,

[1] A comedy acted at Covent Garden in 1798. The *Biographica Dramatica* is inclined to attribute it to Holcroft.

began to relate to me its plot and characters, and the representation and its effect; and, warming herself by her own account and my attention, she presently entered into a very minute history of each act, and a criticism upon some incidents, with a spirit and judiciousness that were charming. She is delightful in discourse when animated by her subject, and speaking to auditors with whom, neither from circumstance nor suspicion, she has restraint. But when, as occasionally she deigned to ask my opinion of the several actors she brought in review, I answered I had never seen them,—neither Mrs. Pope,[1] Miss Betterton,[2] Mr. Murray,[3] etc.,—she really looked almost concerned. She knows my fondness for the theatre, and I did not fear to say my inability to indulge it was almost my only regret in my hermit life. "I, too," she graciously said, "prefer plays to all other amusements."

By degrees all the Princesses retired, except the Princess Augusta. She then spoke more openly upon less public matters,—in particular upon the affair, then just recent, of the Duke of Norfolk, who, you may have heard, had drunk, at the Whig Club, "To the majesty of the people";[4] in consequence of which the King had erased his name from the Privy Council. His Grace had been caricatured drinking from a silver tankard, with the burnt bread still in flames touching his mouth, and exclaiming, "Pshaw! my *toast* has burnt my mouth."

This led me to speak of his great brick house, which is our immediate *vis-à-vis*. And much then

[1] Maria Ann Pope, 1775-1803.

[2] See *ante*, p. 372.

[3] Charles Murray, 1754-1821. He first appeared at Covent Garden (from Bath), September 30, 1796. He also wrote one or more plays.

[4] This was at a dinner at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand (corner of Arundel Street) on January 24, 1798, to celebrate the birthday of Fox. The Duke of Norfolk presided.

ensued upon Lady ——, concerning whom she opened to me very completely, allowing all I said of her uncommon excellence as a mother, but adding, "Though she is certainly very clever, she thinks herself so a little too much, and instructs others at every word. I was so tired with her beginning everything with 'I think,' that, at last, just as she said so, I stopped her, and cried, 'Oh, I know what you think, Lady ——!' Really, one is obliged to be quite sharp with her to keep her in her place."

. . . . . .

Lady C——, she had been informed, had a considerable sum in the French funds, which she endeavoured from time to time to recover; but upon her last effort, she had the following query put to her agent by order of the Directory: how much she would have deducted from the principal, as a contribution towards the loan raising for the army of England?

If Lady C—— were not mother-in-law to a minister who sees the King almost daily, I should think this a made story.

When, after about an hour and a half's audience, she dismissed me, she most graciously asked my stay at Chelsea, and desired I would inform Miss Planta before I returned home.

This gave me the most gratifying feeling, and much hope for my dearest father.

Returning then, according to my permission, to Princess Elizabeth, she again took up her netting, and made me sit by her. We talked a good deal of the new-married daughter of Lady Templetown,[1] and she was happy, she said, to hear from me that the ceremony was performed by her own favourite Bishop of Durham, for she was sure a blessing would attend his joining their hands. She asked

[1] See *ante*, p. 329.

me much of my little man, and told me several things of the Princess Charlotte, her niece, and our future Queen; she seems very fond of her, and says 'tis a lovely child, and extremely like the Prince of Wales. "She is just two years old," said she, "and speaks very prettily, though not plainly. I flatter myself Aunt Liby, as she calls me, is a great favourite with her."

My dearest Princess Augusta soon after came in, and, after staying a few minutes, and giving some message to her sister, said, "And when you leave Elizabeth, my dear Madame d'Arblay, I hope you'll come to me."

This happened almost immediately, and I found her hurrying over the duty of her toilette, which she presently despatched, though she was going to a public concert of Ancient Music,[1] and without scarcely once looking in the glass, from haste to have done, and from a freedom from vanity I never saw quite equalled in any young woman of any class. She then dismissed her hairdresser and wardrobe-woman, and made me sit by her.

Almost immediately we began upon the voluntary contributions to the support of the war; and when I mentioned the Queen's munificent donation of five thousand pounds a year for its support, and my admiration of it, from my peculiar knowledge, through my long residence under the Royal roof, of the many claims which Her Majesty's benevolence, as well as state, had raised upon her powers, she seemed much gratified by the justice I did her Royal mother, and exclaimed eagerly, "I do assure you, my dear Madame d'Arblay, people ought to know more how good the Queen is, for they don't know it half." And then she told me that she only by accident had learnt almost all that she

[1] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 216. In 1795 (see *ante*, p. 277), these concerts had been transferred to the concert-room of the Opera House, Haymarket.

knew of the Queen's bounties. "And the most I gathered," she continued, laughing, "was, to tell you the real truth, by my own impertinence; for when we were at Cheltenham, Lady Courtown (the Queen's lady-in-waiting for the country) put her pocket-book down on the table, when I was alone with her, by some chance open at a page where mamma's name was written: so, not guessing at any secret commission, I took it up, and read—Given by Her Majesty's commands—so much, and so much, and so much. And I was quite surprised. However, Lady Courtown made me promise never to mention it to the Queen; so I never have. But I long it should be known, for all that; though I would not take such a liberty as to spread it of my own judgment."

I then mentioned my own difficulties formerly, when Her Majesty, upon my ill state of health's urging my resigning the honour of belonging to the Royal household, so graciously settled upon me my pension, that I had been forbidden to name it. I had been quite distressed in not avowing what I so gratefully felt, and hearing questions and surmises and remarks I had no power to answer. She seemed instantly to comprehend that my silence might do wrong, on such an occasion, to the Queen, for she smiled, and with great quickness cried, "Oh, I daresay you felt quite guilty in holding your tongue." And she was quite pleased with the permission afterwards granted me to be explicit.

When I spoke of her own and her Royal sisters' contributions, £100 per annum, she blushed, but seemed ready to enter upon the subject, even confidentially, and related its whole history. No one ever advised or named it to them, as they have none of them any separate establishment, but all hang upon the Queen, from whose pin-money they are provided for till they marry, or have an household

of their own granted by Parliament. "Yet we all longed to subscribe," cried she, "and thought it quite right, if other young ladies did, not to be left out. But the difficulty was, how to do what would not be improper for us, and yet not to be generous at mamma's expense, for that would only have been unjust. So we consulted some of our friends, and then fixed upon £100 a-piece; and when we asked the Queen's leave, she was so good as to approve it. So then we spoke to the King; and he said it was but little, but he wished particularly nobody should subscribe what would really distress them; and that, if that was all we could conveniently do, and regularly continue, he approved it more than to have us make a greater exertion, and either bring ourselves into difficulties or not go on. But he was not at all angry."

She then gave me the history of the contribution of her brothers. The Prince of Wales could not give in his name without the leave of his creditors. "But Ernest," cried she, "gives £300 a year, and that's a tenth of his income, for the King allows him £3000."

All this leading to discourse upon loyalty, and then its contrast, democracy, she narrated to me at full length a lecture of Thelwall's,[1] which had been repeated to her by M. de Guiffardière. It was very curious from her mouth. But she is candour in its whitest purity, wherever it is possible to display it, in discriminating between good and bad, and abstracting rays of light even from the darkest shades. So she did even from Thelwall.

She made me, as usual, talk of my little boy, and was much amused by hearing that, imitating what he heard from me, he called his father "*mon ami*," and *tutoye*'d him, drinking his health at dinner, as his father does to me—"*à ta santé*."

[1] John Thelwall, reformer and political lecturer, 1764–1834.

When at length the Princess Augusta gave me the bow of *congé*, she spoke of seeing me again soon: I said I should therefore lengthen my stay in town, and induce M. d'Arblay to come and bring my boy.

"We shall see you then certainly," said she, smiling; "and do pray, my dear Madame d'Arblay, bring your little boy with you."

"And don't say anything to him," cried she, as I was departing; "let us see him quite natural."

I understood her gracious, and let me say rational, desire, that the child should not be impressed with any awe of the Royal presence. I assured her I must obey, for he was so young, so wild, and so unused to present himself, except as a plaything, that it would not be even in my power to make him orderly.

. . . . . .

My dear father was extremely pleased with what I had to tell him, and hurried me back to Westhamble, to provide myself with baggage for sojourning with him. My two Alexanders, you will believe, were now warmly invited to Chelsea, and we all returned thither together, accompanied by Betty Nurse.

I shall complete my next Court visit before I enter upon aught else.

I received, very soon, a note from Madame Bremyere, who is my successor. (I have told you poor Mlle. Jacobi is returned to Germany, I think;[1] and that her niece, La Bettina, is to marry a rich English merchant and settle in London.) This note says: "Mrs. Bremyere has received the Queen's commands to invite Madame d'Arblay to the play to-morrow night"—with her own desire I would drink coffee in her apartment before we went to the theatre.

[1] See *ante*, p. 363.

Could anything more sweetly mark the real kindness of the Queen than this remembrance of my fondness for plays?

My dear father lent me his carriage, and I was now introduced to the successor of Mrs. Schwellenberg, Mlle. Bachmeister, a German, brought over by M. de Luc, who travelled into Germany to accompany her hither. I found she was the lady I had seen with the Queen and Princesses, teaching some work. Not having been to the so-long-known apartments since the death of Mrs. Schwellenberg, I knew not how they were arranged, and had concluded Madame Bremyere possessed those of Mrs. Schwellenberg. Thither, therefore, I went, and was received, to my great surprise, by this lady, who was equally surprised by my entrance, though without any doubt who I might be, from having seen me with the Queen, and from knowing I was to join the play-party to my *ci-devant* box. I inquired if I had made any mistake; but though she could not say no, she would not suffer me to rectify it, but sent to ask Madame Bremyere to meet me in her room.

Mlle. Bachmeister is extremely genteel in her figure, though extremely plain in her face; her voice is gentle and penetrating; her manners are soft, yet dignified, and she appears to be both a feeling and a cultivated character. I could not but lament such had not been the former possessor of an apartment I had so often entered with the most cruel antipathy. I liked her exceedingly; she is a marked gentlewoman in her whole deportment, though whether so from birth, education, or only mind, I am ignorant.

Since she gave me so pleasant a prejudice in her favour, you will be sure our acquaintance began with some spirit. We talked much of the situation she filled; and I thought it my duty to cast the

whole of my resignation of one so similar upon ill health. Mrs. Bremyere soon joined us, and we took up Miss Barbara Planta in our way to the theatre.

When the King entered, followed by the Queen and his lovely daughters, and the orchestra struck up "God save the King," and the people all called for the singers, who filled the stage to sing it, the emotion I was suddenly filled with so powerfully possessed me, that I wished I could, for a minute or two, have flown from the box, to have sobbed; I was so gratefully delighted at the sight before me, and so enraptured at the continued enthusiasm of the no longer volatile people for their worthy, revered sovereign, that I really suffered from the restraint I felt of being forced to behave decorously.

The play was the *Heir at Law*, by Colman the younger.[1] I liked it extremely. It has a good deal of character, a happy plot, much interest in the under parts, and is combined, I think, by real genius, though open to innumerable partial criticisms.

I heard a gentleman's voice from the next box call softly to Miss Barbara Planta, "Who is that lady?" and heard her answer my name, and him rejoin "I thought so." I found it was Lord Aylesbury, who also has resigned,[2] and was at the play only for the pleasure of sitting opposite his late Royal Mistress.

. . . . . .

About a week after this theatrical regale, I went to the Queen's house, to make known I had only a few more days to remain at Chelsea. I arrived just as the Royal Family had set out for Windsor; but Miss Bachmeister, fortunately, had only ascended

[1] First acted at the Haymarket in 1797. It contains the prig-pedant, Dr. Peter Pangloss.

[2] Lord Ailesbury had been Lord Chamberlain.

her coach to follow. I alighted, and went to tell my errand. Mrs. Bremyere, Mrs. Cheveley, and Miss Planta were her party. The latter promised to speak for me to the Queen; but, gathering I had my little boy in my father's carriage, she made me send for him. They took him in, and loaded him with *bonbons* and admiration, and would have loaded him with caresses to boot, but the little wretch resisted that part of the entertainment.

Upon their return from Windsor, you will not suppose me made very unhappy to receive the following billet:—

March 8, 1798.

My dear Friend—The Queen has commanded me to acquaint you that she desires you will be at the Queen's house on Thursday morning at ten o'clock, with your lovely boy. You are desired to come upstairs in Princess Elizabeth's apartments, and Her Majesty will send for you as soon as she can see you. Adieu!

Yours most affectionately,

M. Planta.

A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, who, to show she expected my little man, had some playthings upon one of her many tables; for her Royal Highness has at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, sash, etc., did not look to much disadvantage, and she examined him with the most good-humoured pleasure, and, finding him too shy to be seized, had the graciousness, as well as sense, to play round, and court him by sportive wiles, instead of being offended at his insensibility to her Royal notice.

She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him, and showed a skill and a sweetness that made one almost sigh she should have no call for her maternal propensities.

There came in presently Miss D——, a young lady about thirteen, who seems in some measure under the protection of her Royal Highness, who had rescued her poor injured and amiable mother, Lady D——, from extreme distress, into which she had been involved by her unworthy husband's connection with the infamous Lady W——, who, more hardhearted than even bailiffs, had forced certain of those gentry, in an execution she had ordered in Sir H. D——'s house, to seize even all the children's playthings! as well as their clothes, and that when Lady D——had but just lain in, and was nearly dying! This charming Princess, who had been particularly acquainted with Lady D—— during her own illness at Kew Palace, where the Queen permitted the intercourse, came forward upon this distress, and gave her a small independent house, in the neighbourhood of Kew, with every advantage she could annex to it. But she is now lately no more, and, by the sort of reception given to her daughter, I fancy the Princess transfers to her that kind benevolence the mother no longer wants.

Just then, Miss Planta came to summon us to the Princess Augusta.

She received me with her customary sweetness, and called the little boy to her. He went fearfully and cautiously, yet with a look of curiosity at the state of her head, and the operations of her *friseur*, that seemed to draw him on more powerfully than her commands. He would not, however, be touched, always flying to my side at the least attempt to take his hand. This would much have vexed me, if I

had not seen the ready allowance she made for his retired life, and total want of use to the sight of anybody out of our family, except the Locks, amongst whom I told her his peculiar preference for Amelia. "Come then," cried she, "come hither, my dear, and tell me about her,—is she very good to you?—do you like her very much?"

He was now examining her fine carpet, and no answer was to be procured. I would have apologised, but she would not let me. "'Tis so natural," she cried, "that he should be more amused with those shapes and colours than with my stupid questions."

Princess Mary now came in, and, earnestly looking at him, exclaimed, "He's beautiful!—what eyes!—do look at his eyes!"

"Come hither, my dear," again cried Princess Augusta, "come hither"; and, catching him to her for a moment, and, holding up his hair, to lift up his face and make him look at her, she smiled very archly, and cried, "Oh! horrid eyes!—shocking eyes!—take them away!"

Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had been sending for. You may suppose him caught now! He seized upon dogs, horses, chaise, a cobbler, a watchman, and all he could grasp; but would not give his little person or cheeks, to my great confusion, for any of them.

I was fain to call him a little savage, a wild deer, a creature just caught from the woods, and whatever could indicate his rustic life, and apprehension of new faces,—to prevent their being hurt; and their excessive good nature helped all my excuses, nay, made them needless, except to myself.

Princess Elizabeth now began playing upon an organ she had brought him, which he flew to seize. "Ay, do! that's right, my dear!" cried Princess

Augusta, stopping her ears at some discordant sounds: "take it to *mon ami*, to frighten the cats out of his garden."

And now, last of all, came in Princess Amelia, and, strange to relate! the child was instantly delighted with her! She came first up to me, and, to my inexpressible surprise and enchantment, she gave me her sweet beautiful face to kiss!—an honour I had thought now for ever over, though she had so frequently gratified me with it formerly. Still more touched, however, than astonished, I would have kissed her hand, but, withdrawing it, saying, "No, no,—you know I hate that!" she again presented me her ruby lips, and with an expression of such ingenuous sweetness and innocence as was truly captivating. She is and will be another Princess Augusta.

She then turned to the child, and his eyes met hers with a look of the same pleasure that they were sought. She stooped down to take his unresisting hands, and, exclaiming, "Dear little thing!" took him in her arms, to his own as obvious content as hers.

"He likes her!" cried Princess Augusta; "a little rogue! see how he likes her!"

"Dear little thing!" with double the emphasis, repeated the young Princess, now sitting down and taking him upon her knee; "and how does M. d'Arblay do?"

The child now left all his new playthings, his admired carpet, and his privilege of jumping from room to room, for the gentle pleasure of sitting in her lap and receiving her caresses. I could not be very angry, you will believe, yet I would have given the world I could have made him equally grateful to the Princess Augusta.

This last charming personage, I now found, was going to sit for her picture—I fancy to send to the

Duchess of Würtemberg. She gave me leave to attend her, with my bantling. The other Princesses retired to dress for court.

It was with great difficulty I could part my little love from his grand collection of new playthings, all of which he had dragged into the painting-room, and wanted now to pull them downstairs to the Queen's apartment. I persuaded him, however, to relinquish the design without a quarrel, by promising we would return for them.

I was not a little anxious, you will believe, in this presentation of my unconsciously honoured rogue, who entered the White Closet totally unimpressed with any awe, and only with a sensation of disappointment in not meeting again the gay young party, and variety of playthings, he had left above. The Queen, nevertheless, was all condescending indulgence, and had a Noah's ark ready displayed upon the table for him.

But her look was serious and full of care, and, though perfectly gracious, none of her winning smiles brightened her countenance, and her voice was never cheerful. I have since known that the Irish conspiracy with France was just then discovered, and O'Connor[1] that very morning taken. No wonder she should have felt a shock that pervaded her whole mind and manners! If we all are struck with horror at such developments of treason, danger, and guilt, what must they prove to the Royal Family, at whom they are regularly aimed? How my heart has ached for them in that horrible business!

"And how does your papa do?" said the Queen.

"He's at Telsea," answered the child.

"And how does grandpapa do?"

"He's in the toach," he replied.

[1] Arthur O'Connor, 1763-1852, the Irish rebel.

"And what a pretty frock you've got on! who made it you, mamma, or little aunty?"

The little boy now grew restless, and pulled me about, with a desire to change his situation. I was a good deal embarrassed, as I saw the Queen meant to enter into conversation as usual; which I knew to be impossible, unless he had some entertainment to occupy him. She perceived this soon, and had the goodness immediately to open Noah's ark herself, which she had meant he should take away with him to examine and possess at once. But he was now soon in raptures; and, as the various animals were produced, looked with a delight that danced in all his features; and when any appeared of which he knew the name, he capered with joy; such as, "Oh! a tow [cow]!" But, at the dog, he clapped his little hands, and running close to Her Majesty, leant upon her lap, exclaiming, "Oh; it's bow wow!"

"And do you know this, little man?" said the Queen, showing him a cat.

"Yes," cried he, again jumping as he leant upon her, "its name is talled pussey!"

And, at the appearance of Noah, in a green mantle, and leaning on a stick, he said, "At's [that's] the shepherd's boy!"

The Queen now inquired about my dear father, and heard all I had to say relative to his apartments, with an air of interest, yet not as if it was new to her. I have great reason to believe the accommodation then arranging, and since settled, as to his continuance in the College, has been deeply influenced by some Royal hint.[1] I know they are extremely kind to my dear father, and, though they will not openly command anything not immediately under their control, I have no doubt they have made known they

[1] See *ante*, p. 381.

wished such an accommodation might be brought about.

I imagine she had just heard of the marriage of Charlotte, for she inquired after my sister Francis, whom she never had mentioned before since I quitted my post. I was obliged briefly to relate the transaction, seeking to adorn it, by stating Mr. Broome's being the author of *Simkin's Letters*.[1] She agreed in their uncommon wit and humour.

My little rebel, meanwhile, finding his animals were not given into his own hands, but removed from their mischief, was struggling all this time to get at the Tunbridge-ware of the Queen's work-box, and, in defiance of all my efforts to prevent him, he seized one piece, which he called a hammer, and began violently knocking the table with it. I would fain have taken it away silently; but he resisted such grave authority, and so continually took it back, that the Queen, to my great confusion, now gave it him. Soon, however, tired also of this, he ran away from me into the next room, which was their Majesties' bedroom, and in which were all the jewels ready to take to St. James's, for the court attire.

I was excessively ashamed, and obliged to fetch him back in my arms, and there to keep him. "Get down, little man," said the Queen; "you are too heavy for your mamma."

He took not the smallest notice of this admonition.

The Queen, accustomed to more implicit obedience, repeated it; but he only nestled his little head in my neck, and worked about his whole person, so that I with difficulty held him.

The Queen now imagined he did not know whom she meant, and said, "What does he call you? Has he any particular name for you?"

[1] See *post*, p. 412.

He now lifted up his head, and, before I could answer, called out, in a fondling manner, "Mamma, mamma!"

"Oh!" said she, smiling, "he knows who I mean!"

His restlessness still interrupting all attention, in defiance of my earnest whispers for quietness, she now said, "Perhaps he is hungry?" and rang her bell, and ordered a page to bring some cakes.

He took one with great pleasure, and was content to stand down to eat it. I asked him if he had nothing to say for it; he nodded his little head, and composedly answered, "Sanky, Queen!"

This could not help amusing her, nor me, neither, for I had no expectation of quite so succinct an answer.

The carriages were now come for St. James's, and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth came into the apartment. The little monkey, in a fit of renewed lassitude after his cake, had flung himself on the floor, to repose at his ease. He rose, however, upon their appearance, and the sweet Princess Augusta said to the Queen, "He has been so good, upstairs, mamma, that nothing could be better behaved." I could have kissed her for this instinctive kindness, excited by a momentary view of my embarrassment at his little airs and liberties.

The Queen heard her with an air of approving, as well as understanding, her motive, and spoke to me with the utmost condescension of him, though I cannot recollect how, for I was a good deal fidgeted lest he should come to some disgrace, by any actual mischief or positive rebellion. I escaped pretty well, however, and they all left us with smiles and graciousness.

. . . . . .

You will not be much surprised to hear that papa came to help us out of the coach, at our

return to Chelsea, eager to know how our little rebel had conducted himself, and how he had been received. The sight of his playthings, you will believe, was not very disagreeable. The ark, watchman, and cobbler I shall keep for him till he may himself judge their worth beyond their price.

I returned to the Queen's house in the afternoon to drink coffee with Mlle. Bachmeister, whom I found alone, and spent a half-hour with very pleasantly, though very seriously, for her character is grave and feeling, and I fear she is not happy. Afterwards we were joined by Madame Bremyere, who is far more cheerful.

The play was called *Secrets Worth Knowing*;[1] a new piece. In the next box to ours sat Mrs. Ariana Egerton, the bedchamber-woman to Her Majesty, who used so frequently to visit me at Windsor. She soon recollected me, though she protested I looked so considerably in better health, she took me for my own younger sister; and we had a great deal of chat together, very amicable and cordial. I so much respect her warm exertions for the emigrant ladies, that I addressed her with real pleasure, in pouring forth my praises for her kindness and benevolence.

When we returned to the Queen's house my father's carriage was not arrived, and I was obliged to detain Mlle. Bachmeister in conversation for full half an hour, while I waited; but it served to increase my good disposition to her. She is really an interesting woman. Had she been in that place while I belonged to the Queen, Heaven knows if I had so struggled for deliverance; for poor Mrs. Schwellenberg so wore, wasted, and tortured all my little leisure, that my time for repose was, in fact, my time of greatest labour. So all is for the

[1] By Thomas Morton, and acted at Covent Garden in 1798.

best! I have escaped offending lastingly the Royal Mistress I love and honour, and—I live at Westhamble with my two precious Alexanders.

. . . . . .

I have not told you of my renewed intercourse with Mrs. Chapone, who had repeatedly sent me kind wishes and messages, of her desire to see me again. She was unfortunately ill, and I was sent from her door without being named; but she sent me a kind note to Chelsea, which gave me very great pleasure. Indeed, she had always behaved towards me with affection as well as kindness, and I owe to her the blessing of my first acquaintance with my dear Mrs. Delany.[1] It was Mrs. Chapone who took me to her first, whose kind account had made her desire to know me, and who always expressed the most generous pleasure in the intimacy she had brought about, though it soon took place of all that had preceded it with herself. I wrote a very long answer, with a little history of our way of life, and traits of M. d'Arblay, by which her quick discernment might judge both of that and my state of mind.

When we came again to Chelsea at this period, our Esther desired, or was desired by Mrs. Chapone, to arrange a meeting.

I was really sorry I could not call upon her with my urchin; but I could only get conveyed to her one evening, when I went with our Esther, but was disappointed of M. d'Arblay, who had been obliged to go to Westhamble. This really mortified me, and vexed Mrs. Chapone.

We found her alone, and she received me with the most open affection.

Mrs. Chapone knew the day I could be with her too late to make any party, and would have been profuse in apologies if I had not truly declared

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 193.

I rejoiced in seeing her alone. Indeed, it would have been better if we had been so completely, for our dearest Esther knew but few of the old connections concerning whom I wished to inquire and to talk, and she knew too much of all about myself and my situation of which Mrs. Chapone wished to ask and to hear. I fear, therefore, she was tired, though she would not say so, and though she looked and conducted herself with great sweetness.

Mrs. Chapone spoke warmly of *Camilla*, especially of Sir Hugh, but told me she had detected me in some Gallicisms,[1] and pointed some out. She pressed me in a very flattering manner to write again; and dear Hetty, forgetting our relationship's decency, seconded her so heartily you must have laughed to hear her hoping we could never furnish our house till I went again to the press. When Mrs. Chapone heard of my father's difficulties about Chelsea, and fears of removal, on account of his twenty thousand volumes,—"Twenty thousand volumes!" she repeated; "bless me! why, how can he so encumber himself? Why does he not burn half? for how much must be to spare that never can be worth his looking at from such a store! And can he want to keep them all? I should not have suspected Dr. Burney, of all men, of being such a Dr. Orkborne!"[2]

. . . . . .

The few other visits which opportunity and inclination united for my making during our short and full fortnight were—

To Mrs. Boscawen, whither we went all three, for I knew she wished to see our little one, whom I had in the coach with Betty, ready for a summons. Mrs. Boscawen was all herself,—that is,

[1] The Monthly Reviewer professed to have done the same.
[2] Dr. Orkborne is a pedantic character in *Camilla*.

all elegance and good-breeding. Do you remember the verses on the blues which we attributed to Mr. Pepys?—

> Each art of conversation knowing,
> High-bred, elegant Boscawen.[1]

To Miss Thrales, where I also carried my little Alex.

To Lady Strange, whom I had not seen for more years than I know how to count. She was at home, and alone, except for her young grandchild, another Bell Strange, daughter of James, who is lately returned from India with a large fortune, is become Member of Parliament, and has married, for his second wife, a niece of Secretary Dundas's. Lady Strange received me with great kindness, and, to my great surprise, knew me instantly. I found her more serious and grave than formerly; I had not seen her since Sir Robert's death,[2] and many events of no enlivening nature; but I found, with great pleasure, that all her native fire and wit and intelligence were still within, though less voluntary and quick in flashing out, for every instant I stayed she grew brighter and nearer her true self.

Her little grandchild is a delightful little creature, the very reverse of the other Bell in appearance and disposition, for she is handsome and open and gay; but I hope, at the same time, her resemblance in character, as Bell is strictly principled and upright.

Lady Strange inquired if I had any family, and, when she gathered I had a little one downstairs in the carriage, she desired to see it, for little Bell was wild in the request. "But—have *nae mair*!"

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 78.

[2] Sir Robert Strange died at his house in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 5, 1792.

cried she; "the times are bad and hard,—ha' nae mair! if you take my advice, you'll ha' nae mair! you've been vary discreet, and, faith, I commend you!"

Little Bell had run downstairs to hasten Betty and the child, and now, having seized him in her arms, she sprang into the room with him. His surprise, her courage, her fondling, her little form, and her prettiness, had astonished him into consenting to her seizure; but he sprang from her to me the moment they entered the drawing-room.

I begged Lady Strange to give him her blessing. She looked at him with a strong and earnest expression of examining interest and pleasure, and then, with an arch smile, turning suddenly about to me, exclaimed, "Ah! faith and troth, you mun ha' some mair! if you can make 'em so pratty as this, you mun ha' some mair! sweet bairn! I gi' you my benediction! be a comfort to your papa and mamma! Ah, madam!" (with one of her deep sighs) "I must gi' my consent to your having some mair! if you can make 'em so pratty as this, faith and troth I mun let you have a girl!"

I write all this without scruple to my dearest Susan, for *prattiness* like this little urchin's is not likely to spoil either him or ourselves by lasting. 'Tis a juvenile flower, yet one my Susan will again, I hope, view while still in its first bloom.

. . . . . .

I was extremely pleased in having an interview again with my old, and I believe very faithful, friend Mr. Seward, whom I had not seen since my marriage, but whom I had heard, through the Locks, was indefatigable in inquiries and expressions of goodwill upon every occasion. He had sent me his compilation of anecdotes of distinguished characters,[1] and two little letters have

[1] *Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons*, 5 vols. 1795-97.

passed between us upon them. I was unluckily engaged the morning he was at Chelsea, and obliged to quit him before we had quite overcome a little awkwardness which our long absence and my changed name had involuntarily produced at our first meeting; and I was really sorry, as I have always retained a true esteem for him, though his singularities and affectation of affectation always struck me. But both those and his spirit of satire are mere quizziness; his mind is all solid benevolence and worth.

. . . . . .

Good Mr. punning Townshend[1] called upon us twice, and showed me the telegraph that is fixed up at Chelsea, and was as simple, and sensible, and gentle, and odd, as ever.

And now I must finish this Chelsea narrative, with its most singular, though brief, adventure. One morning, at breakfast, my father received a letter, which he opened, and found to be only a blank cover, with a letter enclosed, directed "A Madame, Madame d'Arblay."

This, upon opening, produced a little bank-note of five pounds, and these words:—

"Madame d'Arblay need not have any scruple in accepting the enclosed trifle, as it is considered only as a small tribute of gratitude and kindness, so small, indeed, that every precaution has been taken to prevent the least chance of discovery; and the person who sends it even will never know whether it was received or not. Dr. Burney is quite ignorant of it."

This is written evidently in a feigned hand, and I have not the most remote idea whence it can come. But for the word gratitude I might have suggested many; but, upon the whole, I am utterly unable to suggest any one creature upon earth

[1] See *ante*, vol. iv. p. 315.

likely to do such a thing. I might have thought of my adorable Princess, but that it is so little a sum. Be it as it may, it is certainly done in great kindness, by some one who knows £5 is not so small a matter to us as to most others; and after vainly striving to find out or conjecture whence it came, we determined to devote it to our country. There's patriotism! we gave it in voluntary subscription for the war; and it was very seasonable to us for this purpose.

This magnificent patriotic donation was presented to the Bank of England by Mr. Angerstein,[1] through Mr. Lock, and we have had thanks from the Committee which made us blush. Many reasons have prevented my naming this anecdote, the principal of which were fears that, if it should be known such a thing was made use of, and, as it chanced, when we should otherwise have really been distressed how to come forward or hold back, any other friend might adopt the same method, which, gratefully as I feel the kindness that alone could have instigated it, has yet a depressing effect, and I would not have it become current. Could I, or should I, ever trace it, I must, in some mode or other, attempt retaliation.

Behold us now back again at our dear Westhamble.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

April 24, '98.

. . . . . .

I have terminated the twelfth book of my poem, and transcribed it fair for your hearing or perusal. Mrs. and Miss Crewe, and Miss Hayman (now Privy-purse to the Princess of Wales), have been attending Walker's astronomical lectures, and wanted much to hear some at least of my "*Shtoff*"

[1] See *ante*, p. 333.

read to Windham and Canning. An evening was fixed, when after dinner Windham was to read us his Balloon-journal, Canning a MS. poem, and I a book of my Astronomy.

The lot fell on me to begin. When I had finished the first book, "*Tocca lei*," quo' I to Mr. Windham. "No, no, not yet; another of your books first." Well, when that was read, "*Tocca lei*," said I to Mr. Canning. "No, no," they all cried out, "let us go on,—another book." Well, though hoarse, I read on; Mrs. Crewe relieved me, and then Miss Hayman, and then supper was announced; and so I was taken in: the rest, and the "Balloon" and MS. poem, are to be read comfortably at Mrs. Crewe's villa at Hampstead, as soon as finished. C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Westhamble, Dorking, *April* 25, '98.

"*Bouder*," my dearest Father?—But I am sure you do not think it, therefore I will not disgrace myself with a defence. But I have intended writing every day, and the constant glimmering hope that to-morrow I should hear, with the idea that you were always packing up and removing, have made another to-morrow and to-morrow always keep off to-day. Indeed, that is the cruel trick of to-morrow, which does more mischief to one's fair resolves than any philosophy of to-day ever rectifies.

I delight in the account of your conviviality; nobody was ever so formed for society, in its best state, as my dearest father.

How interesting is your account of M. Clery![1]

[1] Author of *A Journal of Occurrences at the Temple, during the Confinement of Louis XVI., King of France.* By M. Cléry, the King's valet-de-chambre. Translated from the original manuscript by R. C. Dallas, Esq., London, 1798. There was also a French edition.

I should like extremely to meet with him. If your list is not closed of scrip, my chevalier begs you will have the goodness to trust him with the 6s. and enter his name.[1] Your description of him is just what his conduct had made my mind describe him.

I am very glad to hear of your sweethearts, old and new, but of Mrs. Garrick chiefly. I rejoice Mrs. Carter is so well again. Does Lady Rothes tell you how nearly we are neighbours? We see her house whenever we see our own; it is a constant object.[2] But we have not yet been very sociable, for the weather would not do for my carriage, though hers, before she went to town, kindly found its way to us three times.

Pray, when next you can indulge me, tell me how the dinner went off at Lady Inchiquin's, and if she seems happy. All you find time to name of those my old connections is peculiarly interesting to me.

I have some hope the public affairs may now wear a better aspect, from the tremendous danger so narrowly escaped of utter destruction, and so notorious as to defy the plausibility and sophistry of contest.

We have had papers, through dear Charles, up to Monday, and the King's message[3] made me thrill through every vein; but the sign of Mr. Sheridan seconding Dundas struck me as a good to undo many an evil. M. d'A. thinks it will show the Carmagnols the species of friends who were

[1] M. D'Arblay (see *post*, p. 411) does not figure in the "List of Subscribers," which occupies sixteen double-column pages, headed by the names of the King and Queen.

[2] Lady Rothes' house was Juniper Hill, which is shown on the map at p. 116. It was built by the David Jenkinson who owned Juniper Hall (*ib.*), and it had recently been purchased by Lady Rothes' husband, Sir Lucas Pepys.

[3] This was the message of King George to Parliament on April 20 with respect to the effectual defence of the nation in the event of French invasion. Dundas moved the thanks of the House of Commons, and Sheridan seconded him in a speech pointing out the necessity of supporting the Government, and taking vigorous measures.

to abet them, beyond all the speeches of all the ministers; for if even the opposition, even the supporters of the war being our aggression, and the Republic so glorious, etc., point out the real aim of our enemies,—that our money and credit is all they want, that their pretences of giving us liberty, etc., are incapable of duping even their admirers,—surely they must see that their chance of reception here, through our own means, is shallow and unfounded. No very late news from our Susan.

I am so little generous or noble that I feel almost vexed, instead of glad, that the twelfth book is finished[1]; for I had made a sort of regale to myself that something should have been written of it in our *chaumière*. Don't forget what we build upon this summer: we shall dare you with our fare and tackle, our Alex, and our prospects—with our true joy in your sight; and your own view of my virtuous companion at the daily cultivation of his garden will supply to your kind paternal heart all deficiencies, and make you partake of our pleasure. Adieu, most dear Sir! My mate embraces you with cordial respect. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Westhamble, *June* 7, '98.

Indeed, my dearest Father, M. Clery's book has half killed us; we have read it together, and the deepest tragedy we have yet met with is slight to it. The extreme plainness and simplicity of the style, the clearness of the detail, the unparading yet evident worth and feeling of the writer, make it a thousand times more affecting than if it had been drawn out with the most striking eloquence. What an angel—what a saint, yet breathing, was Louis XVI.!—the last meeting with the venerable

[1] See *ante*, p. 407.

M. de Malesherbes, and the information which, prostrate at his feet, he gives of the King's condemnation, makes the most soul-piercing scene, and stopped us from all reading a considerable time; frequently, indeed, we have been obliged to take many minutes' respite before we could command ourselves to go on. But the last scene with the Royal Family, the final parting, is the most heartbreaking picture that ever was exhibited.

How much we are obliged to you for it, dearest Sir, infinitely as it has pained and agitated us! It arrived by the very same messenger that took my last letter to you, with an account of our sweet Susanna. How interested it leaves one for the good writer, the faithful, excellent, modest M. Clery! I want a second part; I want to know if he was able to deliver the ring and seal[1]—if he saw any more the unhappy Queen, the pious Princess Elizabeth, the poor Madame Royale whom he left painting, and that fair lovely blossom the sweet Dauphin. I feel extremely dissatisfied to be left in the dark about all this.

I am shocked not to see your name in the subscription, after an interest such as you have both felt and shown for this worthy man; it is infinitely provoking you knew not in time of the publication.[2] M. d'Arblay is vexed, too, not to have his own name there, in testimony of respect to this faithful creature, who will be revered to his last hour by whoever has any heart for fidelity, gratitude, and duty.

Have you Mr. Twining still? Oh that he would

[1] The seal was intended by Louis XVI. for the Dauphin; the ring, for the Queen (Cléry, p. 249). Both were delivered,—as Mme. D'Arblay might have learned from the "Note" appended to the French and English versions of the *Journal*. Marie Antoinette subsequently sent the seal to the Count de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.), and the ring to the Comte D'Artois (afterwards Charles X.). Cléry gives facsimiles of the covering messages.

[2] A note to the Subscription List is dated May 25, 1798. Cléry later sent Dr. Burney a copy.

come and mortify upon our bread and cheese, while he would gladify upon our pleasure in his sight! The weather now is such as to make bare walls rather agreeable, and without he would see what he loves in fair views, and what he so strikingly denominates "God's gallery of pictures"; and our one little live piece would not, I think, excite in him much black bile. If he is still with you, do speak for us. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips

After sundry abortive proposals of our new brother-in-law, Mr. Broome, for our meeting, he and Charlotte finally came, with little Charlotte, to breakfast and spend a day with us. He has by no means the wit and humour and hilarity his *Simkin's Letters*[1] prepare for; but the pen and the tongue are often unequally gifted. He is said to be very learned, deeply skilled in languages, and general erudition, and he is full of information upon most subjects that can be mentioned. We talked of India, and he permitted me to ask what questions I pleased upon points and things of which I was glad to gather accounts from so able a traveller.

Another family visit which took place this summer gave us pleasure of a far more easy nature, because unmixed with watchful anxiety; this was from Charles and his son, who, by an appointment for which he begged our consent, brought with him also Mr. Professor Young, of Glasgow,[2] a man whose learning sits upon him far lighter than Mr. Broome's! Mr. Young has the *bonhomie* of M. de Lally, with as much native humour as he has acquired erudition: he has a face that looks all

[1] This was the satire in verse entitled *The Letters of Simpkin the Second, Poetic Recorder, of all the Proceedings upon the Trial of Warren Hastings*, 1789, second ed., 1792.

[2] John Young, 1750-1820, Professor of Greek at Glasgow.

honesty and kindness, and manners gentle and humble; an enthusiasm for whatever he thinks excellent, whether in talents or character, in art or in nature; and is altogether a man it seems impossible to know, even for a day, and not to love and wish well. This latter is probably the effect of his own cordial disposition to amity. He took to us, all three, so evidently and so warmly, and was so smitten with our little dwelling, its situation and simplicity, and so much struck with what he learned and saw of M. d'Arblay's cultivating literally his own grounds, and literally being his own gardener, after finding, by conversation, what a use he had made of his earlier days in literary attainments, that he seemed as if he thought himself brought to a vision of the golden age,—such was the appearance of his own sincere and upright mind in rejoicing to see happiness where there was palpably no luxury, no wealth.

It was a most agreeable surprise to me to find such a man in Mr. Professor Young, as I had expected a sharp though amusing satirist, from his very comic but sarcastic imitation of Dr. Johnson's *Lives*, in a criticism upon Gray's *Elegy*.[1]

Charles was all kind affection, and delighted at our approbation of his friend, for the Professor has been such many years, and very essentially formerly, —a circumstance Charles is now gratefully and warmly returning. It is an excellent part of Charles's character that he never forgets any kind office he has received.

I learned from them that Mr. Rogers, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, that most sweet poem,[2] had ridden round the lanes about our domain to view it, and stood—or made his horse stand,—at

[1] *A Criticism on the Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard, being a continuation of Dr. J——n's Criticism on the Poems of Gray*, Glasgow, 1783, 8vo.

[2] See *ante*, p. 98.

our gate a considerable time, to examine our Camilla Cottage,—a name I am sorry to find Charles, or some one, had spread to him; and he honoured all with his good word. I should like to meet with him.[1]

Our beloved father came to us in August for five days, to our inexpressible delight. He brought his present work, a poetical history of Astronomy, with him, and read it throughout to us. It seems to me a work to do him great honour, as well as to be highly useful to the young in astronomical knowledge.

He brought Alex six little golden-covered books, to begin his library, but he is grown now so extremely studious, that, when not engaged with company, or in discourse upon literary matters, it is evident he is impatient of lost time. Alex, therefore, had not the chance of occupying or amusing him he would have had some time since; this is easily accounted for by his way of life.

M. la Jard[2] spent nearly a week with M. d'Arblay. He was Minister-of-War at the unhappy 10th of August; and his account of his endeavours to save the unhappy oppressed King on that fatal day, by dissuading him from going to the cruel Assembly, and to defend himself in his palace, is truly afflictive. His own escape after his failures was wonderful: he was concealed a fortnight in Paris. He is now tolerably easy, with regular economy, in his circumstances, receiving help privately through Hamburg from his mother and brother. He is a steady, upright, respectable character, and wins and wears esteem. He had a principal command, before he was raised to the ministry, in the National Guard under Lafayette, and with M. d'Arblay.

[1] She afterwards knew him well. It was Rogers who first took Scott to see her in 1826.

[2] Pierre-Auguste Lajard, 1757-1837.

M. Bourdois,[1] also, spent a week here twice. He was born and bred at Joigny, and therefore is dear to M. d'Arblay by earliest juvenile intimacy, though the gradations of opinions in the Revolution had separated them: for he remained in France when M. d'A. would serve there no longer. He became aide-de-camp to Dumourier, and is celebrated for his bravery at the battle of Jemappe. He is a very pleasant and obliging character, and dotingly fond of little Alex, from knowing and loving and honouring all his family from his birth; and this you will a little guess is something of an *avenue* to a certain urchin's *madre*. Besides, I like to see anybody who has seen Joigny.

I was really quite sorry when he came again to take leave, upon voyaging to the Continent; but before that time he brought hither M. le Comte de Ricce, the officer whom M. d'Arblay immediately succeeded at Metz, and a gentleman in manners, deportment, and speech, such as rarely is to be met with; elegantly polite and well bred; serious even to sadness, and silent and reserved; yet seizing all attention by the peculiar interest of his manner.

As soon as he entered our book-room, he exclaimed "Ah, de Narbonne!" looking at our drawing; and this led me to speak of that valued person, with whom I found he had always been much connected. He corresponds with him still, and made me happy in talking of his hard fate and difficulties, when he told me he had some money of his still in his hands, which he could call for at pleasure, but never demanded, though frequently reminded of the little deposit. But when I mentioned this to M. d'Arblay, he said he fancied it was only money that M. de Ricce insisted upon appropriating as a loan for him; for that De Ricce

[1] See *ante*, p. 351.

who, by a very rich marriage, and entering into a commercial business with his wife's relations (Dutch people), is himself as rich as if not an emigrant, is the most benevolent of human beings, and lives parsimoniously in every respect, to devote all beyond common comforts to suffering emigrants! His rich wife is dead, and he has married a cousin of hers, who was poor. M. d'Arblay says he knows of great and incredible actions he has done in assisting his particular friends. I never saw a man who looked more like a chevalier of old times. He accompanied M. Bourdois here again when he came to take leave, and indeed they left us quite sad. He was going to Hambro'.

. . . . . .

Lady Rothes, constant in every manifestation of regard, came hither the first week of our establishment, and came three times to denials, when my gratitude forced open my doors. Her daughter, Lady Harriet,[1] was with her: she is a pretty and pleasing young woman. Sir Lucas came another morning, bringing my old friend Mr. Pepys.[2]

Alex was in high spirits and amused them singularly. He had just taken to spelling; and every word he heard, of which he either knew or could guess the orthography, he instantly, in a little concise and steady manner, pronounced all the letters of, with a look of great but very grave satisfaction at his own performances, and a familiar nod at every word so conquered, as thus:—

Mr. Pepys. You are a fine boy, indeed!

Alex. B, O, Y, boy. (Every letter articulated with strong, almost heroic emphasis.)

Mr. P. And do you run about here in this pleasant place all day long?

Alex. D, A, Y, day.

[1] Lady Harriet Leslie, *d.* 1839. She was married, November 29, 1804, to William, eleventh Earl of Devon.

[2] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 159.

Mr. P. And can you read your book, you sweet little fellow?

Alex. R, E, A, D, read, etc. etc.

He was in such good looks that all this nonsense won nothing but admiration, and Mr. Pepys could attend to nothing else, and only charged me to let him alone. "For mercy's sake, don't make him study," cried Sir Lucas also; "he is so well disposed that you must rather repress than advance him, or his health may pay the forfeit of his application."

"Oh, leave him alone!" cried Mr. Pepys: "take care only of his health and strength; never fear such a boy as that wanting learning."

I forget if I have mentioned that Lady Rothes and Sir Lucas (the wife will come first here) have bought Juniper Hall[1]—not Hole; as, from its being lower, the residence M. de Narbonne had was called;[2]—nor am I sure if they had not made the purchase before you left us. When we returned our many visits, we were let in by Lady Rothes, who was with only her daughter, Lady Harriet, and who told us the Princess Amelia had just passed by with her suite, in her way to Worthing. I was so much vexed not to have been a little earlier that I might have had a glance of her lovely countenance, that it quite spoiled my visit, by occupying me with regret.

Fatigue, joined to a kind reception, led us to make a long visit at Lady Templetown's; and while we were there, Lady Henry Fitzgerald arrived. You know, I daresay, she was my old acquaintance Miss Boyle, daughter to my friend Mrs. Walsingham.[3] I had never seen her since she was a mere girl; but she recollected me the moment she looked at me. She had purposed

[1] Juniper *Hill* (see *ante*, p. 409).
[2] Juniper Hall (see *ante*, p. 116).
[3] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 144.

repeatedly coming to our cottage, but Mrs. Lock, fearing it might be inconvenient to us, had deterred her. I was very glad to see the happiness and hilarity that beamed in her eyes and spoke in her voice and manner.

The younger Lady Templetown seemed enchanted[1] with the view of our simple dwelling, and all the more in the romance of early youth, unhackneyed and unspoiled; for seeing it unfinished and unfurnished, and conceiving that we could be happy and gay in such a state, she ran upstairs, uninvited, and seemed longing to visit the kitchen, the bed-chambers, and the tool-house. The name of a *cottage* had interested her, and to know people who inhabited one appeared to give her a romantic pleasure, that, in her rank and situation, seemed very amiable.

Amongst the Norbury visitors of this summer were the V——s, now emigrated from Holland; and reduced from their splendid establishment to so small a little dwelling, at Islington, that they call ours a great estate in its comparison! What lamentable changes has that eventful and dreadful revolution brought to bear! I never hear but of one good change it has caused, which is that of name in a certain sister of yours.

. . . . . .

I was extremely surprised to be told by the maid a gentleman and lady had called at the door, who sent in a card and begged to know if I could admit them; and to see the names on the card were Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld.[2] I had never seen them more than twice; the first time by their own desire, Mrs. Chapone carried me to meet them at Mr. Burrows's: the other time, I think, was at

[1] *Née* Lady Mary Montagu, only daughter of John, fifth Earl of Sandwich. She married the second Baron Templetown, October 7, 1796.

[2] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 239.

Mrs. Chapone's. You must be sure I could not hesitate to receive, and receive with thankfulness, this civility from the authoress of the most useful books, next to Mrs. Trimmer's, that have been yet written for dear little children; though this with the world is probably her very secondary merit, her many pretty poems, and particularly songs, being generally esteemed. But many more have written those as well, and not a few better; for children's books she began the new walk, which has since been so well cultivated, to the great information as well as utility of parents.

Mr. Barbauld is a dissenting minister—an author also, but I am unacquainted with his works. They were in our little dining-parlour—the only one that has any chairs in it—and began apologies for their visit; but I interrupted and finished them with my thanks. She is much altered, but not for the worse to me, though she is for herself, since the flight of her youth, which is evident, has taken also with it a great portion of an almost set smile, which had an air of determined complacence and prepared acquiescence that seemed to result from a sweetness which never risked being off guard. I remember Mrs. Chapone's saying to me, after our interview, "She is a very good young woman, as well as replete with talents; but why must one always smile so? It makes my poor jaws ache to look at her."

We talked, of course, of that excellent lady; and you will believe I did not quote her notions of smiling. The Burrows family, she told me, was quite broken up; old Mrs. Amy alone remaining alive. Her brother, Dr. Aiken,[1] with his family, were passing the summer at Dorking, on account of his ill health, the air of that town having been recommended for his complaints. The Barbaulds

[1] See *ante*, p. 333.

were come to spend some time with him, and would not be so near without renewing their acquaintance. They had been walking in Norbury Park, which they admired very much; and Mrs. Barbauld very elegantly said, "If there was such a public officer as a legislator of taste, Mr. Lock ought to be chosen for it."

They inquired much about M. d'Arblay, who was working in his garden, and would not be at the trouble of dressing to appear. They desired to see Alex, and I produced him; and his orthographical feats were very well timed here, for as soon as Mrs. Barbauld said, "What is your name, you pretty creature?" he sturdily answered, "B, O, Y, boy."

Almost all our discourse was upon the Irish rebellion. Mr. Barbauld is a very little, diminutive figure, but well bred and sensible.

I borrowed her poems, afterwards, of Mr. Daniel,[1] who chanced to have them, and have read them with much esteem of the piety and worth they exhibit, and real admiration of the last amongst them, which is an epistle to Mr. Wilberforce in favour of the demolition of the slave-trade, in which her energy seems to spring from the real spirit of virtue, suffering at the luxurious depravity which can tolerate, in a free land, so unjust, cruel, and abominable a traffic.

We returned their visit together in a few days, at Dr. Aiken's lodgings, at Dorking, where, as she permitted M. d'Arblay to speak French, they had a very animated discourse upon buildings, French and English, each supporting those of their own country with great spirit, but my monsieur, to own the truth, having greatly the advantage both in manner and argument. He was in spirits, and came forth with his best exertions. Dr. Aiken

[1] See *post*, p. 421.

looks very sickly, but is said to be better: he has a good countenance.

The poor Mr. Daniel, whom you may remember, as a very good and melancholy French priest, visiting us at Bookham, ventured over to France before the barbarous 4th of September, believing he might be restored to his friends; but he was seized, imprisoned many months, and then turned adrift into fresh exile, penniless and hopeless. He returned so mournful, so depressed, that we have, perforce, made much more intimacy with him from compassion for his undeserved sufferings. He lives at Mr. Swaine's, the apothecary, at Dorking, upon the little pittance he obtains from Government and a few scholars to whom he teaches French. He is now much revived and cheered with the hope of a new turn in affairs.

One new acquaintance we have found it impossible to avoid. The only house in Westhamble village which is not occupied by farmers or poor people is now inhabited by a large family from the City, of the name of Dickenson. They called here immediately upon our establishing ourselves in our cottage. It was indispensable to return a first visit. You have been at the house, my dearest Susan, to see Madame de Broglie;[1] it is now, they say, greatly improved. Mr. Dickenson,[2] or Captain Dickenson, as his name-card says, is a very shy, but seems a sensible man, and his lady is open, chatty, fond of her children, and anxious to accomplish them. She seems between thirty and forty, and very lively. She is of French origin, though born here, and of parents immediately English; but her grandfather was a M. de Brissac.

A gentleman, who seemed to belong to them

[1] See *ante*, p. 116.

[2] Thomas Dickinson, 1756-1828, was a Captain in the Royal Navy. He married Frances de Brissac in June 1781.

but whom we knew not, meanwhile, was yet more assiduous than themselves to make acquaintance here. He visited M. d'Arblay while working in his garden, brought him newspapers, gazettes extraordinary, political letters with recent intelligence, and exerted himself to be acceptable by intelligence as well as obligingness. M. d'Arblay, at length, one very bitterly cold morning, thought it incumbent upon him to invite his anonymous acquaintance into the house. He knew not how to name him, but, opening the door where I was waiting breakfast for him with Alex, he only pronounced my name. The gentleman, smilingly entering, said, "I must announce mine myself, I believe—Mr. Strachan": [1] and we then found it was the printer to the King, who is Member of Parliament, son of the Andrew Strachan who was the friend of Johnson and the principal printer of *Camilla*.

Much recollection of the many messages of business which had passed between us, while unknown, during the printing of that long work, made me smile also at his name, and we easily made acquaintance. He has all the appearance of a very worthy, sensible, unpretending man, well-bred and good-natured. Long connected with the Dickensons, he seems to have an apartment at pleasure in their house, and to love their children as if they were his own. He told us he had known Mrs. Dickenson from the time she was seven years old.

I have been eagerly, though with great disgust, wading through Carnot's pamphlet.[2] I think Mr. Pitt might pay in letters of gold for such authentic

[1] This was Andrew Strahan, 1749-1831, youngest son and successor of William (not Andrew) Strahan, Johnson's friend, who died in 1785. Andrew Strahan was in Parliament from 1796 to 1818.

[2] Lazare-Nicolas-Marguerite Carnot, 1753-1823, "organiser of victory" and Member of the Directory during the French Revolution. His defence brought about the overthrow of his colleagues in 1799.

intelligence of the frequent pecuniary distresses of the Directory, as well as for the many dissensions and evil propensities which must be excited between the civil and military powers, by the anecdotes he has related and disclosures he has made. He seems but few degrees less wicked than Barras, Rewbel, etc.; and those few, perhaps, only because a few degrees less powerful. Certainly there is nothing to impress his readers with any respect for his superiority of virtue upon more solid grounds.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips

Westhamble, *August* 28, '98.

If I could find words,—but the language does not afford any,—my dearest, dearest Susan, to tell what this final blow has been to me, I am sure I should be a brute to make use of them; but after so much of hope, of fear, of doubt, of terror, to be lifted up at length to real expectation, and only to be hurled down to disappointment! And you—sweetest soul!—that can think of anybody else in such a situation!—for though your neighbours are so good, Ireland is so unsettled, in our estimation, that I believe there is hardly one amongst us would not at least have parted with a little finger by the hatchet to have possessed you for a few months in England.

I write because I must write, but I am not yet fit for it; I can offer no fortitude to my Susan, and it is wrong to offer anything else: but I must write, because I must let her see my hand, to tempt a quicker sight again of her own to eyes which yearn after it incessantly. Why did the Major[1] desire me to look after our old cottage at Bookham? and so obligingly, so pleasantly, so truly say he was certain

[1] Major Phillips.

of the pleasure he gave me by the commission?—Can you tell?

M. d'Arblay is at this time spending two days chez M. la Jard,[1] the last Minister of War to poor Louis XVI. If he should return before Mrs. Lock sends off the packet, I am sure he will add a line.

I have many things to say and talk of, but they all get behind the present overbearing, engrossing disappointment, which will take no consolation or occupation, except my dear boy, who fortunately was out of the way when I first received it; for else he would have used the letter very ill: when I got that which announced that you were coming, the one before the last, in which the Major himself wrote to James, and which James most kindly forwarded to me instantly, saying, "We may now expect to see dear Susan in a few days"; those words from him, less easily elated than most of us, so transported me, that I appeared to my poor Alex in deep grief from a powerful emotion of surprise and joy, which forced its way down my cheeks.

The little creature, who was playing on the sofa, set up a loud cry, and instantly, with a desperate impulse, ran to me, darted up his little hands, before I could imagine his design, and seized the letter with such violence, that I must have torn it to have prevented him: and then he flew with it to the sofa, and, rumpling it up in his little hands, poked it under the cushions, and then resolutely sat down upon it. I was too happy at that moment to oppose his little enterprise, and he sat still till my caresses and evident re-establishment brought him to my lap. However, when I put him down and made up to the sofa for my letter, he began crying again, and flying to his booty, put himself

[1] See *ante*, p. 414.

into such an agony that I was fain to quiet him by waiting till I could take it unobserved; yet he could not express himself better in words than by merely saying, "I don't ike ou to ead a letter, mamma!"—He had never happened to see me in tears before: happy boy!—and, oh, happy mother!

The little soul has a thousand traits of character that remind me of Norbury, both in what is desirable and what is fearful; for he is not only as sweet, but as impetuous, and already he has the same desire to hear me recount to him his own good and bad conduct at the end of the day that dear Norbury had when I visited Mickleham. Just now, when he took leave for the night, he said, "And what was I to-day, mamma?" "Good, my dear." "But what was I to dinner?" "A little rude." He then looks down very conscious, but raises his brightened eyes, to say, "And what are I now, mamma?" "Quite good, my love."

. . . . . .

And now, my beloved Susan, I will sketch my last Court history of this year.

The Princess Amelia, who had been extremely ill since my last Royal admittance, of some complaint in her knee which caused spasms the most dreadfully painful, was now returning from her sea-bathing at Worthing, and I heard from all around the neighbourhood that her Royal Highness was to rest and stop one night at Juniper Hall,[1] whither she was to be attended by Mr. Keate the surgeon, and by Sir Lucas Pepys, who was her physician at Worthing.

I could not hear of her approaching so near our habitation, and sleeping within sight of us, and be contented without an effort to see her; yet I would

[1] An obvious misprint or mistake for Juniper *Hill*, the Surrey home of Sir Lucas Pepys. See the subsequent references to Lady Rothes, Sir Lucas's wife, and *ante*, p. 409.

not distress Lady Rothes by an application she would not know how either to refuse or grant, from the established etiquette of bringing no one into the presence of their Royal Highnesses but by the Queen's permission. So infinitely sweet, however, that young love of a Princess always is to me, that I gathered courage to address a petition to Her Majesty herself, through the medium of Miss Planta, for leave to pay my homage.—I will copy my answer, sent by return of post.

My dear Friend—I have infinite pleasure in acquainting you that the Queen has ordered me to say that you have her leave to see dear Princess Amelia, provided Sir Lucas Pepys and Mr. Keate permit it. Etc. etc. etc.

With so complete and honourable a credential, I now scrupled not to address a few lines to Lady Rothes, telling her my authority, to prevent any embarrassment, for entreating her leave to pay my devoirs to the young Princess on Saturday morning,—the Friday I imagined she would arrive too fatigued to be seen. I intimated also my wish to bring my boy, not to be presented unless demanded, but to be put into some closet where he might be at hand in case of that honour. The sweet Princess's excessive graciousness to him gave me courage for this request. Lady Rothes sent me a kind note which made me perfectly comfortable.

It was the 1st of December, but a beautifully clear and fine day. I borrowed Mr. Lock's carriage.

Sir Lucas came to us immediately, and ushered us to the breakfast-parlour, giving me the most cheering accounts of the recovery of the Princess. Here I was received by Lady Rothes, who pre-

sented me to Lady Albinia Cumberland,[1] widow of Cumberland the author's only son, and one of the ladies of the Princesses. I found her a peculiarly pleasing woman, in voice, manner, look, and behaviour.

This introduction over, I had the pleasure to shake hands with Miss Goldsworthy, whom I was very glad to see, and who was very cordial and kind; but who is become, alas! so dreadfully deaf, there is no conversing with her, but by talking for a whole house to hear every word! With this infirmity, however, she is still in her first youth and brightness, compared with her brother; who, though I knew him of the party, is so dreadfully altered, that I with difficulty could venture to speak to him by the name of General Goldsworthy.[2] He has had three or four more strokes of apoplexy since I saw him.

I fancy he had a strong consciousness of his alteration, for he seemed embarrassed and shy, and only bowed to me, at first, without speaking. But I wore that off afterwards, by chatting over old stories with him.

The Princess breakfasted alone, attended by Mrs. Cheveley.[3] When this general breakfast was over, Lady Albinia retired. But in a very few minutes she returned, and said, "Her Royal Highness desires to see Madame d'Arblay and her little boy."

The Princess was seated on a sofa, in a French gray riding-dress, with pink lapels, her beautiful and richly flowing and shining fair locks unornamented. Her breakfast was still before her, and Mrs.

[1] Lady Albinia Cumberland was the widow of Richard Cumberland's eldest son, who died at Tobago. She herself was the eldest daughter of George, third Earl of Buckinghamshire, and Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess, some verses to whom by the dramatist at this date are printed in vol. ii. of his *Memoirs*, 1807, ii. 296-98.

[2] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 47.

[3] See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 49.

Cheveley in waiting. Lady Albinia announced me, and she received me with the brightest smile, calling me up to her, and stopping my profound reverence, by pouting out her sweet ruby lips for me to kiss.

She desired me to come and sit by her; but, ashamed of so much indulgence, I seemed not to hear her, and drew a chair at a little distance. "No, no," she cried, nodding, "come here; come and sit by me here, my dear Madame d'Arblay." I had then only to say 'twas my duty to obey her, and I seated myself on her sofa. Lady Albinia, whom she motioned to sit, took an opposite chair, and Mrs. Cheveley, after we had spoken a few words together, retired.

Her attention now was bestowed upon my Alex, who required not quite so much solicitation to take his part of the sofa. He came jumping and skipping up to her Royal Highness, with such gay and merry antics, that it was impossible not to be diverted with so sudden a change from his composed and quiet behaviour in the other room. He seemed enchanted to see her again, and I was only alarmed lest he should skip upon her poor knee in his caressing agility.

I bid him, in vain, however, repeat Ariel's "Come unto these Yellow Sands," which he can say very prettily; he began, and the Princess, who knew it, prompted him to go on; but a fit of shame came suddenly across him—or of capriciousness—and he would not continue.

Lady Albinia soon after left the room; and the Princess, then, turning hastily and eagerly to me, said, "Now we are alone, do let me ask you one question, Madame d'Arblay—Are you—are you—[looking with strong expression to discover her answer] writing anything?"

I could not help laughing, but replied in the negative.

"Upon your honour?" she cried earnestly, and looking disappointed. This was too hard an interrogatory for evasion; and I was forced to say—the truth—that I was about nothing I had yet fixed if or not I should ever finish, but that I was rarely without some project. This seemed to satisfy and please her.

I told her of my having seen the Duke of Clarence at Leatherhead fair. "What, William?" she cried, surprised. This unaffected, natural way of naming her brothers and sisters is infinitely pleasing. She took a miniature from her pocket, and said, "I must show you Meney's picture," meaning Princess Mary, whom she still calls Meney, because it was the name she gave her when unable to pronounce Mary—a time she knew I well remembered. It was a very sweet miniature, and extremely like. "Ah! what happiness," I cried, "your Royal Highness will feel, and give, upon returning to their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses, after such an absence, and such sufferings!" "Oh yes!—I shall be so glad!" she cried, and then Lady Albinia came in and whispered her it was time to admit Lady Rothes, who then entered with Lady Harriet[1] and the Miss Leslies.

When she was removing, painfully lifted from her seat between Sir Lucas and Mr. Keate, she stopped to pay her compliments and thanks to Lady Rothes with a dignity and self-command extremely striking. F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

December 10, 1798.

. . . . . .

Herschel has been in town for short spurts, and back again, two or three times, leaving Mrs.

[1] Her daughter (see *ante*, p. 416).

Herschel behind (in town) to transact law business. I have had him here during two whole days. I read to him the first five books without any one objection, except a little hesitation at my saying, upon Bailly's authority, that, if the sun was to move round the earth, according to Ptolemy, instead of the earth round the sun, as in the Copernican system, the nearest fixed star in every second must constantly run at the rate of "near a hundred thousand miles."—"Stop a little," said he; "I fancy you have greatly underrated the velocity required—but I will calculate it at home." And at his second visit he brought me a slip of paper, written by his sister, as I suppose he had dictated—"Hence we see that Sirius, if it revolved round the earth, would move at the rate of 1426 millions of miles per second. Hence the required velocity of Sirius in its orbit would be above 7305 times greater than that of light." This was all that I had to correct of doctrine in the first five books: and he was so humble as to confess that I knew more of the history of astronomy than he did, and had surprised him with the mass of information I had got together.

He thanked me for the entertainment and instruction I had given him—"Can anything be grander?"—and all this before he knows a word of what I have said of himself—all his discoveries, as you may remember, being kept back for the twelfth and last book. Adad! I begin to be a little conceited.

Mrs. M. Montagu[1] has been singing our ditty at home and abroad. I have been at one bit of blue there. Mrs. M.[2] so broke down as not to go out—almost wholly blind, and very feeble.

Did you know of Princess Amelia being at Sir

[1] Mrs. Matthew Montagu.
[2] Mrs. Montagu died August 25, 1800, aged eighty.

Lucas Pepys's, in your neighbourhood, time enough to pay your respects to her Royal Highness? I hear a good account of her going on, which gratifies me much.

You will probably see in last week's papers that Lord Macartney is dead at the Cape of Good Hope.[1] But I called myself at his house in town on Saturday, to inquire if any news had lately been received from his Lordship; and Lady M., who happened to be at home, sent her compliments and thanks for inquiring; and, supposing it occasioned by the report, said that what had appeared in the newspaper was not true; there had been no such account come to the India House as had been said —nor to any one else.

God bless you, and the dear gardener, and the Alexandretto! C. B.

[1] He did not die until 1806.

PART LIII

1799

Mrs. Chapone on a recent domestic affliction—Madame d'Arblay's consolation—Death of Mr. Seward—Wesley—Visit to Dr. Herschel—The Royal Family on Windsor terrace—The King's recognition of Dr. Burney—His Majesty's music-room—Conversation of the King—The Queen's kindness to Madame d'Arblay—The Princess of W——s—News from France—State of Ireland—Letter from the Comte de Narbonne to the Chevalier d'Arblay—The Emperor's Hymn and Suwarrow's march—Dancing legislators.

Mrs. Chapone to Madame d'Arblay

My dear Madam—If you have heard of the most recent of all my afflictions,—the death of my darling niece in childbirth (which happened not quite a month after the loss of my dearest brother),[1]—you will not wonder that I have not been able to thank you for your last kind favour. It grieves me to think of the anxiety you have suffered for your lovely boy, nor shall I ever forget the tenderness you showed for me before you knew how completely all hopes of comfort respecting this world for my latter days were taken from me: but the hopes of another, I thank God, draw every day into a nearer view, and I trust will supply me with "patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill."[2]

I had, with the folly and ignorance of human schemes, thought of seeking an asylum from the

[1] Thomas Mulso, who died February 7, 1799.
[2] Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 362.

aching void I must every hour feel in London, by changing my abode to Winchester, where I expected my two kind nieces would soothe my heart and close my eyes; but this unexpected and most afflicting stroke, by taking away the next dearest object of my affection, has shown me where only I can look for support, and where I have hitherto found it in as great a degree as I could have expected.

Though I have still a niece, for whom I have great love and esteem, I know not yet what her own plans may be, nor whether Winchester will not now be the most melancholy scene for us both that we could fix on:[1] so that I am inclined to no other exertion but waiting where I am, with humble submission and acquiescence, for

Kind Nature's signal of retreat.

In the meantime I should be ungrateful for your kind solicitude if I did not mention the comfort I receive from that excellent man Mr. Pepys, whom you esteem, but whose worthy heart you do not half know, and whom compassion has improved, from a delightful companion and intimate old acquaintance, to the most tender, attentive, and affectionate son to me. All my other friends, too, have exceeded all my expectations in their attentions to me.

I hope soon to hear that your heart is quite at rest about M. d'Arblay and your son. Writing is at present so difficult and painful to me that I must bid you adieu, with the most grateful sense of your compassion for me, and every kind wish for yourself and M. d'Arblay.

Ever, dear Madam,
Your sincerely affectionate and obliged,
H. Chapone.

[1] She eventually retired to Hadley, near Barnet, where she died and is buried.

Have you yet read Mrs. H. More's new work?[1] Don't *you* be idle.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Chapone

Westhamble, *April* 4, '99.

It was from your own affecting account, my dear Madam, that I learned your irreparable loss, though a letter by the same post from my sister Burney confirmed the melancholy intelligence. I will not attempt to say with what extreme concern I have felt it. Your "darling niece," though I must now be glad I had never seen, I had always fancied I had known, from the lively idea you had enabled me, in common with all others, to form of what she ought to be. If this second terrible trial, and the manner in which you have supported it, had not shown me my mistake, I should have feared, from the agonised expression of your countenance—which I cannot forget—in our last mournful interview, that the cup was already full! But it is not for nothing you have been gifted,—or that so early you were led to pray "the ill you might not shun, to bear." Misfortunes of this accumulated—I had nearly said desolating—nature, always of late years sharpen to me the horrors of that part of the French Revolution which, to lessen the dread of guilt, gives death to eternal sleep. What alleviation can there be for sufferers who have imbibed such doctrine? I want to disperse among them an animated translation of the false principles, beautiful conviction, and final consolations of Fidelia.[2] For since, in this nether sphere, with all our best hopes alive of times to come,

[1] *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education*, 1799, 2 vols. It appeared early in 1799.

[2] The *Story of Fidelia* was the title of three papers contributed by Mrs. Chapone in 1753 (when Miss Mulso) to the *Adventurer* of Hawkesworth. It recounts the experiences of the daughter of a deist, who is eventually converted.

Ev'n Virtue sighs, while poor Affection mourns
The blasted comforts of the desert heart,

what must sorrow be where calamity sees no opening to future light? and where friends, when separated, can mark no haven for a future reunion, but where all terminates for ever in the poor visible grave?—against which all our conceptions and perceptions so entirely revolt, that I, for one, can never divest the idea of annihilation from despair.

I read with much more pleasure than surprise what you say of Mr. Pepys: I should have been disappointed indeed had he proved a "summer friend." Yet I have found many more such, I confess, than I had dreamed of in my poor philosophy, since my retirement from the broad circle of life has drawn aside a veil which, till then, had made profession wear the same semblance as friendship. But few, I believe, escape some of these lessons, which are not, however, more mortifying in the expectations they destroy than gratifying in those they confirm. You will be sure, dear Madam, but I hope not angrily, of *one* honour I am here venturing to give myself.

Yours, etc.,
F. D'A.

M. d'A. entreats you to accept his sincerest respects.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock[1]

Westhamble, *May* 2, 1799.

Poor Mr. Seward! I am indeed exceedingly concerned—nay, grieved—for his loss to us:[1] to us I trust I may say; for I believe he was so substantially good a creature, that he has left no

[1] Mr. Seward died April 24, 1799 (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 55).

fear or regret merely for himself. He fully expected his end was quickly approaching. I saw him at my father's at Chelsea, and he spent almost a whole morning with me in chatting of other times, as he called it; for we travelled back to Streatham, Dr. Johnson, and the Thrales. But he told me he knew his disease incurable. Indeed, he had passed a quarter of an hour in recovering breath, in a room with the servants, before he let me know he had mounted the College stairs. My father was not at home. He had thought himself immediately dying, he said, four days before, by certain sensations that he believed to be fatal, but he mentioned it with cheerfulness; and though active in trying all means to lengthen life, declared himself perfectly calm in suspecting they would fail. To give me a proof, he said he had been anxious to serve Mr. Wesley, the Methodist musician,[1] and he had recommended him to the patronage of the Hammersleys, and begged my father to meet him there to dinner; but as this was arranged, he was seized himself with a dangerous attack, which he believed to be mortal. And during this belief, "willing to have the business go on," said he, laughing, "and not miss me, I wrote a letter to a young lady, to tell her all I wished to be done upon the occasion, to serve Wesley, and to show him to advantage. I gave every direction I should have given in person, in a complete persuasion at the moment I should never hold a pen in my hand again."

This letter, I found, was to Miss Hammersley.

I had afterwards the pleasure of introducing M. d'Arblay to him, and it seemed a gratification to him to make the acquaintance. I knew he had been "curious" to see him, and he wrote my father word afterwards he had been much pleased.

[1] Perhaps a son of Charles Wesley, John Wesley's younger brother.

My father says he sat with him an hour the Saturday before he died; and though he thought him very ill, he was so little aware his end was so rapidly approaching, that, like my dearest friend, he laments his loss as if by sudden death.

I was sorry, too, to see in the newspapers the expulsion of Mr. Barry from the Royal Academy.[1] I suppose it is from some furious harangue. His passions have no restraint, though I think extremely well of his heart, as well as of his understanding.

. . . . . .

Your affectionate

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay

Slough, *Monday morning, July* 22, 1799,
in bed at Dr. Herschel's, half-past five,
where I can neither sleep nor lie idle.

My dear Fanny—I believe I told you on Friday that I was going to finish the perusal of my astronomical *varses* to the great astronomer on Saturday. Here I arrived at three o'clock,—neither Dr. nor Mrs. H. at home; went to London on Thursday on particular business. This was rather discouraging, as poor Mrs. Arne used to say when she was hissed;[2] but all was set to rights by the appearance of Miss Baldwin, a sweet, timid, amiable girl, Mrs. Herschel's niece, who told me that if I was Dr. B. she was to entreat me to come in, as her uncle and aunt expected me, and would be back at dinner, half-past three.

When we had conversed about ten minutes, in came two other sweet girls, about the same age

[1] His personalities as Professor of Painting had made him extremely unpopular. He was at last removed from his professorship, and expelled the Academy.

[2] Cecilia Arne, 1711-89, wife of Burney's old master Dr. Arne, and a famous Vauxhall singer.

(from fifteen to seventeen), the daughters of Dr. Parry of Bath,[1] on a visit here. More natural, obliging, charming girls I have seldom seen; and, moreover, very pretty. We soon got acquainted. I found they were musical, and in other respects very well educated. It being a quarter past four, and the lord and lady of the mansion not returned, Miss Baldwin would have dinner served, according to order, and an excellent dinner it was, and our chattation no disagreeable sauce.

After an admirable dessert, I made the Misses Parry sing and play, and sang and played with them so delightfully, "you can't think!" Mr. and Mrs. H. did not return till between seven and eight; but when they came, apologies for being out on pressing business, cordiality and kindness, could not be more liberally bestowed.

After tea Dr. H. proposed that we two should retire into a quiet room, in order to resume the perusal of my work, in which no progress had been made since last December. The evening was finished very cheerfully; and we went to our bowers not much out of humour with each other, or with the world.

We had settled a plan to go to the chapel at Windsor in the morning, the King and Royal Family being there, and the town very full. Dr. H. and Mrs. H. stayed at home, and I was accompanied by the three Graces. Dr. Goodenough,[2] the successor of Dr. Shepherd, as canon, preached. I had dined with him at Dr. Duval's. He is a very agreeable man, and passionately fond of music, with whom, as a professor, a critic, and an historian of the art, I seem to stand very high; but I could not hear a single sentence of his sermon, on account

[1] Probably Dr. Caleb Hillier Parry, 1755-1822, a well-known Bath physician and notability, and father of Parry, the Arctic explorer.

[2] Samuel Goodenough, 1743-1827, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. He was Canon of Windsor in 1798.

of the distance. After the service I got a glimpse of the good King, in his light-grey farmer-like morning Windsor uniform, in a great crowd, but could not even obtain that glance of the Queen and Princesses. The day was charming. The chapel is admirably repaired, beautified, and a new west window painted on glass. All was cheerfulness, gaiety, and good humour, such as the subjects of no other monarch, I believe, on earth enjoy at present; and except return of creepings now and then, and a cough, I was as happy as the best.

At dinner we all agreed to go to the Terrace,—Mr., Mrs., and Miss H., with their nice little boy, and the three young ladies. This plan we put in execution, and arrived on the Terrace a little after seven. I never saw it more crowded or gay. The Park was almost full of happy people—farmers, servants, and tradespeople,—all in Elysium. Deer in the distance, and *dears* unnumbered near. Here I met with almost everybody I wished and expected to see previous to the King's arrival in the part of the Terrace where I and my party were planted. Lord Harrington;[1] Sir Joseph, Lady, and Miss Banks; the Bishop of Salisbury;[2] Dr. Goodenough, who invited me to his house (the Bishop of S. pressed me to take a bed at his palace in Salisbury, where I visited my friend Mr. Cox); Miss Egerton, sweet Lady Augusta Lowther, and Sir William, my great favourite, with a long list of *et cæteras*—all seemed glad to see the old Doctor, even before he was noticed by Royalty.

But now here comes Will, and I must get up, and make myself up to go down to the perusal of my last book, entitled HERSCHEL. So good morrow.

[1] Charles Stanhope, third Earl of Harrington, 1753-1829, afterwards (1812) Constable and Governor of Windsor Castle.

[2] John Douglas, 1721-1807—Goldsmith's "terror of quacks,"—Bishop of Salisbury from 1791 to his death.

CHELSEA, *Tuesday, three o'clock.*

Not a moment could I get to write till now; and I am afraid of forgetting some part of my history, but I ought not, for the events of this visit are very memorable.

When the King and Queen, arm in arm, were approaching the place where the Herschel family and I had planted ourselves, one of the Misses Parry heard the Queen say to His Majesty, "There's Dr. Burney," when they instantly came to me, so smiling and gracious that I longed to throw myself at their feet. "How do you, Dr. Burney?" said the King. "Why, you are grown fat and young." "Yes, indeed," said the Queen; "I was very glad to hear from Madame d'Arblay how well you looked." "Why, you used to be as thin as Dr. Lind,"[1] says the King. Lind was then in sight—a mere lath; but these few words were accompanied with such very gracious smiles, and seemingly affectionate good-humour — the whole Royal Family, except the Prince of Wales, standing by—in the midst of a crowd of the first people in the kingdom for rank and office—that I was afterwards looked at as a sight. After this the King and Queen hardly ever passed by me without a smile and a nod. The weather was charming; the Park as full as the Terrace, the King having given permission to the farmers, tradesmen, and even livery servants, to be there during the time of his walking.

Now I must tell you that Herschel proposed to me to go with him to the King's concert at night, he having permission to go when he chooses, his five nephews (Griesbachs) making a principal part of the band. "And," says he, "I know you will be welcome." But I should not have presumed to

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 304.

believe this if His Majesty had not formerly taken me into his concert-room himself from your apartments. This circumstance, and the gracious notice with which I had been just honoured, emboldened me. A fine music-room in the castle, next the Terrace, is now fitted up for His Majesty's evening concerts, and an organ erected. Part of the first act had been performed previous to our arrival. There were none but the performers in the room, except the Duchesses of Kent and Cumberland, with two or three general officers backwards. The King seldom goes into the music-room after the first act; and the second and part of the third were over before we saw anything of him, though we heard His Majesty, the Queen, and Princesses talking in the next room. At length he came directly up to me and Herschel, and the first question His Majesty asked me was,—"How does Astronomy go on?" I, pretending to suppose he knew nothing of my poem, said, "Dr. Herschel will better inform your Majesty than I can." "Ay, ay," says the King, "but you are going to tell us something with your pen"; and moved his hand in a writing manner. "What—what—progress have you made?" "Sir, it is all finished, and all but the last of twelve books have been read to my friend Dr. Herschel." The King, then looking at Herschel, as who would say, "How is it?" "It is a very capital work, Sir," says H. "I wonder how you find time?" said the King. "I make time, Sir." "How, how?" "I take it out of my sleep, Sir." When the considerate good King, "But you'll hurt your health. How long," he adds, "have you been at it?" "Two or three years, at odd and stolen moments, Sir." "Well," said the King (as he had said to you before), "whatever you write, I am sure will be entertaining." I bowed most humbly, as ashamed of not deserving

so flattering a speech. "I don't say it to flatter you," says the King; "if I did not think it, I would not say it."

After this he talked of his concert, and the arrangement of the pieces performed that evening from the oratorio of *Joseph*.[1] His Majesty always makes the list himself, and had made a very judicious change in the order of pieces, which I told His Majesty, as there were no words in question which, as a drama, might require the original arrangement. He gave me his opinion very openly upon every musical subject started, and talked with me full half an hour. He began a conversation with General Harcourt and two other general officers, which lasted a full hour, and we durst not stir till it was over, past eleven. All this Windsor and Slough visit has turned out delightfully. I have not room to say anything more, only God bless you all! C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Fore George, a more excellent song than t'other![2]

Westhamble, *July* 25, '99.

Why, my dearest Padre, your subjects rise and rise,—till subjects, in fact, are no longer in question. I do not wonder you felt melted by the King's goodness. I am sure I did in its perusal. And the Queen!—her naming me so immediately went to my heart. Her speeches about me to Mrs. Lock in the drawing-room, her interest in my welfare, her deigning to say *she had never been amongst those who had blamed my marriage*, though

[1] *Joseph and his Brethren*—the eighth of Handel's Oratorios, words by Miller. It was composed in August 1743; and produced at Covent Garden, March 2, 1744.

[2] This is a recollection of Cassio's comments on Iago's songs in Act II. Sc. iii. of *Othello* (see *ante*, p. 263).

she lost by it my occasional attendances, and her remarking "*I looked the picture of happiness,*" had warmed me to the most fervent gratitude, and the more because her saying she had never been *amongst those* who had blamed me shows there were people who had not failed to do me ill offices in her hearing; though probably, and I firmly believe, without any personal enmity, as I am unconscious of having any owed me; but merely from a cruel malice with which many seize every opportunity, almost involuntarily, to do mischief, and most especially to undermine at Court any one presumed to be in any favour. And, still further, I thought her words conveyed a confirmation of what her conduct towards me *in my new capacity* always led me to conjecture; namely, that my guardian star had ordained it so that the real character and principles of my honoured and honourable mate had, by some happy chance, reached the Royal ear before the news of our union. The dear King's graciousness to M. d'Arblay upon the Terrace, when the Commander-in-Chief, just then returned from the Continent, was by his side, made it impossible not to suggest this: and now, the Queen's again naming me so *in public* puts it, in my conception, beyond doubt. My kindest father will be glad, I am sure, to have added to the great delight of his recital a strength to a notion I so much love to cherish.

The account of the Terrace is quite enlivening. I am very glad the weather was so good. It was particularly kind of it, for I am sure it has been very *un-Julyish* since.

How sweet what the King said of my dearest father's writing! You see how consistent and constant is his opinion: but still more I love his benevolent solicitude lest your method of *making time* should injure your health. Think of that, dear

Master Brooke! your *creepings* are surely the effect of over-labour of the brain and intense application.

I want excessively to hear how the Herschel book went off; whether there was much to change, as I think it impossible there should not be certain modes peculiar to every man's own conceptions of his own studies that no other can hit without consulting him; and whether the sum total seemed to give the last and living hero of the poem the satisfaction it ought to do. Pray let me hear about this as soon as you can, dearest Sir; but pray only make notes of any alterations; and let the alterations themselves wait to be accomplished in our quiet retreat, at the given period of our indulgence, which I presume to continue fixed for the end of August, as you do not again touch the subject.

I am very anxious, meanwhile, for your trying the hot well—and that before you go to Dover; for I think it impossible—unnatural—you should resist Mrs. Crewe, who, next to your immediate family, seems most truly and affectionately to know how to value possessing you.

The visit to the P——ss of W. is charming. I am charmed she now lives so cheerfully and pleasantly.[1] She seemed confined, not merely as a recluse, but a culprit, till quite lately; and now . . . . your visit has just been succeeded by Mr. Pitt's! How can the Premier be so much his own enemy in politics as well as happiness! for all the world, nearly, take her part; and all the world *wholly* agree she has been the injured person, though some few think she has wanted *retenue* and discretion in her resentment, the public nature of her connection considered, which does not warrant the expectance of the same pure fidelity a chosen wife might look for. F. D'A.

[1] In 1799 the Princess of Wales was apparently residing at Shrewsbury House near Shooter's Hill.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips

August 14, '99.

I know that my beloved Susan did not mean I should see her true account of her precious health; but it arrived at Westhamble while Esther was there, and it has been engraven on my heart in saddest characters ever since. The degree in which it makes me—I had almost said—wretched, would be cruel to dwell upon; but had the letter finished as it began, I must have surely applied for a passport, without which there is now no visiting Ireland. In case, my sweet soul, you are relapsed, or do not continue improving, tell me if there is any way I can manage to make a surprise give no shock of horror where I have no expectation of giving pleasure? I would not offend, nor add to my beloved's hard tasks, God knows! Should I write *there*, in that case, for leave? or what do? At all events, and if the recovery continues, give me a hint or two, I entreat. I consult no one here; I must do such a deed by storm; I am sure of consent to everything that my happiness and peace demand, from the only one who can lawfully control me,—and that is enough.

Where poor M. de Narbonne has been driven we know not. One of the French Princesses is dead, but not Princess Adelaide. We have just heard that M. de N. is now in actual correspondence with Louis XVIII.: I am very glad, though excessively astonished how it has been brought about. When we hear particulars, you shall have them.

People here are very sanguine that Ireland is quiet, and will remain so; and that the combined fleets can never reach it. How are your own politics upon that point? Mine will take *their* colour, be it what it may. Our dear father is visiting about, from Mr. Cox's to Mrs. Crewe,

with whom he is now at Dover, where Mr. Crewe has some command. We are all in extreme disturbance here about the secret expeditions.[1] Nothing authentic is arrived from the first armament; and the second is all prepared for sailing. Two of Lady Templetown's sons are gone, Greville and Arthur: Lady Rothes' younger son is going, John Leslie:[2] Mr. Boncheritte has a brother-in-law gone, Captain Barnes. Both officers and men are gathered from all quarters. Heaven grant them speedy safety, and ultimate peace! God bless my own dearest Susan, and strengthen and restore her. Amen! Amen. F. D'A.

From the Comte de Narbonne to the Chevalier d'Arblay

Tubingen, *ce 1er 7bre*, 1799.

Vous voyez, mon ami, par la date de ma lettre, que j'ai le besoin de m'assurer au moins un instant de bonheur pour cette année, en m'associant aujourd'hui à vous, et à tous les anges qui vous entourent. Depuis celle que j'ai reçue de vous, et qui m'a fait autant de bien que vous pouvez m'en désirer, il n'est pas un jour où je n'aie voulu vous écrire, et où je n'aie été arrêté par l'idée qu'il fallait au moins savoir où vous demander de me répondre. Plus de trois semaines avant la déclaration de guerre de Naples, à tous les momens nous nous attendions à une rupture entre la France et l'Empereur, qui ne permettait pas de rester ici, et qui m'envoyait je ne sais pas où. Les événemens ont beau se succéder; il règne toujours la même incertitude; et je me lasse d'un silence dont j'espère que vous me boudez tous un peu. Ils sont

[1] This was the expedition to Holland under the Duke of York, which started August 13, 1799. It ended in October in a convention with the French, and suspension of hostilities.

[2] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 112.

donc finis bien heureusement ces troubles d'Irlande, si cruels et si effrayants ; et comme il est en vérité presque permis à un Français de s'occuper, avant tout, du salut de ses amis, par toutes les espèces de dangers auxquels ils sont exposés depuis si longtems, je vois d'abord dans cet heureux événement que je n'ai plus à trembler, ni vous non plus, sur votre adorable belle-sœur, et que je n'ai plus à craindre pour elle que *the boisterous weather*. Mon ami, donnez-moi en détail des nouvelles de sa position. Que je voudrais la savoir réunie à vous ! dût-elle prendre mon chambre dans un petit palais enchanté que je vois avec peine, cependant qui n'a pas été fait d'un coup de baguette. A quoi vous sert donc la douce magicienne qui vous a donné sa vie ? Comment elle ne s'entend pas seulement en maçonnerie ? Quelle éducation va-t-elle donner à mon petit Louis ? Heureusement que je repaierai tout cela ! Savez-vous bien qu'il n'est pas impossible que ce soit bientôt. Vos gazettes (qui, par parenthèse, n'arrivent pas depuis un mois) parlent positivement d'un traité de commerce entre l'Angleterre et St-Domingue, qui me rendrait du moins le terrain de mon habitation. Mandez-moi, je vous prie, tout ce qui est sûr, et ce que l'on espère, de cela : si les négociants tournent leurs spéculations de ce côté, et y sont encouragés par le gouvernement ;—si les colons ont déjà trouvé les moyens de faire quelque arrangement. Je voudrais bien en faire un qui fît vivre mes filles pendant que vous me donneriez à manger. Mais m'est-il permis seulement de rêver au bonheur ? Depuis un mois je suis bourrelé par l'idée de ce qui peut arriver à Naples à Mesdames, à ma mère, à ma fille. Je tremble que les premiers succès de Mack[1] ne leur aient inspiré une sécurité mal-

[1] Karl, Freiherr von Mack, 1752-1828, who had occupied Rome for the King of Naples.

heureusement absurde, puisqu'il paraît décidé que l'Empereur, s'il s'en mêle, ne s'en mêlera que trop tard.

Je ne connais plus sur la terre de bonheur que dans le point que vous habitez; mais qui dans le monde a ses droits au bonheur comme les habitans de Norbury? D'après le tableau que vous m'en faites, il n'y a donc rien de changé dans ce délicieux Norbury. Transportez-vous donc, mon ami, à gauche de la cheminée; embrassez pour moi bien tendrement le premier des hommes et le plus sensible des sages; vous trouverez à sa droite son fils, que vous embrasserez presque comme son père, et que vous prierez de ma part de vouloir bien épouser une de ses sœurs, parceque je voudrais bien qu'il eût bien vite une femme digne de lui. S'il aime mieux, cependant, épouser Madame Lock, je ne m'y oppose pas du tout. Vous voyez que me voilà de l'autre côté de la cheminée; vous y baiserez la poussière des pieds de l'ange que vous y trouverez, et vous lui direz que jusqu'au tombeau je prendrai la liberté de l'adorer.

Je ne conçois pas, mon ami, comment tout cela à pu me détourner du principal objet de ma lettre, de *l'art de faire de la choucroute*; et m'y voilà. Augustin, qui me l'a fait depuis quatre ans, dit que vos choux sont excellents pour cela. Les plus tendres sont les meilleurs. On les coupe en tranches les plus minces possibles, au moyen d'un couteau ressemblant en grand à celui pour les concombres, et dont le dit Augustin est sûr d'avoir vu dans la cité. On les entasse, et on les foule dans un petit tonneau; pardessus on met une planche qui couvre à peu près toute la superficie, et sur laquelle doit peser une grosse pierre. De l'eau sur tout cela, de manière que la planche, et par conséquent les choux, soient toujours dans l'eau. Cette eau doit être renouvelée tous les quinze jours, et l'on ne doit pas

se laisser effrayer de l'horrible puanteur. Au bout de deux mois la choucroute est mangeable, et voilà *tout l'art* de la faire.—Pour la manger, la faire d'abord cuire et recuire dans de l'eau simple; cela fait, bien exprimer l'eau, et y substituer soit du beurre, du saindoux, de la graisse d'oie, etc., et laisser bien mitonner.

Adieu, adieu! Je t'embrasse du fond de mon cœur, et ta femme, et ton fils. Pour éviter que mon nom ne traverse peut-être des armées, mettez celui de Frédéric sous le couvert de M. Cotta, libraire, à Tubingen.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Westhamble, *October* 1, '99.

What a sumptuous feast have you given me, my kindest father! It was our whole morning's regale, so slowly we could bear to read, for fear of too soon ending it. I wish some kind friend or other would always be giving you a letter to enclose for me, and that you would always forget so to do, that always you might be stimulated to make amends by preparing a parcel for the coach. I must, however, mention that my mate and I can ill brook this shabby hint of shirking; that he still rears young peas, and houses beautiful carnations, for you; and that I had determined to wait only for the first fair day to put in my rightful claim. This very one upon which I write is the first in which we have escaped rain for a fortnight; and now, therefore, we may surely hope for a fine autumn.

What, then, says my dearest father? Will he not think of us? Who can he think of to quite so much delight with his sight? In England no one. In Ireland I own there is one to whom it must be yet more precious, because so cruelly long with-

held. Ireland, my dearest padre, leads to the immediate subject of this letter.

Whether gaily or sadly to usher what I have to say I know not, but your sensations, like mine, will I am sure be mixed. The Major has now written to Mrs. Lock that he is anxious to have Susan return to England. She is "in an ill state of health," he says, and he wishes her to try her native air; but the revival of coming to you and among us all, and the tender care that will be taken of her, is likely to do much for her; therefore, if we get her but to this side the Channel, the blessing is comparatively so great, that I shall feel truly thankful to Heaven.

How you have made me fall in love with your ladies, Susan Ryder, and Jane Dundas, and the whole family of Greys! I was enchanted with your reception and intimacy amongst such sweet mannered and minded people as you describe. But Mr. Pitt! I am really in *alt* when I see you presenting him your letter from Dr. Herschel.

Solemn, yet heart-warming, is your account of the embarkation. God send us more good news of its result! Like you, we are sadly alarmed by the second affair, after being so elated by the first. Yet the taking the Dutch fleet must always remain a national amends for almost any loss.

Mrs. Milner, of Mickleham, who has a son by a former husband, now Colonel Fitzgerald, and aide-de-camp to the Duke of York (and probably of the staff you met at Walmer Castle), has sent me lately a message to desire we should make acquaintance. It came through Lady Rothes, and consequently I expressed proper acknowledgments. Two days ago she came to make her first visit. Her present husband, who is also a colonel, called at the same time on M. d'Arblay, with whom he had made a speaking acquaintance while we were building our

cottage. We found them very agreeable people, well bred, well cultivated, and pleasing. The Colonel is serious, she is lively; but they seem happy in each other. I am the more disposed to think well of them, because not only the Duke but the Duchess of York twice breakfasted with them, in journeying from Brighthelmstone. This has put them in high fashion in this neighbourhood. She tells me she is the worst of visitors; and I assured her that having heard that character of her was one of my first inducements to venture at her acquaintance, not only from the flattery of her selection, but from the sympathy I felt in that defect.

They walked all round our grounds—the wood, copse, meadow; ate one of our apples just gathered from our virgin orchard; and found all M. d'Arblay's flowers of the first fragrance. Could they fail being pleasant people? Pray wish well to Colonel Fitzgerald for their sake.

I was happy not to see his name amongst the killed and wounded; nor that of the Hon. John Leslie, Lady Rothes' son; nor those of Greville nor Arthur Upton, Lady Templetown's sons;[1] nor Mr. Nixon, late of Bookham; nor General Burrard, now of Dorking. What an anxious period, through relations or connections, independent of general humanity, does this expedition make! Heaven prosper it! What is Mr. J. Crewe called? —Captain? I hope it is not he who is named amongst the wounded.

You make me wild to hear the Emperor's hymn and Suwarrow's march. Their popularity at Dover and Walmer Castle was most seasonable and delightful; they quite set my heart a-beating with pleasure and exultation for my dearest father, only in hearing of them. But you, forsooth, to preside over the bottle! Ha! ha! Mr. Pitt, however,

[1] See *ante*, p. 446.

could not risk his intellects, so he chose well for preserving them.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips

Westhamble, *December* 10, '99.

Oh my Susan, my heart's dear sister! with what bitter sorrow have I read this last account! With us, with yourself, your children,—all,—you have trifled in respect to health, though in all things else you are honour and veracity personified; but nothing had prepared me to think you in such a state as I now find you. Would to God I could get to you! If Mr. Keirnan thinks you had best pass the winter in Dublin, stay, and let me come to you. Venture nothing against his opinion, for mercy's sake! Fears for your health take place of all impatience to expedite your return; only go not back to Belcotton, where you cannot be under his direction, and are away from the physician he thinks of so highly.

I shall write immediately to Charles about the carriage. I am sure of his answer beforehand,—so must you be. Act, therefore, with regard to the carriage, as if already it were arranged.[1] But I am well aware it must not set out till you are well enough to nearly fix your day of sailing. I say nearly, for we must always allow for accidents. I shall write to our dear father, and Etty, and James, and send to Norbury Park; but I shall wait till to-morrow, not to infect them with what I am infected.

How I love that charming Augusta!—tell her so; I am almost tempted to write to her, and to Mrs. Disney, and to Mr. Keirnan. I expect every-

[1] From Mme. D'Arblay's *Memoirs* of her father it seems to have been intended that Charles Burney should accompany Mrs. Phillips from Park Gate to Chelsea College (iii. 291).

body to love and be kind to my Susan; yet I love and cherish them for it as if it were my wonder.

Oh my Susan! that I could come to you! But all must depend on Mr. Keirnan's decision. If you can come to us with perfect safety, however slowly, I shall not dare add to your embarrassment of persons and package. Else, Charles's carriage—Oh, what a temptation to air it for you all the way! Take no more large paper, that you may write with less fatigue, and, if possible, oftener;—to any one will suffice for all.

Yours affectionately,

F. D'A.

PART LIV

1800-1

Death of Mrs. Phillips—Letter of Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock on the recent loss of her sister—Interview with the Royal Family—Extreme amiability of the Princess Augusta—Marauders in the garden—Madame d'Arblay's comedy of *Love and Fashion*, in rehearsal at Covent Garden—Withdrawn by the author—Her remarks on the subject—M. d'Arblay leaves England to look after his property in France—News of M. d'Arblay—Love offerings—Visit to Norbury Park—Madame d'Arblay's projected journey to France—Perils of M. d'Arblay's voyage—His letters to Madame d'Arblay—Her thoughts on religious instruction—Her letter to her husband—The Lord Chancellor's reprimand to Mr. Sheridan.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

January 9, 1800.

My most dear Padre—My mate will say all say,—so I can only offer up my earnest prayers I may soon be allowed the blessing—the only one I sigh for—of embracing my dearest Susan in your arms and under your roof. Amen. F. d'A.

These were the last written lines of the last period—unsuspected as such—of my perfect happiness on earth; for they were stopped on the road by news that my heart's beloved sister, Susanna Elizabeth Phillips, had ceased to breathe.[1] The

[1] She died at Park Gate, Cheshire, January 6, 1800, and is buried in Neston Churchyard. Her epitaph, written by her father, is printed in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 296. There is said to be a portrait of her in the possession of the Rev. David Wauchope of Southampton.

tenderest of husbands—the most feeling of human beings—had only reached Norbury Park, on his way to a believed meeting with that angel, when the fatal blow was struck; and he came back to West Hamble—to the dreadful task of revealing the irreparable loss which his own goodness, sweetness, patience, and sympathy could alone have made supported.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

January 9, 1800.

"*As a guardian angel!*"—Yes, my dearest Fredy, as such in every interval of despondence I have looked up to the sky to see her; but my eyes cannot pierce through the thick atmosphere, and I can only represent her to me seated on a chair of sickness, her soft hand held partly out to me as I approach her; her softer eyes so greeting me as never welcome was expressed before; and a smile of heavenly expression speaking the tender gladness of her grateful soul that God at length should grant our reunion. From our earliest moments, my Fredy, when no misfortune happened to our dear family, *we wanted nothing but each other.* Joyfully as others were received by us—loved by us—all that was necessary to our happiness was fulfilled by our simple junction. This I remember with my first remembrance; nor do I recollect a single instance of being affected beyond a minute by any outward disappointment, if its result was leaving us together.

She was the soul of my soul!—and 'tis wonderful to me, my dearest Fredy, that the first shock did not join them immediately by the flight of mine—but that over—that dreadful, harrowing, never-to-be-forgotten moment of horror that made me wish to be mad—the ties that after that first endearing

period have shared with her my heart, come to my aid. Yet I was long incredulous; and still sometimes I think it is not—and that she will come—and I paint her by my side—by my father's—in every room of these apartments, destined to have chequered the woes of her life with rays of comfort, joy, and affection.

Oh, my Fredy! not selfish is the affliction that repines her earthly course of sorrow was allowed no shade!—that at the instant soft peace and consolation awaited her she should breathe her last! You would understand all the hardship of resignation for me were you to read the joyful opening of her letter, on her landing, to my poor father, and her prayer at the end to be restored to him.

Oh, my Fredy! could you indeed think of me—be alarmed for me on that dreadful day!—I can hardly make that enter my comprehension; but I thank you from my soul; for that is beyond any love I had thought possible, even from your tender heart.

Tell me you all keep well, and forgive me my distraction. I write so fast I fear you can hardly read; but you will see I am conversing with you, and that will show you how I turn to you for the comfort of your tenderness. Yes, you have all a loss, indeed! F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Lock

Greenwich,[1] *Friday, February* 1800.

Here we are, my beloved friend. We came yesterday. All places to me are now less awful than my own so dear habitation.

My royal interview took place on Wednesday. I was five hours with the Royal Family, three of them alone with the Queen, whose graciousness

[1] The house of her brother, Dr. Charles Burney.

and *kind* goodness I cannot express. And each of the princesses saw me with a sort of concern and interest I can never forget. I did tolerably well, though not quite as steadily as I expected; but with my own Princess Augusta I lost all command of myself. She is still wrapt up, and just recovering from a fever herself; and she spoke to me in a tone—a voice so commiserating—I could not stand it—I was forced to stop short in my approach, and hide my face with my muff. She came up to me immediately, put her arm upon my shoulder, and kissed me.—I shall never forget it.—How much more than thousands of words did a condescension so tender tell me her kind feelings!—*She* is one of the few beings in this world that can be, in the words of M. de Narbonne, "all that is *douce* and all that is *spirituelle*,"—his words upon my lost darling!

It is impossible more of comfort or gratification could be given than I received from them all.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney

West Hamble, *March* 22, 1800.

Day after day I have meant to write to my dearest father; but I have been unwell ever since our return, and that has not added to my being sprightly. I have not once crossed the threshold since I re-entered the house till to-day, when Mr. and Mrs. Lock almost insisted upon taking me an airing. I am glad of it, for it has done me good, and broken a kind of spell that made me unwilling to stir.

M. d'Arblay has worked most laboriously in his garden; but his misfortunes there, during our absence, might melt a heart of stone. The horses of our next neighbouring farmer broke through our

hedges, and have made a kind of bog of our meadow, by scampering in it during the wet; the sheep followed, who have eaten up all our greens, every sprout and cabbage and lettuce, destined for the winter; while the horses dug up our turnips and carrots; and the swine, pursuing such examples, have trod down all the young plants, besides devouring whatever the others left of vegetables. Our potatoes, left, from our abrupt departure, in the ground, are all rotten or frost-bitten, and utterly spoilt; and not a single thing has our whole ground produced us since we came home. A few dried carrots, which remain from the in-door's collection, are all we have to temper our viands.

What think you of this for people who make it a rule to owe a third of their sustenance to the garden? Poor M. d'A.'s renewal of toil, to supply future times, is exemplary to behold, after such discouragement. But he works as if nothing had failed; such is his patience as well as industry.

My Alex, I am sure you will be kindly glad to hear, is entirely well; and looks so blooming—no rose can be fresher. I am encouraging back his *spouting* propensity, to fit him for his royal interview with the sweet and gay young princess who has demanded him, who will, I know, be diverted with his speeches and gestures. We must present ourselves before Easter, as the Court then adjourns to Windsor for ten days. My gardener will not again leave his grounds to the four-footed marauders; and our stay, therefore, will be the *very* shortest we can possibly make it; for though we love retirement, we do not like solitude.

I long for some further account of you, dearest Sir, and how you bear the mixture of business and company, of *fag and frolic*, as Charlotte used to phrase it.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

West Hamble, *April* 27, 1800.

My Alex improves in all that I can teach, and my gardener is laboriously recovering from his winter misfortunes. He is now raising a hillock by the gate, for a view of Norbury Park from our grounds,[1] and he has planted potatoes upon almost every spot where they can grow. The dreadful price of provisions makes this our first attention. The poor people about us complain they are nearly starved, and the children of the journeymen of the tradesmen at Dorking come to our door to beg halfpence for a little bread. What the occasion of such universal dearth can be we can form no notion, and have no information. The price of *bread* we can conceive from the bad harvest; but meat, butter, and *shoes*!—nay, all sorts of nourriture or clothing seem to rise in the same proportion, and without any adequate cause. The imputed one of the war does not appear to me sufficient, though the drawback from all by the income-tax is severely an underminer of comfort.

What is become of the campaign? are both parties incapacitated from beginning? or is each waiting a happy moment to strike some definitive stroke? We are strangely in the dark about all that is going on, and unless you will have the compassion to write us some news, we may be kept so till Mr. Lock returns. F. d'A.

Towards the close of the preceding year Dr. Charles Burney had placed in the hands of Mr. Harris,[2] the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, a comedy by Madame d'Arblay, called *Love and*

[1] This still exists, and is depicted in Miss Constance Hill's *Juniper Hall*, 1904, p. 246.

[2] Thomas Harris, *d.* 1820 (see vol. iv. p. 334).

Fashion. Mr. Harris highly approved the piece, and early in the spring put it into rehearsal; but Dr. Burney was seized with a panic concerning its success, and, to oblige him, his daughter and her husband withdrew it. The following letter announced their generous compliance with his wishes.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

Monday.

I hasten to tell you, dearest Sir, Mr. H. has at length listened to our petitions, and has returned me my poor ill-fated[1] ——, wholly relinquishing all claim to it for this season. He has promised also to do his utmost, as far as his influence extends, to keep the newspapers totally silent in future. We demand, therefore, no contradictory paragraph, as the report must needs die when the *reality* no more exists. Nobody has believed it from the beginning, on account of the premature moment when it was advertised. This release gives me present repose, which, indeed, I much wanted; for to combat your, to me, unaccountable but most afflicting displeasure, in the midst of my own panics and disturbance, would have been ample punishment to me had I been guilty of a crime, in doing what I have all my life been urged to, and all my life intended,—writing a comedy. Your goodness, your kindness, your regard for my fame, I know have caused both your trepidation, which doomed me to *certain* failure, and your displeasure that I ran, what you thought, a wanton risk. But it is *not* wanton, my dearest father. My imagination is not at my own control, or I would always have continued in the walk you approved. The combinations for another long

[1] *Love and Fashion.*

work did not occur to me; incidents and effects for a drama did. I thought the field more than open—inviting to me. The chance held out golden dreams.[1]—The risk could be only our own; for, permit me to say, appear when it will, you will find nothing in the principles, the moral, or the language that will make you blush for me. *A failure* upon those points only, can bring *disgrace*; upon mere cabal or want of dramatic powers, it can only cause *disappointment.*

I hope, therefore, my dearest father, in thinking this over you will cease to nourish such terrors and disgust at an essay so natural, and rather say to yourself, with an internal smile, "After all, 'tis but *like father like child*; for to what walk do I confine myself? She took my example in writing—she takes it in ranging. Why then, after all, should I lock her up in one paddock, well as she has fed there, if she says she finds nothing more to nibble; while *I* find all the earth unequal to my ambition, and mount the skies to content it? Come on, then, poor Fan! the world has acknowledged you my offspring, and I will *disencourage* you no more. Leap the pales of your paddock—let us pursue our career; and, while you frisk from novel to comedy, I, quitting Music and Prose, will try a race with Poetry and the Stars."

I am sure my dear father will not infer, from this appeal, I mean to parallel our works. No one more truly measures her own inferiority, which, with respect to yours, has always been my pride. I only mean to show, that if my muse loves a little variety, she has an hereditary claim to try it.

F. D'A.

[1] See *post*, vol. vi. at end, where Mrs. Barrett says that Harris had promised £400 for the manuscript.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

West Hamble, *November* 7, 1800.

I think it very long not to hear at least of you, my dearest padre. My tranquil and happy security, alas! has been broken in upon by severe conflicts since I wrote to my dearest father last, which I would not communicate while yet pending, but must now briefly narrate.

My partner, the truest of partners, has been erased from the list of emigrants nearly a year; and in that period has been much pressed and much blamed by his remaining friends in France, by every opportunity through which they could send to him, for not immediately returning, and seeing if anything could be yet saved from the wreck of his own and family's fortune; but he held steady to his original purpose never to revisit his own country till it was at peace with this; till a letter came from his beloved uncle[1] himself, conveyed to him through Hambro', which shook all the firmness of his resolution, and has kept him, since its receipt, in a state of fermentation, from doubts and difficulties, and crossing wishes and interests, that has much affected his health as well as tranquillity.

All, however, now, is at least decided; for a few days since he received a letter from M. Lajard,[2] who is returned to Paris, with information from his uncle's eldest son, that some of his small property is yet unsold, to about the amount of £1000, and can still be saved from sequestration if he will immediately go over and claim it; or, if that is impossible, if he will send his *procuration* to his uncle, from some country *not at war with France.*

[1] M. Bazille (see *post*, vol. vi., under December 19, 1802).
[2] See *ante*, p. 414.

This ended all his internal contest; and he is gone this very morning to town to procure a passport and a passage in some vessel bound to Holland.

So unused are we to part, never yet for a week having been separated during the eight years of our union, that our first idea was going together, and taking our Alex; and certain I am nothing would do me such material and mental good as so complete a change of scene; but the great expense of the voyage and journey, and the inclement season for our little boy, at length finally settled us to pray only for a speedy meeting. But I did not give it up till late last night, and am far from quite reconciled to relinquishing it even now.

He has no intention to go to France, or he would make an effort to pass by Calais, which would delightfully shorten the passage; but he merely means to remain at the Hague while he sends over his *procuration*, and learns how soon he may hope to reap its fruits.

I can write upon nothing else just now, my dearest father; the misfortune of this call at such a boisterous, dangerous season, will oppress and alarm me, in defiance of all I can oppose of hope; yet the measure is so reasonable, so natural, I could no longer try to combat it. Adieu, dearest Sir. If any news of him reaches me before his return, I will not enjoy it five minutes previous to communicating it to my dear father. He hopes at all events to be able to embrace you, and beg your benediction before he departs, which nothing but the very unlikely chance of meeting a vessel just sailing for Holland immediately can prevent. He is well—and, oh, what a support to me!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

West Hamble, *December* 16, 1800.

He is returned, my dearest father, already! My joy and surprise are so great I seem in a dream. I have just this moment a letter from him, written at Gravesend.

What he has been able to arrange as to his affairs, I know not; and just now cannot care, so great is my thankfulness for his safety and return. He waits in the river for his passport, and will, when he obtains it, hasten, I need not say, to West Hamble.

This blessed news my dearest father will, I am sure, be glad to receive; I am sure, too, of the joy of my dear, affectionate Fanny. He will be here, I hope, to keep his son's sixth birthday, on Thursday.[1] He is well, he says, but horribly fatigued. Heaven bless and preserve you, dearest Sir.

Your ever dutiful and affectionate,

F. d'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

West Hamble, *September* 1, 1801.

My dearest—kindest—cruellest Father!—That so long and so interesting, and so dear a letter should give me so great a disappointment! and that fish so admirable should want its best sauce! Indeed, I cannot help a little repining, though when I think of damps and rheumatisms, I am frightened out of murmuring: for in this lone cottage I would not have you indisposed for the universe. But 'tis very *provocas*—yet I have so much to be thankful for, and so thankful I feel for

[1] *I.e.* December 18, 1800 (see *ante*, p. 233).

FACSIMILE

Of a Letter from Mme. D'Arblay to Charlotte Francis (afterwards Mrs. Barrett), July 6, 1801

West Hamble, July 6
1801.

Joy & Joy, my dear Charlotte — joy & dear Marianne, & Clement — & & Mr. Broome — & to your dear Mama a thousand times Joy. Tell her I am delighted with the truly satisfactory account you have been enabled & send me of her safety, & her spirits, & her fine little man: & tell yourself, my dear Charlotte, that your Letter, & its writer, are very dear & me. You could never have given so gratifying, or so convincing a proof of your warm affection for your fond & deserving Mother, as by so kind a reception of Your new little Relation. I expected it from you, my dear Girl; — but I do not love you the less because my pleasure is without surprise. My Alexander is so charmed with your Message, he insists on dictating his own Answer. M. D'Arblay sends you his kind love — my kindest & my dear Sister, & our united compts & congratulations & Mr. Broome. —— I have frequently wished to say something

to you of that dreadful night when — though under the same roof with you, I felt your sight — as well as of the subsequent period, when I avoided you, though so near as Chelsea — but I will not, at this happier epoch, awaken your sympathy for that never — never to be forgotten calamity — you could not, I trust, doubt my affection, though I fear you must have been hurt by my avoidance; which, however, proceeded wholly from my unwillingness to wound your warm, youthful feelings, unavailingly, with a view of my terrible affliction. —

God bless you, my dear Charlotte —

ever your very affectionate
Aunt & Friend
F. D'Arblay.

I shall write immediately to our dear Miss Cambridge.

My dear Cousin Charlotte,

You say you intend to write a little Book for me: I intend to write a little Book for you; to be called The history of little Tom, the Beggar Boy; To which will be added The Jn.o Walker's merits; which will be a very pretty little Comedy. The first Scene is thus acted to you.

Scene The First.

There was a poor little Boy, who was an orphan, for he was born without a papa & mama; & he had no money of his own. So he had a Friend, & his Friend came & told him, that he would give him a little Dub, & that if he would go with his Dub, & go into the Field, & get upon his Dub, & ride round it, that he should have a Shilling a Day.

The end of this — &

Scene 2.d must be differed & another opportunity

F
JUL 8

DARKING
28

Miss Francis,
at Ralph Brooke Esqr.
Knighton,
Sussex

1801

that much, that I am ashamed of seeming discontented . . . so I don't know what *for to do*! . . .

And the carpet! how kind a thought! Goodness me! as Lady Hales[1] used to say, I don't know what *for to do* more and more! But a carpet we have—though not yet spread, as the chimney is unfinished, and room incomplete. Charles brought us the *tapis*—so that, in fact, we have yet bought nothing for our best room—and meant,—for our own share—to buy a table . . . and if my dearest father will be so good—and so naughty at once, as to crown our *salle d'Audience* with a gift we shall prize beyond all others, we can think only of a table. Not a dining one, but a sort of table for a little work and a few books, *en gala* —without which, a room looks always forlorn.[2] I need not say how we shall love it; and I must not say how we shall blush at it; and I cannot say how we feel obliged at it—for the room will then be complete in love-offerings. Mr. Lock finished glazing or polishing his impression border for the chimney on Saturday. It will be, I fear, his last work of that sort, his eyes, which are very long-sighted, now beginning to fail and weaken at near objects. But *dédommagement* for early blindness is in later years—when all the short-sighted become objects of envy to those for whom, in juvenile years, they are objects of pity or sport.

My Alex intends very soon, he says, to marry —and, not long since, with the gravest simplicity, he went up to Mr. William Lock, who was here

[1] Widow of Sir Thomas Pym Hales, Bart., M.P., *d.* 1773. She was a great friend of Dr. Burney, and one of the earliest readers of *Evelina* (*Early Diary*, 1889, vol. ii. p. 185).

[2] Dr. Burney, from an unpublished letter of Mme. D'Arblay quoted by Miss Constance Hill (*Juniper Hall*, 1904, p. 258), proffered "two noble card-tables," for which the Hermits had "two exact places." The same letter —it is dated September 6, 1801—says that they have been visited at Camilla Cottage by the two Miss Berrys and their father; and it adds that Mme. D'Arblay had already met the Miss Berrys at Lady Hesketh's (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 445).

with his fair bride,[1] and said, "How did you get that wife, *William*? because I want to get such a one—and I don't know which is the way." And he is now actually employed in fixing sticks and stones at convenient distances, upon a spot very near our own, where he means to raise a suitable structure for his residence, after his nuptials. You will not think he has suffered much time to be wasted before he has begun deliberating upon his conjugal establishment.

We spent the greatest part of last week in visits at Norbury Park, to meet M. de Lally, whom I am very sorry you missed. He is delightful in the country; full of resources, of gaiety, of intelligence, of good humour; and mingling powers of instruction with entertainment. He has read us several fragments of works of his own, admirable in eloquence, sense, and feeling; chiefly parts of tragedies, and all referring to subjects next his heart, and clearest in his head; namely, the French Revolution and its calamities, and filial reverence and enthusiasm for injured parents. F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

West Hamble, *October* 3, 1810 [1801].

God avert mischief from this peace,[2] my dearest father! For in our hermitage you may imagine, more readily than I can express, the hopes and happiness it excites. M. d'Arblay now feels paid for his long forbearance, his kind patience, and compliance with my earnest wishes not to revisit his native land while we were at war with it. He

[1] William Locke, jun., married Miss Jennings, a beauty, and daughter of Mr. Jennings Noel.

[2] The preliminary articles of peace between Great Britain and France were signed in London by Lord Hawkesbury and M. Otto (see *post*, p. 485) on October 1, 1801; the definitive Treaty at Amiens, March 27, 1802. But war was declared again in 1803.

can now go with honour as well as propriety; for everybody, even the highest personages, will rather expect he should make the journey as a thing of course, than hear of it as a proposition for deliberation. He will now have his heart's desire granted, in again seeing his loved and respectable uncle,—and many relations, and more friends, and his own native town, as well as soil; and he will have the delight of presenting to that uncle, and those friends, his little pet Alex.

With all this gratification to one whose endurance of such a length of suspense, and repetition of disappointment, I have observed with gratitude, and felt with sympathy—must not I, too, find pleasure? Though, on my side, many are the drawbacks; but I ought not, and must not, listen to them. We shall arrange our affairs with all the speed in our power, after the ratification is arrived, for saving the cold and windy weather; but the approach of winter is unlucky, as it will lengthen our stay, to avoid travelling and voyaging during its severity; unless, indeed, any internal movement, or the menace of any, should make frost and snow secondary fears, and induce us to scamper off. But the present is a season less liable in all appearance to storms, than the seasons that may follow. *Fêtes*, joy, and pleasure, will probably for some months occupy the public in France; and it will not be till those rejoicings are past, that they will set about weighing causes of new commotion, the rights of their governors, or the means, or desirability of changing them. I would far rather go immediately, than six months hence.

I hope, too, this so long wished view of friends and country gratified, my life's partner will feel a tranquillity without which, even our little Hermitage and Great Book Room cannot make him completely happy.

F. D'A.

The projected journey of Madame d'Arblay with her husband did not take place this year; the season being already advanced, and their little boy not strong enough to bear the fatigue of such an expedition. Monsieur d'Arblay went alone to France.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

West Hamble, *November* 11, 1801.

I did not purpose writing to my dearest father till my suspense and inquietude were happily removed by a letter from France; but as I find he is already anxious himself, I will now relate all I yet know of my dearest traveller's history. On Wednesday the 28th of October, he set off for Gravesend. A vessel, he was told, was ready for sailing; and would set off the following day. He secured his passage, and took up his abode at an inn, whence he wrote me a very long letter, in full hope his next would be from his own country. But Thursday came, and no sailing—though the wind was fair, and the weather then calm: he amused his disappointment as well as he could by visiting divers gardeners, and taking sundry lessons for rearing and managing asparagus. Friday, also, came—and still no sailing! He was more and more vexed; but had recourse then to a chemist, with whom he revised much of his early knowledge. Saturday followed—no sailing! and he found the people waited on and on, in hopes of more passengers, though never avowing their purpose. His patience was now nearly exhausted, and he went and made such *vifs remontrances* that he almost startled the managers. They pretended the ballast was all they stayed for: he offered to aid that himself; and actually went to work, and never rested till the vessel was absolutely ready:

orders, *enfin*, were given for sailing next morning, though he fears, with all his skill, and all his eloquence, and all his aiding, they were more owing to the arrival of four passengers than to his exertions. That night, October the 31st, he went on board; and November the 1st he set sail at five o'clock in the morning.

You know how high a wind arose on Sunday the 1st, and how dreadful a storm succeeded, lasting all night, all Monday, and all night again. How thankful, how grateful am I to have heard of his safety since so terrifying a period. They got on, with infinite difficulty and danger, as far as Margate; they there took anchor, and my kind voyager got a letter for me sent on shore, "*moyennant un schelling*." To tell you my gratitude in knowing him safe after that tempest—no I cannot! Your warm affections, my dearest father, will easily paint to you my thankfulness.

Next, they got on to Deal, and here anchored again, for the winds, though they abated on shore, kept violent and dangerous near the coast. Some of the passengers went on shore, and put two letters for me in the post, assuring me all was safe. These two passengers, who merely meant to dine on shore, and see the town, were left behind. The sea rose so high, no boat could put off to bring them back; and, though the captain hoisted a flag to announce he was sailing, there was no redress. They had not proceeded a league before the sea grew yet more rough and perilous, and the captain was forced to hoist a flag of distress. Everything in the vessel was overset: my poor M. d'Arblay's provision-basket flung down, and its contents demolished; his bottle of wine broken by another toss, and violent fall, and he was nearly famished. The water now began to get into the ship, all hands were at work that could work, and

he, my poor voyager, gave his whole noble strength to the pump, till he was so exhausted, so fatigued, so weakened, that with difficulty he could hold a pen to repeat that still—I might be *tranquille*, for all danger was again over. A pilot came out to them from Dover, for seven guineas, which the higher of the passengers subscribed for [and here poor M. d'A. was reckoned of that class], and the vessel was got into the port at Dover, and the pilot, *moyennant un autre schelling*, put me again a letter, with all these particulars, into the post.

This was Thursday the 5th. The sea still so boisterous, the vessel was unable to cross the water. The magistrates at Dover permitted the poor passengers all to land; and M. d'Arblay wrote to me again, from the inn, after being regaled with an excellent dinner, of which he had been much in want. Here they met again the two passengers lost at Deal, who, in hopes of this circumstance, had travelled post from thence to Dover. Here, too, M. d'A. met the Duke de Duras,[1] an hereditary officer of the crown, but who told him, since peace was made, and all hope seemed chased of a proper return to his country, he was going, *incognito*, to visit a beloved old mother, whom he had not seen for eleven years. "I have no passport," he said, "for France; but I mean to avow myself to the Commissary at Calais, and tell him I know I am not *erased*, nor do I demand to be so. I only solicit an interview with a venerable parent. Send to Paris, to beg leave for it. You may put me in prison till the answer arrives; but, for mercy, for humanity's sake, suffer me to wait in France till then! guarded as you please!" This is his purposed address—which my

[1] Amédée-Bretagne-Malo, Duc de Durfort Duras, 1770-1836 (see *post*, vol. vi. under April 22, 1814.

M. d'A. says he heard, *avec les larmes aux yeux.* I shall long to hear the event.

On Friday, November 6, M. d'A. wrote me two lines—"Nov. 6, 1801.—*Je pars*! the wind is excellent—*au revoir.*" This is dated ten o'clock in the morning.[1]

I have not had a word since. F. D'A.

Monsieur d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay

Paris.

Il m'est impossible, ma chère Fanny, d'entrer dans beaucoup de détails, vu que je n'ai qu'un instant dont je puisse profiter pour t'envoyer ceci par une occasion sûre. La fête du 18 Brumaire[2] a dû surpasser tout ce qu'on pouvait s'être flatté d'y voir; et quoique je sois bien malheureusement arrivé trop tard pour en jouir, c'est avec l'intérêt le plus vif que j'ai examiné depuis tout ce qui en reste. Il est impossible de se faire une idée du goût qui a présidé à l'ensemble, et de l'agrément de tous les détails. Je ne sais point encore positivement quand il me sera possible d'aller voir mon oncle. L'affaire de mon traitement de réforme n'est rien moins qu'avancée, et il est faux que Isnard et La Colombe l'ayent obtenu.

Demain matin j'ai rendez-vous avec Du Taillis,[3] aide-de-camp de Berthier.[4] En sortant de chez lui, j'espère voir Talleyrand; mais ce que je désire infiniment, c'est de ne pas partir avant d'avoir au moins entrevu le Premier Consul, cet homme si

[1] See Appendix, "M. D'Arblay in France, 1801-2."

[2] *I.e.* November 10, 1801. This was the date of the Revolution of 1799, when the Directory had been deposed by Buonaparte, who, with Lebrun and Cambacérès, assumed the government as consuls.

[3] Adrien-Jean-Baptiste-Amable Ramond du Bosc, Comte Dutaillis, 1760-1851, a distinguished officer, who fought at Valmy and Jemmappes, and became eventually a general of division.

[4] Louis-Alexandre Berthier, Prince of Neuchâtel and Wagram, 1753-1815, at this time Minister of War.

justement célèbre. La fête a donné lieu à beaucoup d'inscriptions en vers, faits à sa louange; mais, en général, ils m'ont paru fort au-dessous du sujet. Relativement à l'obligation que nous cidevants portés sur la liste des émigrés lui avons, Narbonne me disait aujourd'hui, "Il a mis toutes nos têtes sur ses épaules." J'aime cette expression.

M. de N. et les Lameth[1] sont les seuls qui ayent obtenu un traitement. Les derniers, imprudens et imprévoyans, à leur ordinaire, ont excité la jalousie de l'armée, ce qui nuit beaucoup au succès de ma demande. Il semble que je sois destiné à les trouver dans mon chemin d'une manière fâcheuse, car tu sais combien, dans le cours de la révolution, nos opinions ont peu été en mesure. Après avoir obtenu leur traitement de réforme, ils ont voulu être présentés à Bonaparte, et ont cru se faire valoir en lui vantant la part qu'ils avaient prise à la révolution. Le Consul, après les avoir écoutés patiemment, leur a dit, du ton le plus glacial, "Je vous crois honnêtes; et d'après tout ce que je viens d'entendre, vous devez être profondément malheureux": et il les a quittés. Tu peux compter sur cette anecdote telle que je te la rapporte; et tu vois que Bonaparte est le même en tout. N., de qui je la tiens, dit que sa capacité en tout genre est au-delà de tout ce qu'on peut se figurer dans les limites du possible.

From Le Chevalier d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay

Paris, *Novembre* 16, 1801.

Dernièrement, il était question de savoir au Sénat si les membres qui le composent seraient ou non armés ou parés d'un sabre. Tous les mili-

[1] See *ante*, p. 117.

taires pensaient que rien n'était moins en mesure avec les fonctions des sénateurs. Cette réflexion était vivement combattue par Volney.[1] Le Général Lefèvre, dans la chaleur de la discussion, lui dit, "*Si vous avez un sabre, il faut donc que j'en porte deux, moi.*"

Bonaparte a nommé Pusy préfet;[2] et lorsqu'il lui est venu faire ses remerciemens, il lui a dit, "C'est bien peu, mais il faut bien commencer par quelque chose qui vous mette à même de déployer de nouveau cet excellent esprit que vous avez montré dans l'Assemblée Constituante."

Voici un autre trait de lui plus aimable encore.

La Tour Maubourg,[3] l'un des compagnons du Général Lafayette, voulait marier sa fille à un Emigré non rayé. Il avait obtenu du Premier Consul un rendez-vous, dans lequel il était entré dans beaucoup de détails sans lui cacher les raisons qu'on pouvait objecter contre la radiation demandée. Bonaparte l'interrompt et lui dit, "Le jeune homme convient-il à Mademoiselle votre fille?"—"Oui, Général."—"Vous convient-il à vous, M. de Maubourg?"—"Beaucoup, Général."—"Eh bien! l'homme que vous jugez digne d'entrer dans une famille comme la vôtre, est sûrement digne aussi d'être citoyen Français."

La Garde Consulaire est en honneur tout ce que l'on peut se figurer de plus remarquablement beau; à l'exception des officiers généraux, qui sont tout chamarrés d'or, rien n'est plus simple et plus véritablement noble. Les simples gardes ont d'ailleurs des preuves bien autrement difficiles à faire que celles exigées des ci-devant Gardes du Corps, dont ils font le service. Maubourg m'a assuré que pour être admis dans ce corps, il fallait

[1] Constantin-François Chassebœuf, Comte de Volney, 1757-1820, traveller and *savant*, author of the famous *Ruines*; *ou, Méditations sur les Révolutions des Empires*, 1791. He was a member of the Institute.

[2] See *ante*, p. 348.

[3] See *ante*, p. 347.

avoir reçu trois blessures, ou prouver quelque action d'éclat. Aussi quiconque parmi ces gardes est coupable d'un duel, est sur-le-champ chassé ; ordonnance par laquelle Bonaparte donnera probablement le démenti à ceux qui ont prétendu qu'il était impossible d'abolir parmi les Français cette coutume barbare. De mon tems la crainte du déshonneur était bien plus forte que la crainte de la mort, dont les loix punissaient le duel. Mais ici quel déshonneur prétendu peut atteindre de tels braves ? Depuis ma conversation à ce sujet, je n'en vois pas passer un sans être tenté d'aller *shake hand* avec lui.

Monsieur d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay

15th Frimaire (*December* 6), 1801.

Suivant toute apparence, ma chère amie, je n'obtiendrai point le traitement que je demande. Tout le monde dit que rien n'est plus juste, mais tant de personnes qui ont fait toute la guerre se trouvent à présent réformés, que je meurs de peur qu'il n'en soit de mes services passés comme des propriétés de toute ma famille, et cela par la même raison, par l'impossibilité de faire droit aux demandes, toutes fondées qu'elles sont. Cependant, ma bonne amie, il est impossible de nous dissimuler que depuis plusieurs années nous n'avons vécu, malgré toute notre économie, que par le moyen de ressources qui sont ou épuisées ou bien prêtes à l'être. La plus grande partie de notre revenu n'est rien moins qu'assurée, et cependant que ferions-nous si elle venait à nous manquer ![1] La morale de ce sermon est, que tandis que je suis propre à quelque chose, il est de mon devoir, comme époux et comme père, de tâcher de tirer parti des

[1] Apparently this refers to Queen Charlotte's pension to Mme. D'Arblay.

circonstances pour nous ménager, s'il est possible, une vieillesse totalement indépendante; et à notre petit un bien-être qui ne nous fasse pas renoncer au nôtre. Ne vas pas t'effrayer de ce préambule; car tu dois savoir que rien au monde ne me fera dévier de la ligne que j'ai constamment suivie depuis que j'existe. Je n'ai pas plus d'ambition que lorsque je suis entré avec toi dans Phœnix Farm,[1] et certes je ne porte envie au sort de qui que ce soit. Le mien, ma bonne amie, n'est-il pas mille et mille fois au-dessus? Mais nous serions coupables de ne pas profiter des lumières de l'expérience. L'espoir de nous partager entre ton pays et le mien, tant que nous ne serons pas plus aisés, est une chimère à laquelle il ne m'est plus permis de songer; et comme certainement je suis loin de vouloir renoncer à un pays qui m'a donné une Fanny, et qui renferme d'autres êtres qui me sont bien chers, voici l'idée qui m'est venue pour me procurer cette aisance si nécessaire.

On n'a point encore nommé les commissaires des relations commerciales en Angleterre. Cette place à Londres sera très bonne, et peut-être, quoiqu'elle soit très demandée, ne me serait-il pas impossible de l'obtenir. Il est au moins probable que j'en pourrais avoir une dans un des ports. Mais je ne m'en soucierais pas infiniment, parceque le traitement serait beaucoup moindre, et tout au plus suffisant. D'ailleurs, quoique la place de Londres fut en chef, je crois, sans trop me flatter, que je serais fort en état de la remplir, après m'être consulté avec le chef dans cette partie, homme aimable qui a été longtems consul général en Espagne. Il y a vingt ans que nous sommes liés ensemble, et le ministre d'ailleurs appuyerait volontiers ma demande.

Répons moi sur-le-champ, je t'en conjure. Vois

[1] Phenice Farm (see *ante*, p. 208).

si cela ne contrarie aucun de tes goûts ; car tu sais qu'il n'est pour moi qu'un seul bonheur possible. Ai-je besoin d'en dire davantage ?

Il y a quelques jours que me trouvant dans une société, la conversation tomba sur mon ancien métier, et sur les droits que je pouvais faire valoir pour obtenir le traitement que je demandais. Le surlendemain le maître de la maison me dit : " Savez-vous devant qui vous parliez avant-hier ? "— " Non ! " — " C'était le Général N——." — " En verité ! "—" Quand vous fûtes parti, il demanda votre nom, et dès qu'on vous eut nommé, ' Quoi ! dit-il, celui du comité central ? ' ' Oui.' ' Eh bien ! je dois être commandant-général de ——. S'il veut s'embarquer avec moi, je me fais fort de le faire employer dans son grade d'officier général, et de le prendre pour mon second,' " etc. etc. etc.

Il est très possible qu'il se soit un peu avancé ; quoique, son état-major laissé à sa nomination, il est probable qu'il réussirait. Dans tous les cas je lui devais une réponse polie, et ce devoir je m'en suis acquitté en refusant.

Je te quitte pour aller à la fameuse revue que le Premier Consul ne fait plus que les 15 de chaque mois. J'ai la plus vive impatience de voir tout à mon aise cet être qui remplit l'univers entier de son nom. Au revoir, mon amie ; mes tendres respects à Norbury. Consulte l'ange des anges, et embrasse-le pour moi, ainsi que sa très digne *better half*.

J'embrasse de toute mon ame et de toutes mes forces Alex et sa mère. J'ai pleuré de joie en lisant la lettre de ce cher petit.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Burney

West Hamble, *December* 1801.

With respect to the grand subject of your letter, religious instruction for dear little E——, I would

I could help you better than I can! Had my Alex been a girl, I could have had a far greater chance of hitting upon something that might serve for a hint; for then I should have turned my thoughts that way, and have been prepared with their result; but I have only weighed what might be most serviceable to a boy. And this is by no means the same thing, though religion for a *man* and a *woman* must be so precisely. Many would be my doubts as to the Old Testament for a girl, on account of the fault of the translators in not guarding it from terms and expressions impossible —at least utterly improper, to explain. With respect to Alex, as I know he must read it at school, I think it best to parry off the danger of his own conjectures, questions, or suggestions, by letting him read it completely with me, and giving such a turn to all I am sorry to let him read as may satisfy his innocent and unsuspicious mind for the present, and, perhaps—'tis my hope—deter him from future dangerous inquiries, by giving him an internal idea. He is already well informed upon the subject. So much, however, I think with you that religion should spring from the heart, that my first aim is to instil into him that general veneration for the Creator of all things, that cannot but operate, though perhaps slowly and silently, in opening his mind to pious feelings and ideas. His nightly prayers I frequently vary; whatever is constantly repeated becomes repeated mechanically: the Lord's Prayer, therefore, is by no means our daily prayer; for as it is the first and most perfect composition in the universe, I would not have it lose its effect by familiarity. When we repeat it, it is always with a commentary. In general the prayer is a recapitulation of the errors and naughtiness, or forbearance and happiness, of the day; and this I find has more success in impressing him

with delight in goodness, and shame in its reverse, than all the little or great books upon the subject.

Mrs. Trimmer I should suppose admirable for a *girl*; I have told you my motive for taking the Scripture at large for a *boy*: I would rather all risks and dangers should be run *with* than *without* me. *We* are not yet far enough advanced for such books as you talk of for E——; but I will inquire what those are, if possible, and let you know. I think, however, *conversation* and *prayer* are the great means for instruction on this subject; there is no knowing when they read on what is so serious, what they understand, or how they understand; and they should be allured, not frightened, into a religious tendency.

Madame d'Arblay to Monsieur d'Arblay

West Hamble, *December* 15, 1801.

The relief, the consolation of your frequent letters I can never express, nor my grateful sense of your finding time for them, situated as you now are; and yet that I have this moment read, of the 15 *Frimaire*,[1] has made my heart ache heavily. Our hermitage is so dear to me—our book-room so precious, and in its retirement, its beauty of prospect, form, convenience and comforts, so impossible to replace, that I sigh, and deeply, in thinking of relinquishing it.

Your happiness, however, is now *all* mine; if deliberately, therefore, you wish to try a new system, I will surely try it with you, be it what it may. I will try *any*thing but what I try *now*—absence! Think, however, well, mon très cher ami, before you decide upon any occupation that robs

[1] December 6 (see *ante*, p. 474).

you of being master of your own *time, leisure, hours, gardening, scribbling,* and *reading.*

In the happiness you are now enjoying, while it is so new to you, you are perhaps unable to appreciate your own value of those six articles, which, except in moments of your bitter regret at the privation of your first friends and beloved country, have made your life so desirable. Weigh, weigh it well in the *detail.* I cannot write.

Should you find the sum total preponderate in favour of your new scheme, I will say no more. All schemes will to me be preferable to seeing you again here, without the same fondness for the place, and way of life, that has made it to me what it has been. With regard to the necessity or urgency of the measure, I could say much that I cannot write. You know *now,* I can live with *you,* and you know I am not without views, as well as hopes, of ameliorating our condition.

I will fully discuss the subject with our oracle.[1] His kindness, his affection for you! Yesterday, when I produced your letter, and the extracts from M. Neckar, and was going to read some, he said, in that voice that is so penetratingly sweet, when he speaks from his heart—"I had rather hear one line of d'Arblay's than a volume of M. Neckar's," —yet at the same time begging to peruse the MS. when I could spare it. I wish you could have heard the *tone* in which he pronounced those words: it vibrated on my ears all day.

I have spent near two hours upon this theme

[1] Mme. D'Arblay could not have had many more interviews with her kind "oracle" and "founder," Mr. Locke, for she left England for several years in the following April, and he died (October 5, 1810) before her return. His son William, so often referred to in these pages, sold Norbury Park in 1819. It still exists, and still boasts the grand saloon that Barrett and Pastorini painted, and Gilpin described. Its view over the Vale of Mickleham is as magnificent as ever; and its sombre Druids' Grove of yews, which dates from Domesday Book, and where Fanny must often have walked, still shows its "high tops bald with dry antiquity." The existing proprietor is Leopold Salomons, Esq., J.P.

with our dearest oracle and his other half. He is much affected by the idea of any change that may remove us from his daily sight; but, with his unvarying disinterestedness, says he thinks such a place would be fully acquitted by you. If it is of consul here, in London, he is sure you would fill up all its functions even admirably. I put the whole consideration into your own hands; what, upon mature deliberation, you judge to be best, I will abide by. Heaven guide and speed your determination!

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

December 13 [?], 1800 [?].[1]

Your commission is arrived just as I am going to write to my dear Chevalier, I hope for the last letter upon this separation. But he is not certain yet of his return. What a dreadful fright the *True Briton* gave me one day last week of a new *mouvement* in Paris! God keep all quiet there!—but *him*—and may he be restless till he quits it!

I was going to begin a letter to you the other day, in the fulness of my heart, to exult, with you, on a testimony of respect and veneration which are so highly honourable, paid to the wisdom and authority of our dear Dr. Johnson, by the Lord Chancellor, in his reprimand to Mr. Sheridan.[2] I hope you had the same words I read. I was really lifted up by them. The Chancellor gave in the Doctor's language the rebuke he could not, perhaps,

[1] Mrs. Barrett dates this letter as above. But, from the reference to the deaths of Langton and Mrs. Chapone, it either belongs to the end of 1801, where it is now placed, or the beginning of 1802.

[2] In the Court of Chancery, Dec. 26 (Affairs of Drury Lane Theatre). The Lord Chancellor (Lord Eldon) quoted the concluding words of Johnson's *Life of Savage*:—"That negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." He omitted the last clause, perhaps designedly.

give to an *M.P.*, and so powerful an antagonist as Mr. Sheridan, in his own. But I have been much grieved for the loss of my faithful as well as honoured friend, Mrs. Chapone,[1] and very sorry for good Mr. Langton.[2]

How is our Blue Club cut up! But Sir William Pepys told me it was dead while living; all such society as that we formerly belonged to, and enjoyed, being positively over. F. D'A.

[1] Mrs. Chapone died December 25, 1801.
[2] Bennet Langton died December 18, 1801.

PART LV

1802

Disappointment to M. d'Arblay—His negotiations with the French Government—His claims disallowed—Letter from Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta, acquainting her with the particulars—Letter of M. d'Arblay, informing his wife of the determination of the French Government—Letter of M. d'Arblay, desiring that his wife and child should follow him to Paris—Reply of Madame d'Arblay—Madame d'Arblay sets out on her journey—Her companions in the coach—Monsieur Anglais—Madame Raymond—Madame Blaizeau—First impressions of France—The Commissaire—"God Save the King" in Calais—The market-place—Costume of the market-women—Demands at the custom-house—Country between Calais and Paris—Restoration of the *Dimanche*—Sunday night dance.

THE beginning of this year was attended with much anxiety to Madame d'Arblay. Her husband, disappointed in the hopes suggested by his friends, of his receiving employment as French Commercial Consul in London, directed his efforts to obtaining his half-pay on the retired list of French officers. This was promised, on condition that he should previously serve at St. Domingo, where General Leclerc[1] was then endeavouring to put down Toussaint's insurrection.[2] He accepted the appointment conditionally on his being allowed to

[1] Victor-Emmanuel Leclerc, 1772-1802. He was Captain-General of the Colony of St. Domingo, where he died. He was also the brother-in-law of the First Consul, having married Pauline Buonaparte, afterwards Princess Borghese.

[2] Toussaint l'Ouverture, 1743-1803, the black hero of St. Domingo.

retire as soon as that expedition should be ended. This, he was told, was impossible, and he therefore hastened back to his family towards the end of January.

In February, a despatch followed him from General Berthier, then Minister at War, announcing that his appointment was made out, and on his own terms. To this M. d'Arblay wrote his acceptance, but repeated a stipulation he had before made, that while he was ready to fight against the enemies of the Republic, yet, should future events disturb the peace lately established between France and England, it was his unalterable determination never to take up arms against the British Government. As this determination had already been signified by M. d'Arblay, he waited not to hear the result of its repetition, but set off again for Paris to receive orders, and proceed thence to St. Domingo.

After a short time he was informed that his stipulation of never taking up arms against England could not be accepted, and that his military appointment was, in consequence, annulled. Having been required at the Alien Office, on quitting England, to engage that he would not return for the space of one year, he now proposed that Madame d'Arblay, with her little boy, should join him in France,—and among the following letters will be found several in which she describes her first impressions on reaching that country, and the society to which she was introduced.

Madame d'Arblay to Miss Planta

Camilla Cottage, West Hamble,
February 11, 1802.

A most unexpected, and, to me, severe event, draws from me now an account I had hoped to have reserved for a far happier communication, but

which I must beg you to endeavour to seek some leisure moment for making known, with the utmost humility, to my royal mistress.

. . . . . .

Upon the total failure of every effort M. d'Arblay could make to recover any part of his natural inheritance, he was advised by his friends to apply to the French Government for half-pay, upon the claims of his former military services. He drew up a memoir, openly stating his attachment and loyalty to his late King, and appealing for this justice after undeserved proscription. His right was admitted; but he was informed it could only be made good by his re-entering the army; and a proposal to that effect was sent him by Berthier, the Minister of War.

The disturbance of his mind at an offer which so many existing circumstances forbade his foreseeing, was indescribable. He had purposed faithfully retiring to his hermitage, with his fellow-hermit, for the remainder of his life; and nothing upon earth could ever induce him to bear arms against the country which had given him asylum, as well as birth to his wife and child;—and yet a military spirit of honour, born and bred in him, made it repugnant to all his feelings to demand even retribution from the Government of his own country, yet refuse to serve it. Finally, therefore, he resolved to accept the offer conditionally;—to accompany the expedition to St. Domingo, for the restoration of order in the French colonies, and then, restored thus to his rank in the army, to claim his *retraite*. This he declared to the Minister of War, annexing a further clause of receiving his instructions immediately from the Government.

The Minister's answer to this was, that these conditions were impossible.

Relieved rather than resigned—though dejected

to find himself thus thrown out of *every* promise of prosperity, M. d'Arblay hastened back to his cottage, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the recluse he had left there. Short, however, has been its duration! A packet has just followed him, containing a letter from Berthier, to tell him that his appointment was made out according to his own demands! and enclosing another letter to the Commander-in-Chief, Leclerc, with the orders of Government for employing him, delivered in terms, the most distinguished, of his professional character.

All hesitation, therefore, now necessarily ends, and nothing remains for M. d'Arblay but acquiescence and despatch,—while his best consolation is in the assurance he has universally received, that this expedition has the good wishes and sanction of England. And, to avert any misconception or misrepresentation, he has this day delivered to M. Otto [1] a letter, addressed immediately to the First Consul,[2] acknowledging the flattering manner in which he has been called forth, but decidedly and clearly repeating what he had already declared to the War Minister, that though he would faithfully fulfil the engagement into which he was entering, it was his unalterable resolution never to take up arms against the British Government.

I presume to hope this little detail may, at some convenient moment, meet Her Majesty's eyes—with every expression of my profoundest devotion.

I am, etc.

My own plans during the absence of M. d'Arblay are yet undetermined. I am, at present, wholly consigned to aiding his preparations—to me, I

[1] Louis-Guillaume Otto was commissary for the exchange of French prisoners in England. Buonaparte made him a Comte, and Louis XVIII. a Peer of France.

[2] This letter is printed in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. 313.

own, a most melancholy task—but which I have the consolation to find gives pleasure to our mutual friends, glad to have him, for a while, upon such conditions, quit his spade and his cabbages.

Monsieur d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay

Paris, *ce* 17 *Ventôse, an* 10 (8 *Mars*, 1802).

Je t'écris par *triplicata* ma position actuelle: c'est-à-dire, le parti que le Gouvernement a cru devoir prendre de ne plus m'employer, et l'ordre que j'ai reçu de regarder comme non avenues les lettres que m'avait écrites le Ministre de la Guerre. La cause qu'il assigne à cette disgrâce, à laquelle je n'étais rien moins que préparé, est *ma déclaration de ne point servir contre la patrie de ma femme, qui peut encore être armée contre la République.*

Pardon, ma bonne amie, je t'avoue que j'ai été depuis huit jours d'une mélancolie à inquiéter mes amis. Tu en seras peu surprise quand tu réfléchiras à tous les sacrifices auxquels je m'étais résigné, à toutes les dépenses à présent inutiles qu'il m'a fallu faire, aux caquets qu'il m'a fallu supporter—enfin à l'espérance à jamais détruite d'un meilleur avenir, dans lequel j'aurais été pour quelque chose, mais plus que tout cela à l'impossibilité de voler près de toi, et à la nécessité de ne te faire part de ma position actuelle que lorsque j'aurais une presque certitude qu'elle ne pouvait changer. A présent, ma bonne amie, je te promets de m'occuper uniquement du bonheur que nous avons encore devant nous. Tu sais que lorsque j'ai une fois pris mon parti, je sais être ferme. Hé bien, je t'assure que ma plus grande souffrance est venue de l'incertitude où j'étais forcément plongé. Comme il ne m'en reste plus, je veux m'arrêter sur l'idée si douce de te revoir bientôt. Déjà, moi, qui lorsqu'il a été question de mon départ m'étais persuadé que je

jouirais à St-Domingue de la meilleure santé, vu mon âge, ma sobriété, et le soin que je comptais prendre de moi, sans pour cela faire moins qu'aucun autre relativement à mon service, je cherche déjà à me persuader que, vu mon tempérament bilieux, et mon désir—que dis-je?—mon besoin de faire plus qu'un autre, j'aurais fort bien pu succomber à l'influence presque pestilentielle d'un climat que je commençais à regarder comme infiniment sain et agréable!

Dans mon accès de mélancolie, qui en honneur se dissipe depuis que j'ai cru pouvoir t'en dire la cause, j'ai été d'une telle sauvagerie que je m'étais mis dans l'esprit, et encore plus dans la tête qu'ainsi que le bouc d'Israel je portais partout la marque de la réprobation. En conséquence, je fuyais tout le monde, et n'en étais pas plus heureux, ne pouvant causer librement avec toi, et ne t'écrivant que des balivernes, je passais à faire du mauvais sang en pure perte, un tems, qu'il m'eut été si doux d'employer aux épanchemens accoutumés de ma tendresse et de ma confiance pour toi. Sans cesse j'avais devant les yeux le Sieur Lullin, de l'Alien Office, et la promesse que j'ai été contraint de faire, pour obtenir mon passeport, d'être au moins *un an* avant de retourner en Angleterre. L'insolence de ce Lullin me fait encore bouillir le sang. Quelques personnes en font cependant l'éloge. En ce cas l'exception dont il m'a honoré est flatteuse! Comme en tout état de cause il m'est impossible de t'aller trouver, que d'ailleurs tu devais toujours venir au printems, j'espère que tu voudras bien consentir à me venir joindre avec notre cher petit. Prends donc tes arrangemens en conséquence. Tâches de louer la maison pour un an; et si tu as un logement à Richmond,[1] cherches à le céder.

Adieu, ma chère amie, à revoir bientôt toi et

[1] See *post*, p. 491.

notre cher, bien cher Alex! Mes tendres respects à nos excellens amis, ainsi qu'à nos bons parens.

Monsieur d'Arblay to Madame d'Arblay

Ce 21 *Ventôse, an* 10 (12 *Mars*, 1802).

Il me semble, ma bonne amie, qu'il y a un siècle que je n'ai eu de tes nouvelles; et tu peux juger avec quelle impatience j'en attends. L'assassinat prétendu du moins de Toussaint, en me donnant les plus vives inquiétudes sur les alarmes que cette nouvelle n'aura pas manqué de te causer, m'a beaucoup calmé sur le contr'ordre que j'ai reçu; et je te jure qu'actuellement je suis presque réconcilié sur mon désappointement. Comme je t'ai écrit par quatre voies différentes, je ne te répéterai point ici ce que je t'ai mandé à ce sujet.

Tu as sans doute fait part à Norbury des lettres que je t'ai envoyées.

T'ai-je mandé que j'avais envoyé copie de ces mêmes lettres à M. de Lafayette? Je les accompagnais de quelques réflexions à peu près semblables à celles que je t'ai écrites.

M. de Lafayette vint sur-le-champ à Paris, et demanda un rendez-vous à Bonaparte, qui le lui accorda sur-le-champ. En l'abordant, M. de Lafayette lui dit, "Je viens vous parler d'un de mes amis et compagnons—de D'Arblay." "Je connais cette affaire," dit le Premier Consul, d'un ton qui marquait plus de bienveillance que je n'osais l'espérer, ou du moins qu'on ne me l'avait fait craindre.

"Je vous assure," me dit le lendemain M. de Lafayette, "que vous avez près du Premier Consul de bons amis qui lui avaient déjà parlé de votre affaire. Il m'a paru, dès le premier instant, plutôt disposé en votre faveur que fâché contre vous. Il a écouté avec attention et bonté tout ce que j'ai eu

à dire, a rendu justice à votre loyauté ; et, sur ce que je lui ai parlé de la crainte qu'on vous avait inspirée relativement à l'impression fâcheuse qui pouvait lui rester sur cette affaire, m'a répondu positivement, *que cela ne nuirait en aucune manière à vos droits acquis, et qu'il ne considérerait dans cette démarche que le mari de 'Cecilia.'* "

J'espère que tu ne seras pas très mécontente de la manière dont finit cette affaire, qui m'a donné beaucoup de chagrin. Je crois même pouvoir t'ajouter en confidence que je ne suis pas, peut-être, fort éloigné d'avoir ma retraite.

Viens donc me trouver, ma bonne amie. Comment se porte Maria ?[1] Pourras-tu t'arranger pour venir avec elle ? ou bien préfères-tu venir à Douvre avec Alex, sous la garde d'un de tes frères, pour t'y embarquer et arriver à Calais, où j'irais t'attendre ? Cet arrangement serait bien plus selon mon cœur ; mais outre que je voudrais bien que tu eusses un homme dans le passage, cela serait bien plus cher. Ne manque pas surtout de prendre un passeport de Monsieur Otto,[2] et de te munir non seulement de nos actes de mariage, mais de celui de naissance de notre cher petit, *le tout bien légalisé* par la signature non seulement du *juge de paix, mais d'un notaire public.*

Madame d'Arblay to Monsieur d'Arblay

West Hamble, *March* 14, 1802.

Oh my dearest Friend—Can the intelligence I have most desired come to me in a form that forbids my joy at it ? What tumultuous sensations your letter of the 8th has raised ! Alas ! that to relinquish this purpose should to you be as great unhappiness as to me was its suggestion ! I know not how to enter upon the subject—how to express

[1] See *post*, vol. vi. September 16, 1807. [2] See *ante*, p. 485.

a single feeling. I fear to seem ungrateful to Providence, or to you ungenerous. I will only, therefore, say, that as all your motives have been the most strictly honourable, it is not possible they should not, ultimately, have justice done them by all.

That *I* feel for your disappointment I need not tell you, when you find it has power to shake to its foundation what would else be the purest satisfaction of my soul. Let us—let us hope fairer days will ensue; and do not let the courage which was so prompt to support you to St. Domingo fail you in remaining at Paris.

What you say of the *year's probation* I knew not before. Would you have me make any inquiry if it be irreversible? I should think not; and am most ready and eager to *try* by every means in my power, if you will authorise me. If not, to follow you, whithersoever you will, is much less my duty than my delight! You have only to dictate *whither*, and *how*, and every doubt, every fear, every difficulty, will give way to my eager desire to bring your little boy to you. Would I not have left even *him* to have followed you and your fate even to St. Domingo? 'Tis well, however, you did not listen to me, for that poor little susceptible soul could not, as yet, lose us both at once, and be preserved himself. He has lived so singularly alone with us, and for us, that he does not dream of any possible existence in which we should be both separated from him.

But of him — our retreat — our books — our scribbling—our garden—our *unique* mode of life —I must not talk to you now, now that your mind, thoughts, views, and wishes are all distorted from themes of peace, domestic life, and literary pursuits; yet time, I hope, reflection, your natural philosophy of accommodating yourself to your

fate, and your kindness for those who are wholly devoted to you, will bring you back to the love of those scenes, modes, and sentiments, which for upwards of eight years have sufficed for our mutual happiness. I have been negotiating for apartments at Twickenham, opposite Richmond, ever since you went, and on Friday I wrote to close with the engagement. This very morning I have two letters, full of delight at our approaching neighbourhood. Miss C.[1] herself writes in tears, she says, of joy, that I should be so near her, and that *you* should have wished it, and blesses you for your confidence in her warm friendship. It is quite impossible to read of such affection and zeal and goodness with dry eyes. I am confounded how to disenchant her—yet so generous and disinterested she is, that, however disappointed, she will be sure to rejoice for *me* in our reunion—for *you*, my dearest friend! ah! who can rejoice? Your mind was all made up to the return of its professional pursuits, and I am frightened out of all my own satisfaction by my dread of the weight of this chagrin upon your spirits. What you *can* do to avert depression, that cruel underminer of every faculty that makes life worth sustaining, I beseech you to call forth. Think how *I* have worked for fortitude since *Feb.* 15*th.*[2] Alas! vainly I have tried what most I wished — my poor pen! — but now "*occupe-toi pour réaliser l'espérance.*" Those words will operate like magic, I trust; and I will not close my eyes this night till I have committed to paper some opening to a new essay. Be good, then, and don't let me be as unhappy this way as I have been the other. Direct always to me, Norbury Park, Dorking. Heaven bless—bless you!

[1] Miss Cambridge.
[2] Probably the date of M. D'Arblay's departure.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney

March 30, 1802.

Now, indeed, my dearest father, I am in an excess of hurry not to be exceeded by even any of yours. I have a letter from M. d'Arblay, to tell me he has already taken us an apartment, and he dates from the 5th of April,[1] in Paris, where he has reasons for remaining some time, before we go to his good uncle, at Joigny.

I am to take the little sweet child with me you saw here one day, Mlle. de Chavagnac, whose father, le Comte de Chavagnac,[2] has desired her restoration. My kind Mrs. Lock is almost in affliction at parting with her, though glad of an opportunity of sending her with friends the poor thing knows and loves.

I fear, I have so very much to do here, that I shall have a very, very short enjoyment of my beloved father at Chelsea; but I shall get there as soon as possible, and stay there to my last moment. I have a thousand things, and very curious ones, to tell you; but I must defer them for *vive voix*. I am really bewildered and almost trembling with hurry, and with what I am going to undertake! Yet through all, I bless God every moment of my life that M. d'Arblay went not to that pestilential climate!

I do all—all I can to keep up my courage—or rather, to *make up*; and when I feel faltering, I think of St. Domingo! Everybody that knows St. Domingo now owns that he had hardly a chance for safety, independent of tempests in the voyage, and massacres in the mountains. May I

[1] Either this date, or that of the letter is wrong. But the letter seems properly placed.

[2] Perhaps a neighbour or relative of La Fayette, who was born in the Castle of Chavagnac.

but be able to console him for all he has sacrificed to my peace and happiness! and no privation will be severe, so that at our stated period, Michaelmas twelvemonth, we return to my country, and to my dearest father, whom Heaven bless and preserve, prays his dutiful, affectionate and grateful, and devoted daughter, F. D'A.

P.S.—Monsieur de Lally has put off his journey; I shall therefore not wait for him, but set out with my two children.

Diary resumed

(Addressed to Dr. Burney)

. . . . . .

I seize, at length, upon the largest paper I can procure, to begin to my beloved father some account of our journey, and if I am able, I mean to keep him a brief journal of my proceedings during this destined year or eighteen months' separation,[1] — secure of his kindest interest in all that I may have to relate, and certain he will be anxious to know how I go on in a strange land: 'tis my only way now of communicating with him, and I must draw from it one of my dearest worldly comforts, the hopes of seeing his loved hand with some return.

Thursday, April 15, 1802.

William and John conducted my little boy and me in excellent time to the inn in Piccadilly,[2] where we met my kind Mrs. Lock, and dear little Adrienne de Chavagnac. The parting there was brief and hurried; and I set off on my grand

[1] It lasted ten years.

[2] Probably the "White Bear," from which some of the Dover coaches started (*Gentleman's Guide in his Tour through France*, 1788, p. 17).

expedition, with my two dear young charges, exactly at five o'clock.

. . . . . .

PARIS, *April* 15, 1802.[1]

The book-keeper came to me eagerly, crying "*Vite, vite, Madame, prenez votre place dans la diligence, car voici un Monsieur Anglais, qui surement va prendre la meilleure!*" *En effet*, ce Monsieur Anglais did not disappoint his expectations, or much raise mine; for he not only took the best place, but contrived to ameliorate it by the little scruple with which he made every other worse, from the unbridled expansion in which he indulged his dear person, by putting out his elbows against his next, and his knees and feet against his opposite neighbour. He seemed prepared to look upon all around him with a sort of sulky haughtiness, pompously announcing himself as a commander of distinction who had long served at Gibraltar and various places, who had travelled thence through France, and from France to Italy, who was a native of Scotland, and of proud, though unnamed genealogy; and was now going to Paris purposely to behold the First Consul, to whom he meant to claim an introduction through Mr. Jackson. His burnt complexion, Scotch accent, large bony face and figure, and high and distant demeanour, made me easily conceive and believe him a highland chief. I never heard his name, but I think him a gentleman born, though not gently bred.

The next to mention is a Madame *Raymond* or *Grammont*,[2] for I heard not distinctly which, who

[1] "Paris" must mean that the *Diary* was resumed there, for what follows (pp. 494-6) manifestly relates to the journey by stage-coach or "machine" from London to Dover, a seventy-two mile journey performed in one day (*Gentleman's Guide, ut supra*).

[2] The name was Raymond (see *post*, p. 502).

seemed very much a gentlewoman, and who was returning to France, too uncertain of the state of her affairs to know whether she might rest there or not. She had only one defect to prevent my taking much interest in her; this was, not merely an avoidance, but a horror of being touched by either of my children; who, poor little souls, restless and fatigued by the confinement they endured, both tried to fling themselves upon every passenger in turn; and though by every one they were sent back to their sole prop, they were by no one repulsed with such hasty displeasure as by this old lady, who seemed as fearful of having the petticoat of her gown, which was stiff, round, and bulging, as if lined with parchment, deranged, as if she had been attired in a hoop for Court.[1]

The third person was a Madame Blaizeau, who seemed an exceeding good sort of a woman, gay, voluble, good-humoured, and merry. All we had of amusement sprung from her sallies, which were uttered less from a desire of pleasing others, her very natural character having none of the high polish bestowed by the Graces, than from a jovial spirit of enjoyment which made them produce pleasure to herself. She soon and frankly acquainted us she had left France to be a governess to some young ladies before the Revolution, and under the patronage, as I think, of the Duke of Dorset; she had *been courted*, she told us, by an English gentleman farmer, but he would not change his religion for her, nor she for him, and so, when everything was bought for her wedding, they broke off the connection; and she afterwards married a Frenchman. She had seen a portrait, set richly in diamonds, of the King, prepared for a present to the First Consul; and described its superb ornaments and magnificence, in a way to leave no doubt

[1] See *post*, p. 502.

of the fact. She meant to stop at *St. Denys*, to inquire if her mother yet lived, having received no intelligence from or of her, these last ten eventful years!

At Canterbury, while the horses were changed, my little ones and I went to the cathedral; but dared merely seize sufficient time to view the outside and enter the principal aisle. I was glad even of that much, as its antique grandeur gave me a pleasure which I always love to cherish in the view of fine old cathedrals, those most permanent monuments of what our ancestors thought reverence to God, as manifested in munificence to the place dedicated to His worship.

At Dover we had a kind of dinner-supper in one, and my little boy and girl and I retired immediately after it, took some tea in our chamber, and went to rest.

Friday, April 16.

As we were not to sail till twelve, I had hoped to have seen the Castle and Shakspeare's Cliff, but most unfortunately it rained all the morning, and we were confined to the inn, except for the interlude of the custom-house, where, however, the examination was so slight, and made with such civility, that we had no other trouble with it than a wet walk and a few shillings.

Our passports were examined; and we then went to the port, and, the sea being perfectly smooth, were lifted from the quay to the deck of our vessel with as little difficulty as we could have descended from a common chair to the ground.

The calm which caused our slow passage and our sickness,[1] was now favourable, for it took us

[1] From the letter to Miss Planta, with which vol. vi. begins, the voyage from Dover to Calais took "a whole long, languid day," and "a whole restless, painful night." At Calais they "spent a day, and half a night to refit."

into the port of Calais so close and even with the quay, that we scarcely accepted even a hand to aid us from the vessel to the shore.

The quay was lined with crowds of people, men, women, and children, and certain amphibious females, who might have passed for either sex, or anything else in the world, except what they really were, European women! Their men's hats, men's jackets, and men's shoes; their burnt skins, and most savage-looking petticoats, hardly reaching, nay, not reaching their knees, would have made me instantly believe any account I could have heard of their being just imported from the wilds of America.

The vessel was presently filled with men, who, though dirty and mean, were so civil and gentle, that they could not displease, and who entered it so softly and quietly, that, neither hearing nor seeing their approach, it seemed as if they had availed themselves of some secret trap-doors through which they had mounted to fill the ship, without sound or bustle, in a single moment. When we were quitting it, however, this tranquillity as abruptly finished, for in an instant a part of them rushed round me, one demanding to carry Alex, another Adrienne, another seizing my écritoire, another my arm, and some one, I fear, my parasol, as I have never been able to find it since.

We were informed we must not leave the ship till Monsieur le Commissaire arrived to carry us, I think, to the municipality of Calais to show our passports. Monsieur le Commissaire, in white with some red trappings, soon arrived, civilly hastening himself quite out of breath to save us from waiting. We then mounted the quay, and I followed the rest of the passengers, who all followed the commissary, accompanied by two men carrying the two children, and two more carrying, one my écritoire,

and the other insisting on conducting its owner. The quantity of people that surrounded and walked with us, surprised me; and their decency, their silence, their quietness astonished me. To fear them was impossible, even in entering France with all the formed fears hanging upon its recent though past horrors.

But on coming to the municipality, I was, I own, extremely ill at ease, when upon our gouvernante's desiring me to give the commissary my passport, as the rest of the passengers had done, and my answering it was in my écritoire, she exclaimed, "*Vite! vite! cherchez-le, ou vous serez arrêtée!*" You may be sure I was quick enough!—or at least tried to be so, for my fingers presently trembled, and I could hardly put in the key.

In the hall to which we now repaired, our passports were taken and deposited, and we had new ones drawn up and given us in their stead. On quitting this place we were accosted by a new crowd, all however as gentle, though not as silent, as our first friends, who recommended various hotels to us, one begging we would go to Grandsire, another to Duroc,[1] another to Meurice—and this last prevailed with the gouvernante, whom I regularly followed, not from preference, but from the singular horror my otherwise worthy and well-bred old lady manifested, when, by being approached by the children, her full round coats risked the danger of being modernised into the flimsy, falling drapery of the present day.

At Meurice's our goods were entered, and we heard that they would be examined at the custom-house in the afternoon. We breakfasted, and the crowd of fees which were claimed by the captain, steward, sailors, carriers, and heaven knows who besides, are inconceivable. I gave whatever they

[1] Query, Ducrocq of the *Lion d'Argent*.

asked, from ignorance of what was due, and from fear of offending those of whose extent still less of whose use of power I could form no judgment. I was the only one in this predicament; the rest refusing or disputing every demand. They all, but us, went out to walk; but I stayed to write to my dearest father, to Mrs. Lock, and my expecting mate.

We were all three too much awake by the new scene to try for any repose, and the hotel windows sufficed for our amusement till dinner; and imagine, my dearest sir, how my repast was seasoned, when I tell you that, as soon as it began, a band of music came to the window and struck up "*God save the King.*" I can never tell you what a pleased emotion was excited in my breast by this sound on a shore so lately hostile, and on which I have so many, so heartfelt motives for wishing peace and amity perpetual!

This over, we ventured out of the hotel to look at the street. The day was fine, the street was clean, two or three people who passed us, made way for the children as they skipped out of my hands, and I saw such an unexpected appearance of quiet, order, and civility, that, almost without knowing it, we strolled from the gate, and presently found ourselves in the market-place, which was completely full of sellers, and buyers, and booths, looking like a large English fair.

The queer, gaudy jackets, always of a different colour from the petticoats of the women, and their immense wing-caps, which seemed made to double over their noses, but which all flew back so as to discover their ears, in which I regularly saw large and generally drop gold ear-rings, were quite as diverting to myself as to Alex and Adrienne. Many of them, also, had gold necklaces, chains, and crosses; but ear-rings all: even the maids

who were scrubbing or sweeping, ragged wretches carrying burdens on their heads or shoulders, old women selling fruit or other eatables, gypsey-looking creatures with children tied to their backs—all wore these long, broad, large, shining ear-rings.

Beggars we saw not—no, not one, all the time we stayed or sauntered; and for civility and gentleness, the poorest and most ordinary persons we met or passed might be compared with the best-dressed and best-looking walkers in the streets of our metropolis, and still to the disadvantage of the latter. I cannot say how much this surprised me, as I had conceived an horrific idea of the populace of this country, imagining them all transformed into bloody monsters.

Another astonishment I experienced equally pleasing, though not equally important to my ease; I saw innumerable pretty women and lovely children, almost all of them extremely fair. I had been taught to expect nothing but mahogany complexions and hideous features instantly on crossing the strait of Dover. When this, however, was mentioned in our party afterwards, the Highlander[1] exclaimed, "But Calais was in the hands of the English so many years, that the English race there is not yet extinct."

The perfect security in which I now saw we might wander about, induced us to walk over the whole town, and even extend our excursions to the ramparts surrounding it. It is now a very clean and pretty town, and so orderly that there was no more tumult or even noise in the market-place, where the people were so close together as to form a continual crowd, than in the bye-streets leading to the country, where scarcely a passenger was to be seen. This is

[1] See *ante*, p. 494.

certainly a remark which, I believe, could never be made in England.

When we returned to the hotel, I found all my fellow-travellers had been to the custom-house! I had quite forgotten, or rather neglected to inquire the hour for this formality, and was beginning to alarm myself lest I was out of rule, when a young man, a commissary, I heard, of the hotel, came to me and asked if I had anything contraband to the laws of the Republic. I answered as I had done before. "Mais, Madame, avez-vous quelque chose de neuf?" "Oui, Monsieur."—"Quelques jupons?" "Beaucoup, Monsieur."—"Quelques bas de coton?" "Plusieurs, Monsieur."—"Eh bien! Madame, tout cela sera saisi."—"Mais, Monsieur! quand ce n'est pas du tout pour vendre, seulement pour porter?" "C'est égal, Madame, tout ça sera saisi."—"Eh! mais que faut-il donc faire?" "Il faut, Madame, payer généreusement; et si vous êtes bien sûre qu'il n'y a rien à vendre, alors peut-être——"

I entreated him to take charge himself as to what was *right* and *generous*, and he readily undertook to go through the ceremony for me without my appearing. I was so much frightened, and so happy not to be called upon personally, that I thought myself very cheaply off in his after-demand of a guinea and a half. I had two and a half to pay afterwards for additional luggage.

We found reigning through Calais a general joy and satisfaction at the restoration of *Dimanche* and abolition of *Décade*.[1] I had a good deal of conversation with the maid of the inn, a tall, fair, extremely pretty woman, and she talked much upon this subject, and the delight it occasioned, and the obligation all France was under to the Premier Consul for restoring religion and worship.

[1] The *Décade républicaine*, which, since September 2, 1792, had replaced the old *Semaine*.

Sunday, April 18.

We set off for Paris at five o'clock in the morning. The country broad, flat, or barrenly steep — without trees, without buildings, and scarcely inhabited — exhibited a change from the fertile fields, and beautiful woods and gardens, and civilisation of Kent, so sudden and unpleasant that I only lamented the fatigue of my position, which regularly impeded my making use of this chasm of pleasure and observation for repose. This part of France must certainly be the least frequented, for we rarely met a single carriage, and the villages, few and distant, seemed to have no intercourse with each other. *Dimanche*, indeed, might occasion this stiffness, for we saw, at almost all the villages, neat and clean peasants going to or coming from mass, and seeming indescribably elated and happy by the public permission of divine worship on its originally appointed day.

I was struck with the change in Madame Raymond, who joined us in the morning from another hotel. Her hoop was no more visible; her petticoats were as lank, or more so, than her neighbours'; and her distancing the children was not only at an end, but she prevented me from renewing any of my cautions to them, of not incommoding her; and when we were together a few moments, before we were joined by the rest, she told me, with a significant smile, not to tutor the children about her any more, as she only avoided them from having something of consequence to take care of, which was removed. I then saw she meant some English lace or muslin, which she had carried in a petticoat, and, since the Custom-house examination was over, had now packed in her trunk.[1]

Poor lady! I fear this little merchandise was

[1] See *ante*, p. 495.

all her hope of succour on her arrival! She is amongst the emigrants who have twice or thrice returned, but not yet been able to rest in their own country.

What most in the course of this journey struck me, was the satisfaction of all the country people, with whom I could converse, at the restoration of the *Dimanche*; and the boasts they now ventured to make of having never kept the *Décade*, except during the dreadful reign of Robespierre, when not to oppose any of his severest decrees was insufficient for safety, it was essential even to existence to observe them with every parade of the warmest approval.

The horrible stories from every one of that period of wanton as well as political cruelty, I must have judged exaggerated, either through the mist of fears or the heats of resentment, but that, though the details had innumerable modifications, there was but one voice for the excess of barbarity.

At a little hamlet near Clermont, where we rested some time, two good old women told us that this was the happiest day ('twas Sunday) of their lives; that they had lost *le bon Dieu* for these last ten years, but that Bonaparte had now found him! In another cottage we were told the villagers had kept their own Curé all this time concealed, and though privately and with fright, they had thereby saved their souls through the whole of the bad times! And in another, some poor creatures said they were now content with their destiny, be it what it might, since they should be happy, at least, in the world to come; but that while denied going to mass, they had all their sufferings aggravated by knowing that they must lose their souls hereafter, besides all that they had to endure here!

Oh my dearest father! that there can have

existed wretches of such diabolical wickedness as to have snatched, torn, from the toiling indigent every ray even of future hope! Various of these little conversations extremely touched me; nor was I unmoved, though not with such painful emotion, on the sight of the Sunday night dance, in a little village through which we passed, where there seemed two or three hundred peasants engaged in that pastime; all clean and very gaily dressed, yet all so decent and well behaved, that, but for the poor old fiddlers, we might have driven on, and not have perceived the rustic ball.

Here ends the account of my journey, and if it has amused my dearest father, it will be a true delight to me to have scribbled it. My next letter brings me to the capital, and to the only person who can console me for my always lamented absence from himself.

Witness, F. D'ARBLAY.

APPENDIX

M. D'Arblay in France, 1801-2

As related at pp. 468 and 471, M. D'Arblay went by himself to Paris, November 6, 1801. The following extract from the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, iii. pp. 304-10, helps to fill some of the *lacunæ* of the *Diary*:—

At the period of the Peace of Amiens, in the preceding year [1801], the Minister Plenipotentiary who was sent over by Buonaparte, then only First Consul, to sign its preliminaries, chanced to be an artillery officer, General de Lauriston,[1] who had been *en garnison*, and in great personal friendship, with General d'Arblay, during their mutual youth; and with whom, as with all the *état-major* of the regiment of Toul, a connexion of warm esteem and intimacy had faithfully been kept alive, till the dreadful catastrophe of the 10th of August[2] dispersed every officer who survived it, into the wanderings of emigration, or the mystery of concealment.

When the name of Lauriston reached West Hamble, its obscured, but not enervated Chief, rushed eagerly from his Hermitage to the Metropolis, where he hastily wrote a few impressive lines to the new Minister Plenipotentiary, briefly demanding whether or not, in his present splendid situation, he would avow an old *Camarade*, whose life now was principally spent in cultivating cabbages in his own garden, for his own family and table?

Of this note he was fain to be his own bearer; and in some Hotel in, or near St. James's Street, he discovered the Minister's abode.

[1] Jacques-Alexandre-Bernard Law de Lauriston, 1768-1828, French Marshal and Diplomatist. He was created a marquis by Louis XVIII. in 1817. He did not, as above stated, sign the preliminaries of the Treaty of Amiens (see *ante*, p. 466); but on October 10, being then Buonaparte's first *aide-de-camp*, and a colonel of artillery, he brought the ratification to London. The delighted populace took the horses from his carriage and drew it to Downing Street, "expressing on the occasion the most tumultuous joy" (*Annual Register*, 1801, 33 [*Chronicle*]).

[2] See *ante*, p. 122.

Unaccoutred, dressed only in his common garden coat, and wearing no military appendage, or mark of military rank, he found it very difficult to gain admission into the hotel, even as a messenger; for such, only, he called himself. The street was crowded so as to be almost impassable, as it was known to the public, that the French Minister was going forth to an audience for signing the Preliminaries of Peace[1] with Lord Hawkesbury.[2]

But M. d'Arblay was not a man to be easily baffled. He resolutely forced his way to the corridor leading to the Minister's dressing apartment. There, however, he was arbitrarily stopped; but would not retire: and compelled the lacquey, who endeavoured to dismiss him, to take, and to promise the immediate delivery of his note.

With a very wry face, and an indignant shrug, the lacquey almost perforce complied; carefully, however, leaving another valet at the outside of the door, to prevent further inroad.

M. de Lauriston was under the hands of his *friseur*, and reading a newspaper. But the gazette gave place to the billet, which, probably recollecting the handwriting, he rapidly ran over, and then eagerly, and in a voice of emotion, emphatically demanded who had been its bearer?

A small ante-room alone separated him from its writer, who, hearing the question, energetically called out: "*C'est Moi!*"

Up rose the Minister, who opened one door himself, as M. d'Arblay broke through the other, and in the midst of the little ante-room, they rushed into one another's arms.

If M. d'Arblay was joyfully affected by this generous reception, M. de Lauriston was yet more moved in embracing his early friend, whom report had mingled with the slaughtered of the 10th of August.

The meeting indeed was so peculiar, from the high station of M. de Lauriston; the superb equipage waiting at his door to carry him, for the most popular of purposes, to an appointed audience with a British minister; and the glare, the parade, the cost, the attendants, and the attentions by which he was encompassed; contrasted with the worn, as well as plain habiliments of the recluse of West Hamble, that it gave a singularity to the equality of their manners to each other, and the mutuality of the joy and affection of their embraces, that from the first exciting the astonishment, next

[1] See *ante*, p. 505 *n*.

[2] Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

moved the admiration of the domestics of the Minister Plenipotentiary; and particularly of his *friseur*, who, probably, was his first valet-de-chambre: and who, while they were yet in each other's arms, exclaimed aloud, with that familiarity in which the French indulge their favourite servants, "*Ma foi! voilà qui est beau!*"

This characteristic freedom of approbation broke into the pathos of the interview by causing a hearty laugh; and M. de Lauriston, who then had not another instant to spare, cordially invited his recovered friend to breakfast with him the next morning.

At that breakfast, M. de Lauriston recorded the circumstances that had led to his present situation, with all the trust and openness of their early intercourse. And sacred General d'Arblay held that confidence; which should have sunk into oblivion, but for the after circumstances, and present state of things, which render all that, then, was prudentially secret, now desirably public.

No change, he said, of sentiment, no dereliction of principle, had influenced his entering into the service of the republic. Personal gratitude alone had brought about that event. Whilst fighting, under the banners of Austria, against Buonaparte, in one of the campaigns of Italy, he had been taken prisoner, with an Austrian troop. His companions in arms were immediately conveyed to captivity, there to stand the chances of confinement or exchange; but he, as a Frenchman, had been singled out by the conquerors, and stigmatized as a deserter, by a party into whose hands he had fallen, and who condemned him to be instantly shot: though, as he had never served Buonaparte, no laws of equity could brand as a traitor the man who had but constantly adhered to his first allegiance. Buonaparte himself, either struck by this idea; or with a desire to obtain a distinguished officer of artillery, of which alone his army wanted a supply; felt induced to start forward in person, to stop the execution at the very instant it was going to take place. And, to save M. de Lauriston, at the same time, from the ill will or vengeance of the soldiers, Buonaparte concealed him, till the troop by which he had been taken was elsewhere occupied; conducting himself, in the meanwhile, with so much consideration and kindness, that the gentle heart of Lauriston was gained over by grateful feelings, and he accepted the post afterwards offered to him of Aide-de-camp to the First Consul; with whom, in a short time, he rose to so much

trust and favour, as to become the colleague of Duroc[1] as a chosen and military,—though not, as Duroc, a confidential secretary.

Buonaparte, Lauriston said, had named him for this important embassy to England for two motives: one of which was, that he thought such a nomination might be agreeable to the English, as Lauriston, who was great-grandson or grand-nephew to the famous Law,[2] of South Sea notoriety, was of British extraction; and the other was from personal regard to Lauriston, that he might open a negociation, during his mission, for the recovery of some part of his Scotch inheritance.

At this, and a subsequent breakfast with M. de Lauriston, M. d'Arblay discussed the most probable means for claiming his *réforme*, or half-pay, as some remuneration for his past services and deprivations. And M. de Lauriston warmly undertook to carry a letter on this subject to Buonaparte's minister at war, Berthier; with whom, under Louis the Sixteenth, M. d'Arblay had formerly transacted military business.

It was found, however, that nothing could be effected without the presence of M. d'Arblay in France; and therefore, peace between the two nations being signed, he deemed it right to set sail for the long-lost land of his birth.

The results of M. d'Arblay's efforts are given *ante*, at pp. 471 *et seq.*, and the cancellation of his military appointment in consequence of his "determination never to take up arms against the British Government," is thus referred to in an unpublished letter in Archdeacon Burney's possession:—"It has been done, however, with civility and even regret, that his [M. d'Arblay's] talents & his good-will to his country should be chained up by his peculiar position. This is the expression of the aid-de-camp of the War Minister, in enclosing the order of non-service from Government. Buonaparte also has done justice to his letter insomuch as to say, to a friend sent to him by M. d'Arblay to clear up the affair, that he understood his motives and could allow for them without resentment or ill-will; on the contrary he saw a frank & loyal character but could not employ him" (*Mme. d'Arblay to her brother Charles, March* 27, 1802).

[1] Géraud-Christophe de Michel Duroc, Duc de Frioul, general officer and legislator, 1772-1813.

[2] John Law of Lauriston, 1671-1729. Colonel de Lauriston was his grand-nephew.

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